THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH GERMANY.

The army on the Maine, or of South Germany, was composed of troops drawn from Westphalia, the duchies of the Elbe, and the federal strongholds evacuated by the Prussians and the Austrians, for all points of secondary importance had been abandoned in order to add to its numbers, and hence it presented a total of some 53,000 men, under the command of General Vogel von Falckenstein. It was subdivided into the 13th division of the 7th army corps, under General von Gœben; the division constituted out of the garrisons of Mayence, Rastadt, Luxemburg, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the division from Schleswig, under General von Manteuffel, and comprised 15 regiments of infantry, 45,000 men; 4 regiments of cavalry, 2400 men; 2 battalions of Saxe-Coburg and 1 battalion of Lippe-Detmold, 3000 men; and 16 batteries of artillery, 3000 men; making, as before observed, a nominal total of 53,000 men and 96 guns. When the capitulation of the Hanoverian army allowed of these troops, previously dispersed on important and difficult undertakings, to be concentrated, the head-quarters were established at Gotha and Eisenach.

The Bavarian army presents on a war footing an effective of 86,000 men—16 regiments of infantry, 3 battalions of chasseurs, 12 regiments of cavalry, and 136 guns—without reckoning the reserves and the landwehr. But the landwehr of Bavaria cannot for a moment be compared with that of Prussia; it is a kind of national guard, of no value in actual warfare.

The 8th federal army corps, assembling at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, under the command of the Austrian Field-Marshal Prince Alexander of Hesse, was composed of the contingents of Wurtemburg, of the grand-duchy of Baden, of Hesse-Darmstadt, of Nassau, of Electoral Hesse, and of the Austrian garrisons of Frankfort, Rastadt, and Mayence. The Wurtemburg contingent comprised 6 regiments of infantry, 14 squadrons of cavalry, and 52 guns, and presented a total of 14,000 men, under General von Hardegg. The Baden contingent comprised 4 regiments of infantry, 1 battalion of chasseurs, 2 battalions of fusiliers, 11 squadrons of cavalry, and 38 guns, presenting a total of 12,000 men, under Prince William of Baden. The Hesse-Darmstadt contingent comprised 4 regiments of infantry, 1 battalion of chasseurs, 8 squadrons of cavalry, and 24 guns, presenting a total of 10,000 men. The contingent of Nassau comprised 2 regiments of infantry and 1 battalion of chasseurs: total, 5000 men; the contingent from Electoral Hesse, 3 regiments of in-

fantry, 1 battalion of chasseurs, 1 battalion of riflemen, 8 squadrons of cavalry, and 25 guns: total, 9000 men; and the Austrian division, under Count Neipperg, was composed of 4 regiments of infantry, or 12,000 men. The grand total, then, was 23 regiments of infantry, 7 battalions of fusiliers, chasseurs, and rifles, 41 squadrons of cavalry, and 139 guns, or 62,000 men.

Baden had voted, at the sitting of the Diet on the 14th of June, against Austria, and had, consequently, no intention to take an active part in the mobilisation demanded against Prussia. Nevertheless, the pressure exercised upon the grand-duke by the other states of Southern Germany and by the extreme Austrian party, which at that time dominated in the country, obliged him, after a protracted resistance, to send his contingent to swell the 8th federal corps. It can be easily understood from this that the mobilisation was not effected in feverish haste, and that the men of Baden fought against the Prussians simply because their sovereign and the necessities of war compelled them so to do. The army of Electoral Hesse entered with no greater enthusiasm upon a war which in other respects they were ill fitted to engage in, never having been involved in actual warfare. Further than this, the army of Electoral Hesse was placed in a kind of dilemma, for, on the one hand, its sovereign had ordered it to withdraw on Fulde, but, on the other, he had not bid it quit the country, nor to join the 8th federal corps, to which it in no way belonged. Its commander-in-chief, General von Lossberg, wished to carry out this junction upon his own responsibility, and upon an order to that effect from the Diet. The result was, that the Hessians kept at a distance from the actual scene of combat, and remained to the last moment at Mayence and in its neighbourhood. But deducting the army of Electoral Hesse from the 8th federal corps, there still remained an available force of 50,000 men. Thus, at the moment when operations were about to commence, there were two armies in Southern Germany, each of 50,000 men, pitted against a Prussian force of only 53,000 men. Taken together, these two armies had twice as much infantry, and three times as many cavalry and artillery, as the Prussians. Nevertheless, General Falckenstein took the initiative after the system adopted by Prussia in other directions, nor did he hesitate for a moment assuming the offensive against adversaries so superior in number.

The assembling of the 8th federal corps in the environs of Frankfort went on in the mean time very slowly. The Wurtemburgians first joined the troops of Hesse-Darmstadt and of Nassau; then came the Austrians, who arrived on the 23rd of June; and, lastly, the Baden contingent, which had only been mobilised on the 20th of June. Although the troops of the different contingents had thus arrived at the rendezvous, there were still many preparations to make and many purchases to be effected before active warfare could be entered upon. Above all things, it was essential to obtain the means necessary for transfer of commissariat and ammunition and ambulances for the sick and wounded before entering upon a campaign. The 8th corps had enjoyed a great reputation in time of peace for the attention paid to its military effectiveness, which was said to surpass all others in case war should break out. But now the time had come for actual operations, practice did not at all answer to theory, and a great deal was found to be wanting before it could be said to be in a state of warlike efficiency.

The commander-in-chief was quite sensible of this state of things, and he in consequence satisfied himself with provisionally making the troops execute certain strategic movements, taking them from place to place, enduring them to hardships and long marches, but never moving far away from Frankfort, where the 8th corps constituted a kind of body-guard to the relics of the Diet, which continued to hold its sittings in that city. It was not till the end of June that it took up a definite position to the north of Frankfort, with its head-quarters at Friedberg. The position was well chosen to cover the city from any attack from the north, or from the east or west. The real front was presented to the north, although at that moment there were no Prussian troops in that direction, nor were any, indeed, expected. Since the departure of Beyer's division, the little Prussian territory of Wetzlar had been utterly denuded of troops, yet it was not until the 2nd of July that the federal troops took possession, and that only for a few days, of the territory thus left defenceless before them.

Whilst Prussia, indeed, in the language of one of their own chroniclers of the war, was opening the war upon the most brilliant and expansive scale, conquering in a few days three of the lesser states of the greatest importance, and advancing without loss of time in search of its chief adversary in his own country, the states of Southern Germany were striking trifling blows, which could only serve to irritate the Prussians without having the slightest effect upon the progress of the war.

The stations of the Prussian telegraph at Frankfort and at Homburg were, for example, seized upon and destroyed. All the Prussian employés and their families were driven out of the capital of the confederation and of Mayence with the utmost ignominy and inhumanity. The materials in the barracks and hospitals at Rastadt and Frankfort, which the Prussian troops had left behind at their departure, were confiscated by order of the Diet, and, as if to push the insignificance of outrage to an extreme, the arms were taken from the sick Prussian soldiers who had been left in the federal stronghold of Rastadt. On the 25th of June the Diet bade Wurtemburg seize upon the principality of Hohenzollern in the name of the confederation, so that it might have at least one little pledge in its hands belonging to Prussia in compensation for Hanover, Saxony, and Electoral Hesse, which had been occupied by that power. Wurtemburg carried out the injunction with the utmost expedition; the very night after it was issued, a Wurtemburgian battalion entered into the principality, took solemn possession of it in the name of the confederation, and expelled the Prussian authorities, they having refused to break the oath given to the King of Prussia and swear allegiance to the Federal Diet, which their king disavowed. The Prussians point with pride to the conduct of the Prussian commissaries in Saxony, Hanover, and Electoral Hesse, as a contrast. They sought by every means to facilitate to the employés the peaceful prosecution of their duties for the good of the country, and that even when placed in a different condition to which it had been before. But Prussia had to conciliate all Germans in view of eventualities which have since come to pass—that of German unity, or all Germany becoming Prussian—whilst the states of Southern Germany were fighting for their federal liberty, if not for their individual integrity. No one kingdom or state of Germany, with the King of

Prussia as commander-in-chief of its army, can claim, in the present day, to be an independent state or kingdom. Germany is unquestionably stronger, united or Prussianised, in a military or political point of view, and it may be to its advantage commercially and financially, as it is also morally and intellectually, that it should be one common fatherland. It is better, indeed, for a general civilisation that it should be so, and it is not a little significant that the empire should have passed into the hands of a Protestant instead of a Catholic dynasty; but thrones, principalities, grand-duchies, electorates, and free cities have passed under a bond that is imperial, and only nominally federal.

On the 18th of June, Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen assumed the supreme command over the provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia, and, towards the end of June he despatched troops of the Prussian landwehr into the duchy of Nassau. There, as in the basin of the Rhine, a petty warfare sprang up, which had chiefly for object on the side of Prussia to prevent the forces of Nassau and Hesse joining the 8th federal corps, and it succeeded perfectly. One or two incidents of this skirmishing warfare are worth relating. A Prussian officer of hussars entered Ems at the head of a few men, and obtained a result—that which all the eloquence of Germany had failed for years in bringing about—and that was the suppression of the French gambling establishment in that town. Another and an equally refreshing incident was the visit of cerémony paid to the ducal cellars of Rudesheim and Johannisberg. The inspection of these vinous sanctuaries is said to have been of an eminently satisfactory character.

The federal stronghold of Mayence played a peculiar part in this partisan warfare. The federal strong places had, we have before mentioned, been evacuated both by the Prussians and the Austrians, so that their neutrality might be preserved. It was not so, however, with regard to Mayence. The Bavarian governor recently appointed to the place took up the part of the coalition in Southern Germany warmly, and effected in consequence changes in the garrison. This ought to have been composed of contingents from the duchies of Saxe Weimar and of Meiningen, from the principalities of Anhalt and Lippe, and of two Bavarian battalions. But the troops of Anhalt and Lippe were in favour of the Prussian cause, so they were sent away, and their place was taken by other troops, more especially from Electoral Hesse.

The Bavarian army had the advantage over the 8th federal corps of a certain unity, and possessing, in consequence, more cohesion and a more solid organisation, whilst the 8th corps was a mixture of troops; it had also been put in motion at an early period, assembled in large camps, and concentrated by the 18th of June at Bamberg and Schweinfurt. As the different branches of the service had received every advantage of instruction, great things were expected of them, and, according to Prussian writers, the enthusiastic hopes of the Southern Germans went much further than were warranted by modesty or even by self-knowledge. Were the same writers chronicling the campaign over again, now that Southern Germany is in alliance with Prussia, they would probably be less severe upon the short-comings of their quondam adversaries and antagonists. There cannot be a greater error than disparaging an enemy. In the first place, it may, as is well known, lead to mistakes and disap-

pointment; in the second, if they are beaten, it detracts from the honour of victory; and in the third, if they become friends and allies, the sore remains, and the value of their friendship and alliance is placed in grievous doubt. The Prussians particularly accuse the Bavarian soldiery with having given themselves up in detail, against their "German brethren in hostility," to numerous irregularities, and even to brutal practices, which have nowhere to be laid to the account of the Prussians either in Hesse, Bavaria, Nassau, Bohemia, or Moravia. The origin of so striking a difference is explained by the system of substitution adopted in the Bavarian army, and by which civilised elements are wanting in the class of soldiery, whilst with the Prussians they are sufficiently numerous to keep the ruder elements in check. A national army that shall be civilised and humane cannot, according to the Prussians, be raised, unless every man, physically equal to the service, pays in person. When intelligence is thus diffused to the very lowest ranks in the army, its qualities are improved to an extraordinary degree, and it is, according to the same writers, to this superior intelligence of the soldiery, as well as to their "intellectual consciousness of the great interests of their country," that Prussia was indebted for its victories, far more than to the needle-gun or to superior tactics. Every Prussian can thus afford to contemplate the elements of national superiority with pride and confidence. Again, whilst the intelligent bravery of the Prussian soldiers assured the victory in fight, it was their education and their perfect discipline which won for them the hearts and affections of pacific populations, even in the enemy's country. The moral conquests which, we are told, were thus effected by what was once ignominiously spoken of as the "Prussian soldiery," wherever the modern model Prussian soldier made his appearance, are among the most glorious achievements of the war, and are worthy of being celebrated side by side with the successes won on the field of battle. Truly may we say with Sallust, on reading such pæans,

Fortuna omnia victoribus præmia posuit.

Bavaria has been reproached with having taken no decisive steps in aiding the Hanoverians to extricate themselves from the folds of the Prussian army. There is no question but that the reproach is well founded, for the commandant of the Bavarian division at Schweinfurt was aware, on the 18th of June, of the position in which the Hanoverian army was placed at Göttingen, and of its intention to seek refuge in Bavaria. Instead of at once placing himself in communication with the King of Hanover, in order to arrange a common plan of operations, which at that moment would have presented no difficulties, he remained perfectly passive and indifferent up to the 21st of June, when a new demand, this time of an official character, arrived from the King of Hanover, claiming his aid, and informing him that the Hanoverian army would pass by Fulde or Fulda. A Bavarian division was then at length sent forward from Schweinfurt to Fulde, but it found no Hanoverians there, for, in the mean time, Beyer's Prussian division had closed the route to Fulde by occupying the bridges on the Werra, and the Hanoverians had been obliged, as we have before explained, to retrace their steps to Langensalza. The Bavarian division, likewise, retraced its steps on the 23rd of June, without giving itself the least trouble as to the fate

of its unfortunate ally, when, had it persisted in marching to its aid, an sought to effect a junction, as it was in honour bound to do, at all risks, with the Hanoverian army, it would not only have placed Beyer's division in a position of extreme embarrassment by coming upon it in its rear, but it would have obliged that division to withdraw, and it would, in fact, have disengaged, set free, and saved the Hanoverian army. It is to be hoped that Bavaria, as an ally of Prussia, will act with more military precision than it did as the ally of Hanover.

When, however, Prince Charles of Bavaria received information on the night of June 23-24 of the Hanoverian army having been thus turned back on its way into Bavaria, he got his whole army in motion by the 25th. Starting from Bamberg and Schweinfurt, he moved to the north, towards the valley of the Werra and the Thuringwald, having been preceded by a division of cavalry sent on by a forced march to Meiningen. The distance from Bamberg to Langensalza is twenty-eight German miles, and part of the distance could be traversed by railroad; but still the Bavarian army could not reach Langensalza before the 2nd of July—that is to say, too late to prevent the catastrophe which befel the Hanoverian army, which capitulated on the 29th of June; but it might not have been too late if it had only made known, after so much delay and vacillation, that it was really coming to its aid, because then the Hanoverian army would have postponed its capitulation for an indefinite period. It appears, that so far from imparting this important information to the King of Hanover, he was not even informed that the Bavarian army was in movement. On the contrary, Prince Charles of Bavaria first received intelligence of the battle of Langensalza from the King of Hanover, who once more appealed most pathetically to him for aid, and added, that the Hanoverian army could hold out a week longer if provisions did not fail them.

On the 29th of June the Bavarian army, divided into three columns, passed the frontier, and advanced on Coburg, Hildburghausen, and Meiningen; and on the 30th of June the heads of columns were at Suhl and Schmalkalden. It was on that day that Prince Charles heard at Meiningen of the capitulation of the Hanoverians; and his march on Gotha having thus lost all object and purport, he resolved upon deviating to the north-west, and operating a junction with the 8th federal army corps. The enthusiasts in the army of Southern Germany—and there are such in all armies and bodies of men—are said to have got so infuriated by the news of the capitulation of the army of Hanover, as to have entertained the hope at this period of pushing on—the junction effected—to Berlin, but they forgot that there was a Prussian army, which called itself that of the Maine, between them and the distant goal in perspective.

General Falckenstein concentrated his three divisions at Eisenach on the 1st of July, in order to assume the offensive against the army of Bavaria and the 8th federal army corps. Considering the numerical superiority of his adversaries, he resolved to introduce himself like a wedge between the two armies before they could effect their junction, and thus beat them in detail.

Frankfort is twenty-two German miles from Eisenach; the high road by Fulde and Hanau is hemmed in by the Vogelsgebirge to the west,

the Rheingebirge and the Spassart to the east, and there are defiles difficult to pass and easy to defend at Schlüchtern, Gelnhausen, and Hanau. The army of the Maine took this road; but, at the expiration of a few days' march, the presence of the Bavarian army on its left flank in the valley of the Werra and that of the Fulde obliged it to lean to the left, inasmuch as it became necessary to engage the enemy with which it happened first to come in contact with.

On the 2nd of July the army of the Maine had arrived at Marksuhl and the Bavarian army at Meiningen, five German miles south of Marksuhl. The 8th federal corps had remained in the mean time quite quiet sixteen or eighteen German miles farther off, in the Wetterau, north of Frankfort, with the exception of having sent small bodies of troops farther north towards Wetzlar and Giessen. The day following (July 3), the Bavarian army advanced in a north-easterly direction as far as Kalten-Nordheim; one of its divisions occupying Rossdorf and Neidhartshausen, three-quarters of a German mile from Dermbach, in the valley of the Fulde, and a column of cavalry having been despatched at the same time, four German miles to the west towards Hunfeld, with a view of bringing out the 8th federal corps. General Falckenstein, on his side, placed Beyer's division on the high road, bidding it advance as far as Geysa; whilst to Gœben's division was entrusted the duty of covering the left flank by engaging the Bavarians, Manteuffel's division being kept back at Lengsfeld as a reserve.

Battle of Dermbach.

General Gœben pushed boldly forward in pursuance with his instructions to engage two divisions of the enemy, although he had only one division, which comprised four regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry, his chief column advancing under General Kummer by Dermbach on Neidhartshausen, and his left column under General Wrangel on Weisenthal. Both columns were alike engaged in these separate lines of advance, in sanguinary and important combats, for the Bavarians, who occupied strong positions, disputed the advance of the Prussians with the utmost tenacity, but although they were as two to one, they were obliged to give way. General Gœben was even enabled with Kummen's brigade, aided by only a few battalions of Wrangel's brigade, to carry first Neidhartshausen, and then Zelle, where the Bavarians had taken up a second position. The latter, however, returned bravely to the charge, and a severe struggle ensued, in which success seems to have belonged to neither party.

General Wrangel had in the mean time taken the village of Wiesenthal, occupied by two battalions of Bavarians, at the head of three battalions of Prussians, and subsequently carried the Nebelberg near Rossdorf. Wrangel had altogether under his command only five battalions, one battery of four guns, and another of twelve, and he had opposed to him the whole of Hartmann's Bavarian division (ten battalions, two batteries, and one regiment of cavalry). He had then to fight against forces twice as numerous as his own, and he appears at one time to have driven the Bavarians back from the Nebelberg into Rossdorf. The Bavarians, however, returned to the charge in this direction, as well as in that of Zelle

and Neidhartshausen, and claim the advantages of the day. Certain it is that in the evening Wrangel withdrew his troops to Dermbach, and that General Gœben, in carrying out the same retrograde movement, was followed step by step by the Bavarians. The Prussians say that General Gœben's instructions were not to go too far, nor was he to allow himself to be carried away in the pursuit of the Bavarians; and that in respect to Wrangel, he (Gœben) had positively to forbid his advancing farther, and that his retiring at night to Dermbach where Gœben wished to concentrate his division, was in conformity with the general dispositions. This is an explanation of matters which will be scarcely satisfactory to military men, when the Prussians had advanced to Zelle on the one hand, and Rossdorf, or on the heights above, on the other. The Bavarians, on the other hand, do not appear to have been so skilfully led as they were brave in the field, and the results (and it is by the results that a battle must be ultimately judged of) were such as to warrant the Prussians in claiming the victory. The next day the Bavarians, in fact, moved off to the south, Prince Charles giving up the idea of effecting a junction with the 8th corps in that direction, and seeking to carry out that project by advancing some five German miles farther to the south. Thus the Prussians became fairly entitled to claim having arrested the whole Bavarian army in its onward progress with a single division, and of having compelled it to abandon its first plan of operations. The same day, it is to be observed, the Bavarian cavalry came in contact with the Prussians at Hunfeld, which was occupied by troops of Beyer's division, but they had to retire before a cannonade of troops in position.

The command of Prince Charles of Bavaria extended, by the convention of Olmutz of the 14th of June, to the 8th federal corps, yet the latter did not make the slightest effort to come out to meet the Bavarians or in any way to facilitate the junction, and that although the right wing of the corps had isolated detachments extending to Schlitz, two German miles west of Hunfeld. To the present day the Prussians cannot understand how it was that the 8th federal corps remained passive and inactive, with its front to the north, above Frankfort, during the events of the 4th and 5th of July. Prince Charles of Bavaria and Prince Alexander of Hesse accused each other of having been the cause of the failure in effecting the junction. Upon this the Prussians remark, that such recriminations only show how coalitions are lost in which there is no real consistency. Want of good understanding, egotism, and mistrust, render it impossible to carry on war with energy, and the failure to support the Hanoverian army was followed up by an equally signal failure to effect a union of the federal forces in the neighbourhood of Frankfort.

General Falckenstein remained on the 5th of July in the positions occupied, expecting to be attacked by the Bavarian army as a result of the more than doubtful successes of the combats held on the previous day. The surprise and pleasure of the Prussians on hearing, then, that the enemy had voluntarily withdrawn to the south, must, therefore, have been very great, and they also at once started off to the south, the two armies marching, as once occurred with regard to the French and English in the Peninsula, on the high road, parallel to one another, for a distance of four German miles. The 8th federal corps had, at the same

time, prudently withdrawn its detachments, which it had sent out to the eastward to ascertain what was going on, nearer to Frankfort, and had, as a further precaution, occupied Gelnhausen and the defiles of Eisenach with the Wurtemburg division. It thus felt itself secure from the first shock, and quietly awaited the progress of events.

The army of the Maine arrived at Fulde on the 6th of July without having ventured to annoy the Bavarians, stopped there the 7th, and on the 8th pursued its way towards Schlüchtern, without itself being exposed to attack. Ascertaining, however, that the Bavarians had taken up a position on the Franconian Saal, at a distance of some four or five German miles from where the Prussians were, General Falckenstein resolved upon delivering another battle whilst they were thus isolated, and before the projected junction could be effected. He in consequence assembled his three divisions at Bruckenau, two and a half German miles east of Schlüchtern, and on the 10th marched them across the Rheingebirge in order to attack the Bavarian army in the valley of the Saal.

Combats on the Franconian Saal.

The river Saal, or Saale, lies in a deep hollow; the Bavarians had occupied it from Waldaschach to Hammelburg, an extent of three German miles, and had made every preparation for an energetic defence. It was an excellent position, which the Prussians could only reach by a fatiguing march across the mountains. Gœben's division, followed by that of Manteuffel, which formed the reserve, marched to the left upon Kissingen, whilst Beyer's division marched to the right on Hammelburg, so that two engagements sprang up simultaneously about noon at these two important points on the line of the river. Gœben's division had the most arduous task, for the situation of the defile of Kissingen was very favourable to the enemy; the left bank of the river, which is higher than the right, and all the passes being intercepted, even to a stone bridge which had been blown up. It was, in consequence, for some time an affair of artillery, in which the so-called "battery of Stade" was first engaged. This battery was composed of guns which had been captured at Stade on the 18th of June, had been mounted and manned in Hanover, and attached to Manteuffel's division at Gotha on the 28th of June. It took the Prussian artillery two hours and a half to silence the Bavarian artillery and oblige it to retire, which done, the infantry advanced to the attack. The stone bridge was repaired under the fire of the enemy, but only so as to enable the men to pass in single file, whilst others crossed the Saal on pontoons, and when two battalions and a half had got over they attacked the town, which was barricaded and well prepared for defence. It then became a struggle from house to house in almost every street, but the Prussians became masters of the place by about four in the afternoon, and followed up the enemy to some heights where they had assembled to the east of the town, whence they dislodged them at the point of the bayonet—not, however, without experiencing great losses. The place was taken and the enemy in retreat, and the Prussians, deeming the combat over, took to their quarters and established their guards. But they were subjected to further trials, for the same evening, about seven o'clock, nine battalions of fresh Bavarian troops suddenly assailed

Wrangel's division, which constituted the advance guard, and which had just got, weary with a long day's fight, into bivouac. The Prussians were thrown back by the impetuosity of the shock on the heights of Winkels, east of Kissingen, but General Wrangel, getting his men in hand, assumed the offensive, fell upon the enemy, and, driving them back, regained his former position.

Manteuffel's division, which had supported Gœben in the assault on Kissingen, was at the same time engaged in a sharp combat at Hausen and Waldaschach, to the north of Kissingen, and which terminated in favour of the Prussians. To the south, Beyer's division, after an artillery combat of an hour's duration, had carried the town of Hammelburg at the point of the bayonet, effecting at the same time the passage of the Saal. Thus the whole extent of the position held in the morning by the Bavarians on the Saal was in the hands of the Prussians the same evening.

Prince Charles commanded in person at Kissingen, and, renouncing all attempts at reconquering a position which he had been unable to hold, he withdrew with his army on the 11th of July to Schweinfurt, behind the Maine. Manteuffel's division was alone sent in pursuit, General Falckenstein being engaged in getting the rest of his troops back again to the right bank of the Saal. He purported leaving the Bavarians to be watched by one division, whilst he proceeded with the two others to attack the 8th federal corps, which quietly awaited him in the same position which it had occupied from the commencement of operations, without ever making a movement in support of its Bavarian allies. Falckenstein's plan was well conceived. He projected moving down the right bank of the Saal, descending to the south-west towards Gemünden, then, turning to the west, cross the Spessart, and, advancing on Aschaffenburg, attack the enemy at the point at which he was least expected. The success of an attack in such a direction on the right flank of the enemy promised important strategic results, and it had this further advantage, that it put it in the power of the Prussians to occupy Frankfort and the line of the Maine without forcing the defiles of Gelnhausen, where the Wurtemburgians had had time to strengthen their position greatly. Nevertheless, General Falckenstein had resolved to occupy these defiles, and, further, to make a demonstration on Frankfort by the high road, and with this object he despatched Beyer's division on the 11th of July from Hammelburg on Gelnhausen by Orb, with instructions to open the passage of the defile from that side.

General Manteuffel had followed the Bavarians on the 11th of July as far as Euerbach, a little north-west of Schweinfurt, when, seeing that Prince Charles was about to retrace his steps and give him battle, he withdrew in a north-westerly direction towards Gressthal. He was not, indeed, in force with a single division to give battle to the whole Bavarian army, and it would seem strange why he should have been sent upon the trail of that army at all, as either the whole Prussian army corps should have united to follow up the advantages gained against the Bavarians until they had fairly driven them off the field, or if it was resolved that sufficient had been done, and it was time to turn against the 8th federal corps, the three divisions of the Prussians were equally necessary to success in that direction. Be this as it may, the Bavarians hailed the

precipitate retreat of Manteuffel as a new triumph, and had they followed it up, it would in reality have been such; but unfortunately, with characteristic absence of all energy on the part of the commander, or from want of a cordial understanding between the two princes commanding, the one the Bavarian army, and the other the 8th federal corps, the former were definitely withdrawn to Schweinfurt, beyond the Maine, leaving the 8th corps to its own fate, just as the 8th corps had, up to this time, left the Bavarian army to fight its own battles unaided.

Gœben's division arrived on the 12th of July at Gemünden, where it was to be followed by Manteuffel's division. This movement created a great sensation at Frankfort, as also at the head-quarters of the 8th federal corps at Bornheim. Prince Alexander of Hesse despatched by railway, and with the greatest expedition, all the troops he could spare to Aschaffenburg, in order to defend so important a pass of the Maine on his right flank. These troops comprised the division of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Austrian division, and a few other battalions, the whole under the command of Field-Marshal Count Neipperg. The latter at once sent forward the Hessian division towards the defiles of Spessart, with orders to attack the Prussians the moment they should issue forth from the same.

Battle of Laufach.

Gœben's division entered the defiles of Spessart on the 13th of June, marching on Aschaffenburg, and in consequence of the instructions as given above, the advance guard, under General Wrangel, was attacked by the Hessian troops as it was passing out of the defile of Hayn, but the enemy was repulsed, Laufach was captured, and the Prussians, much fatigued by the day's march and the combat they had to deliver near its conclusion, were enabled to bivouac there.

They were not, however, left in peace, for, as at Kissingen, the advance posts were suddenly attacked in the evening; but this time, as his troops were thoroughly wearied, General Wrangel wished to remain on the offensive, and was hence induced to withdraw on Frohnhofen. Nine Hessian battalions, supported by artillery, were sent in pursuit, but the rapid fire of the needle-guns entailed such grievous losses that they were obliged to give it up. Three battalions of Prussians then assumed the offensive, and completed the rout of the Hessians, who were obliged to retire in great disorder, leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field of battle, and one hundred prisoners.

Battle of Aschaffenburg.

Gœben's division continued its march on Aschaffenburg the next day, the 14th of July, Wrangel's brigade marching on the high road to the right, and Kummer's brigade to the left, following the line of railway, and the enemy was found occupying a good position in advance of the town. Field-Marshal Count Neipperg was in command, with the Austrian division, the division of Hesse-Darmstadt, and some detachments of Electoral Hesse and of Baden troops. The Prussians commenced their attack at once, and although the enemy was twice as strong in the numbers of its infantry, they succeeded in driving it back to a last

position close upon Aschaffenburg. The combat became then far more furious, and lasted several hours. Wrangel's brigade to the right, after having obliged a battery of the enemy's artillery, which was advantageously posted, to retire by the mere fire of infantry, succeeded in penetrating as far as Damm and carrying the railway station, whilst Kummer's brigade to the left, after having fought for an hour and a half in the woods, made itself master of the park at the gate of Aschaffenburg. The fight was then carried into the town itself, where the possession of streets and houses became the cause of sanguinary struggles; but the Prussians having got possession of the bridge on the Maine, the only line of retreat available to the enemy, the latter were obliged, for the most part, to surrender, and two thousand combatants, chiefly Austrians, were thus made prisoners of war.

Prince Alexander of Hesse had remained during the whole time that this sanguinary combat lasted with the main body of troops at Seligenstadt, two German miles north-west of Aschaffenburg, without making the slightest attempt to succour Count Neipperg, or to relieve the beleaguered town. So far from that, he abandoned all the positions he held near Frankfort, as well as the federal city itself, recalled the Wurtemburg troops from Gelnhausen, evacuated Hanau, and withdrew with all his army to the south, on the Odenwald. On the 15th of July his head-quarters were at Dieburg, two German miles south-west of Aschaffenburg, and his rear guard, composed of the Baden division as yet intact, was at Babenhausen, half a German mile from the same town, whilst General Falckenstein had established his head-quarters within the town itself. Nor did the latter offer to further molest the enemy. Gœben's division was positively in need of a day's rest. Manteuffel's division, which was a day's march in the rear, had to come up, and he wished Beyer's division, which he had sent on to his right to Gelnhausen, to reach its destination.

Submission of Frankfort.

On the 16th of July, General Manteuffel having arrived at Aschaffenburg, and General Beyer at Gelnhausen, which he found abandoned, General Falckenstein resolved upon taking possession of Frankfort; it was the reward of the victory of Aschaffenburg, and he had nothing to do but to pluck it. He accordingly moved on by Hanau, getting over the ground partly by railway, and entered the same day (July 16) as a conqueror, at the head of Gœben's division, into the free city of Frankfort. This city, which had so long shown itself hostile to Prussia, and which had been for so many years the centre of the most passionate anti-Prussian agitation, now saw its wishes fulfilled in one sense, and that was, that there was no necessity to take it by assault, and that the fortifications which had been raised for its defence, and against which it had in its egotism so vehemently protested, served no good purpose.

General Falckenstein entered, indeed, peaceably into the "open city," but he nevertheless at once took possession of the city and of the country, as also of Nassau and Upper Hesse, which the withdrawal of the 8th federal corps had delivered over to his hands, in the name of the King of Prussia. The members of the Federal Diet had hurried away

on the 14th of July, precisely one month after what the Prussians were pleased to call the "fatal vote," by which they had deliberately let loose the dogs of civil war in Germany, and they had withdrawn to await events at Augsburg, where the assembly, still preserving the title of "Federal German Diet," prolonged its existence for some time, until, member after member falling off, it died a natural death.

The Prussians say of this campaign, that, thanks to strategic movements as skilful as they were bold, to the admirable energy with which the troops had borne all the fatigues of the passage of the Rheingebirge and of the Spessart, and, above all, to the undaunted bravery with which they had fought in all the engagements that had taken place, although they had on most occasions to do with superior numbers, the army of the Maine had obtained and conquered in fourteen days a great result. These operations, executed in fourteen days by the Prussian army of the Maine, from Eisenach to Frankfort, will, we are further told, remain a model of military art in all times. Movements conducted with as much energy as intelligence, in a mountainous country; boldness united to prudence, and a perfect sense of strategy, contributed, it is asserted, the most splendid results, with a minimum expenditure of force and the least sacrifices possible. The campaign of General Falckenstein, so brief, and yet so decisive in regard to the position of all Southern Germany, will, it is finally added, be ever quoted as a new demonstration of the axiom in virtue of which a skilful and prudent general, who finds himself at the head of troops in whom he has absolute confidence, in presence of two timid divided adversaries, having no real bond of union, can conquer them by assuming the offensive, even when their forces should surpass his by double the number.

We have spoken of the so-called "fatal vote" of the 14th of June—the day month previous to the annexation of the whilom free city of Frankfort to Prussia—and it is necessary to remember that upon that occasion several of the states of Northern Germany voted against the demand made by Austria to mobilise the federal contingents against Prussia. Prussia, on her side, asked these non-contents to join her in an alliance of Northern Germany, and to unite their contingents to the Prussian army in the war which it was about to enter upon against Austria and its allies in Southern Germany. They all declared themselves ready to adhere to the confederation, but they could not all dispose freely of their contingents. For example, the three battalions of Saxe Weimar had been sent to Mayence, in consequence of a decision arrived at by the Diet upon the occasion of the evacuation of the federal strong places by the Austrian and Prussian troops, and they were afterwards transferred to them because they were known to be friendly to Prussia. Further, most of these contingents demanded a certain time to place themselves in a state of readiness to enter upon a campaign, and hence it was that it was not until the middle of July that Prussia was enabled to avail herself of their services, and to send them to reinforce the troops that were operating against Southern Germany. The two battalions of Saxe Coburg Gotha and the battalion of Lippe presented an exception. They were attached at Gotha to the army of the Maine, the two first having, as we have before seen, fought on the 27th of June by the side of the Prussians against the Hanoverians at Langensalza.

The contingents of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, of Saxe-Altenburg, of Anhalt, of Oldenburg, of Waldeck, and of the Hanseatic towns, brought to Prussia altogether a reinforcement of 18,000 men. The contingents of Brunswick and of Mecklenburg-Strelitz did not join till the war was nearly concluded. The 4th regiment of the Guard, which had remained at Berlin, 14 newly-raised fourth battalions, as also the 9th battalion of chasseurs, and 6 regiments of cavalry of the landwehr, altogether 19,000 men, were also sent from Prussia to the army of the South of Germany, making a total reinforcement of 37,000 men, so that it was no longer inferior in numbers to the united army of Bavaria and of the 8th federal corps.

One portion of the contingents placed at the disposal of Prussia by the allies served with reinforcements sent by Prussia itself to form a new army corps at Leipzig, which was called the 2nd reserve corps, and was placed under the command of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Its destination was to invade Bavaria by Hof, and to operate in the east against the armies of Southern Germany, whilst the army of the Maine, which had been likewise reinforced, was to advance from Frankfort and Aschaffenburg and resume its operations in the south.

The army of the Maine had, as we have seen, concluded, by the occupation of Frankfort on the 16th of July, the first and not the least important of its operations, with complete success. A rest of five days, which they had fairly earned, was granted to the troops to recruit themselves from their great fatigues. It was also necessary to await the arrival of reinforcements on the Maine before attempting to recommence operations. As General Falckenstein had in the interim been called to a higher position, and had been appointed governor of Bohemia, the command of the army of the Maine thus devolved on General Manteuffel, and that of the division which he had hitherto commanded on General de Flies.

The army of the Maine received at this epoch the following reinforcements: 1st. The Hanseatic and Oldenburg brigade, composed of 3 battalions, 3 squadrons and 2 batteries of Oldenburg, 2 battalions of Hamburg, 1 battalion of Lubeck, 1 battalion of Bremen, 1 battalion of Waldeck, and 1 battalion of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen; 2ndly. Of Prussian troops: 5 battalions, the 9th battalion of chasseurs, and 3 regiments of cavalry of the landwehr; altogether, 15 battalions, 12 squadrons, and about 12 guns, or from 12,000 to 13,000 men. The army of the Maine thus presented a total force of from 65,000 to 66,000 men; but it could not employ more than 60,000 at the most in the field, for it had to garrison Frankfort, Hanau, and Aschaffenburg.

The 8th federal corps had preserved a purely passive and defensive attitude ever since the affair of Aschaffenburg, and if it appeared to have any object in view at all, it was to effect a junction with the Bavarian army, which had moved from Schweinfurt to the westward in the direction of Wurtzburg. Hence, without waiting for any further movement of the army of the Maine to the south, it began to retreat; first, from Dieburg, by the Odenwald, southwards as far as Michelstadt, and then, turning to the east, by Amorbach to beyond the Tauber. At this latter place it found a good position, with its flank directed to the west, by which communication with the Bavarian army could be kept up. The

federal corps never made the slightest attempt to protect the grand-duchy of Hesse against the occupation of Prussia; still less did it make any attempt to reconquer the line of the Maine. Even Baden and Wurtemburg were only indirectly defended by the flank position on the Tauber, for the direct road to Carlsruhe and Stuttgard lay open to the Prussians. The Bavarian army displayed just as little activity, when it might have pushed on from Wurtzburg to Aschaffenburg, and have prevented the army of the Maine pursuing the 8th federal corps. It appeared for a moment as if about to do something of the kind, for it did advance on the road from Wurtzburg to Aschaffenburg, as far as Markt-Heidenfeld; but it got no farther, and remained hesitating what next to do, until the attack made by the Prussians on the line of the Tauber obliged them to move to the succour of the 8th federal corps.

General Manteuffel resumed the offensive on the 21st of July, having the evening before occupied Darmstadt by Prussian troops. As correct information with regard to the movements of the enemy was wanting, and all that was known was that the 8th corps had retreated to the south by the Odenwald, the three divisions of the army of the Maine followed in that direction along the left bank of the river, whilst strong reconnoitring parties were sent forward from Aschaffenburg on the right bank, chiefly along the highway to Wurtzburg, to try and discover the whereabouts of the Bavarians. Flies' division followed the course of the Maine from Aschaffenburg to Miltenberg, a point where the Maine, after winding abruptly between Schweinfurt and Aschaffenburg, turns for the last time at right angles to the north. Beyer's division, starting from Hanau, followed on the same road by Aschaffenburg, forming the reserve in the valley of the Maine. Gœben's division, starting from Darmstadt, crossed the Odenwald by Kœnig. The army thus formed two columns, moving at a distance of about two German miles from one another, but which could mutually support one another in case of need. All traces of the enemy, we have seen, had been lost during the interval of the five days' repose, and it was not until the 23rd that it was ascertained that the principal body had gone to the eastward, and had fallen behind the Tauber, having left only a few advance posts on the left bank of that river. As the object in view was to meet the enemy, and as any further advance to the south into Baden or Wurtemburg would have been impolitic, with a hostile force on the left flank, General Manteuffel found himself obliged to make the army turn abruptly to the left, with Miltenberg for a pivot, so as to face the line of the Tauber. This movement, difficult in itself, and rendered still more so by having to be carried out in the broken ground of the Odenwald, and by making forced marches to the right, was, however, successfully carried out, the enemy troubling the manœuvres very slightly, for the advance guards posted on the left bank of the Tauber were easily driven back. The only skirmish of any importance occurred at Hundheim, on the 23rd of July. General Flies had despatched two battalions of Coburg, with two pieces of artillery, and two squadrons of dragoons, from Miltenberg, to the right, towards Hundheim, in order to effect a junction with Gœben's division on the right wing. This detachment, before arriving at Hundheim, encountered a Baden brigade, much superior in infantry, and especially in artillery. A combat of artillery and of riflemen ensued, in which the Coburg battalions took

advantage of the irregularities of the ground to conceal their weakness from the enemy, and the Baden troops did not press them hard, but withdrew towards the evening on the Tauber.

Combats on the Tauber.

General Manteuffel resolved to make himself master of the passes of the Tauber on the 24th of July, so that he might attack the enemy in force on the following day. He in consequence directed his left wing (Flies' division) on Wertheim, at the confluence of the Tauber with the Maine, and his right wing (Gœben's division) farther to the south, on Tauber-Bischoffsheim. Wertheim was protected by the Hessian division of the 8th federal corps, Bischoffsheim by the Wurtemburg contingent, whilst the Baden division was posted at Werbach, between the two, so as to bring them together. Wertheim was carried by General Flies after a brief struggle, and Bischoffsheim was carried by Gœben's advance guard under General Wrangel. General Gœben had detached the brigade of Oldenburg and the battalion of Bremen in the direction of Werbach, to support the advance of the left wing, and encountering the enemy they cast him back on this point as on others to beyond the Tauber. Thus by noon the whole line of that river was in the hands of the Prussians and of their allies.

The struggle, however, recommenced in the afternoon with the right wing at Bischoffsheim. General Hardegg made an effort to recapture that important passage of the Tauber, and to that effect he brought forward the whole of the Wurtemburg division to attack Gœben's advance guard, which had, we have seen, gained the position. The fight lasted for three hours, the Wurtemburgians came back five times to the assault, until at last they were obliged to retire, and were relieved by the Austrians. This was the first time in the war that the Wurtemburgians, led by their general, so celebrated as a military author, had the opportunity of measuring their strength with the Prussians; but the latter are said to have shown in a marked manner their superiority in defence as well as in attack. The Prussians were inferior in number at the battle of Bischoffsheim, but they had the advantage of position, having posted themselves solidly at the place which they had carried the same morning at the point of the bayonet. So the Prussian writers are justified in saying that they established their superiority on this occasion both in attack and defence. The brigade of Oldenburg received its baptism of fire the same day, and gave proofs of great efficacy at Werbach, where it had to carry the place by its own unaided efforts.

The line of the Tauber lost, the last attempt made by the Wurtemburgians to recover it having failed, the 8th federal corps withdrew to a central position at Gersheim, half way between Bischoffsheim and Wurtzburg. The four divisions united on a high wooded plateau or table-land at that point, and awaited the approach of the enemy. The Bavarian army had at the same time come up and taken position at Helmstadt and Hettingen, a German mile to the north-west, thus forming the right wing of the two armies of South Germany, which at length found themselves united in one great line of battle. In this position they had the Maine and Wurtzburg in their rear, at a distance of about two German miles.

Battles of Gerchsheim and of Helmstadt.

General Manteuffel, advancing across the Tauber on the 25th of July, did not hesitate to accept the battle thus offered to him, although inferior in numbers. With this object he brought up Beyer's division, which he had hitherto kept in reserve on his left wing, and placed it between Gœben's division to the right and Flies' division to the left, so that the army of the Maine was also deployed in one line, presenting a front of over two German miles in extent. Yet it was not destined to be all engaged. Gœben's division was destined to give battle to the 8th federal corps, and Beyer's division was to engage the Bavarian army, whilst Flies' division was to be kept in reserve at Wertheim, to support either side if necessary. Both the attacks, however, were followed by success. The 8th federal corps, the Baden division forming the right wing at Wenkheim and Ober-Alterheim, was driven back *en masse* by Gœben's division, and obliged to retreat on Wurtzburg, whilst General Beyer succeeded, after a fight of five hours' duration, in driving the left wing of the Bavarian army back from Helmstadt, the right wing remaining quietly at Nettingen, about half a German mile to the north-east, during the struggle. The left wing of the Prussian army, under General Flies, thus remained in reserve, and reposed itself during the whole of the engagements of the 25th, and the next day it became the turn of the right wing (Gœben's) to rest itself, for General Manteuffel had the prudence never to engage his three divisions at the same time, and he had thus, on the occasion of a great struggle of two days' duration, always one division in reserve, intact and fresh.

Battles of Hettingen and Rossbrunn.

The next day (July 26th) General Flies, starting from Wertheim, attacked the two Bavarian divisions encamped at Hettingen, and with the help of Beyer's division, which happily arrived from the southwards just in time to take part in the fight, he drove them from that position, as also from another which they subsequently took up at Rossbrunn.

It is admitted by Prussian writers that the troops of South Germany displayed great bravery, as well as prudence, in these different consecutive combats, and, above all, they never allowed the engagements to be carried so far as to culminate in a rout, or, indeed, in a decisive battle. With the exception of the attack made by the Wurtemburgians on the 24th of July on Bischoffsheim, they kept always strictly on the defensive, placing most reliance on their artillery, which they posted in advantageous positions. Hence, also, it appears that after each combat the Germans of the south claimed the victory because they were not beaten, the results of these engagements being, however, a constant retreat on the part of the Bavarians, as also on the part of the 8th federal corps. Upon this occasion, as on others, both alike withdrew and took up a position at Rottendorf, beyond the Maine, and one German mile from Wurtzburg, on the left bank of the river, and protected by the fortress of Marienberg, which had been strongly garrisoned.

The army of the Maine advanced against this last position on the 27th

of July, and opened a vigorous fire with artillery against the fortress of Marienberg. Naturally, mere field-pieces were not adapted for effecting a breach or silencing the guns of the fortress, yet they are said to have entailed great losses to the enemy and to have set the arsenal on fire, by which a great number of new rifles were destroyed, as also the war trophies of the Bavarians.

Negotiations were being entered into for the surrender of the fortress of Marienberg, when the news of the armistice concluded at Nikolsburg on the 28th of July came to interrupt them. The armistice, however, as far as regarded Prussia and Bavaria, was only to date from the 2nd of August, and General Manteuffel had full powers to negotiate the clauses with Prince Charles of Bavaria. In the mean time, a suspension of hostilities was concluded at Wurtzburg, which could only be broken by twenty-four hours' notice.

Operations of the 2nd Reserve Corps in Bavaria.

The so-called 2nd corps of reserve in Bavaria, under the command of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was composed of the following troops: 1st, the division of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, consisting of 4 battalions of infantry, 1 battalion of chasseurs, 4 squadrons, and 2 batteries of 6, under General Bilguer; 2ndly, of the united Prussian division, placed under the orders of General Horn, who previously commanded the 8th division, and which consisted of a brigade of infantry of the Guard under Colonel von Treskow, composed of 4 battalions of the 4th regiment of the Guard and 4 fourth battalions, and of a brigade of infantry under Colonel von Senden, composed of the regiment of infantry of reserve of Pomerania and of 2 battalions from the principality of Anhalt. The 1st regiment of hussars and the 1st regiment of hulans of the landwehr of reserve, as also 5 batteries of 4 and 3 batteries of 6, were also attached to this corps, which, in consequence, presented a total force of from 22,000 to 24,000 men.

It was directed, as we have before seen, on Bavaria by Hof, and, leaving Leipzig on the 20th of July, its advance guard preceded it by forced marches, aided at times by the railroad, and arrived on the 23rd at Hof, where it surprised and made prisoners of a small Bavarian garrison of 60 men. Bavaria had very insufficient forces to oppose to these new invaders; nothing, in fact, but a brigade of reserve composed of 4 battalions, raw levies badly equipped and badly instructed, who were, nevertheless, expedited on the 23rd of July from Munich to the frontiers of Saxony. It is needless to say it was incapable of resisting the progress of the enemy; the Bavarian landwehr, which was represented in the military statistics of the country as a national guard possessing a very numerous effective, nowhere, indeed, put in an appearance to stay the advance of the Prussian reserve; the latter was thus enabled to march through the country as if in time of peace, the inhabitants receiving the men amicably, and even entertaining them hospitably.

On the 28th of July the advance guard of the reserve made its entry into Bayreuth, whilst the Bavarian reserve brigade withdrew to the south-east on Kemnath. A false telegraphic despatch announcing that an armistice had been concluded between Prussia and Bavaria, and that it

was already in force, induced a reserve battalion of the king's Bavarian regiment to retrace its steps in the direction of Bayreuth. It marched without any precaution, and even when it learnt, on approaching Bayreuth, that the town was occupied by the enemy, and that the report of an armistice having been concluded was erroneous, it neglected to withdraw itself as quickly as possible from the dangerous position in which it was placed, but confidingly took up its quarters at Saint Johannis, an hour's march from Bayreuth. Surprised at this spot, the battalion fled the same night to Weidenberg, and on the 29th of July to Seybottenruth. There it was met by the battalion of fusiliers of the 4th regiment of the Guard, and the chasseurs and cavalry of Mecklenburg, that had been despatched in pursuit, and was dispersed with the loss of 200 prisoners and its flag. Out of the 950 men who composed this battalion, it is indeed said that only 500 made their escape, and succeeded in reaching a railway station situated between Bayreuth and Weiden. Nothing more was heard of the Bavarian brigade of reserve after this catastrophe, whilst on the other hand "the little combat of Seybottenreuth" is the only one in which the 2nd corps of reserve was engaged. We cannot say that it reflects much credit on those engaged, nor does an attack upon a confiding and manifestly little hostile battalion, with superior numbers, cover the corps with laurels.

On the 31st of July the advance guard of the same corps occupied Nuremberg, the main body arriving the next day. The negotiations for an armistice brought their operations to an end in that fine old mediæval town. Nuremberg is fifteen German miles from Wurtzburg, and consequently five or six days' march distant. The Bavarian army and the 8th federal corps, stationed at Wurtzburg, were at the southern extremity of the peninsula formed by the Maine, which flows south from Schweinfurt to Ochsenfurt, and afterwards to the north as far as Gemunden. Such a position offers great advantages in a defensive point of view, but it circumscribes freedom of motion to the south, east, and west. The two armies of South Germany had given too many proofs of indecision and want of energy up to that period to warrant the belief that, had war continued, they would have extricated themselves from such a false position with any remarkable exhibition of active gallantry, the more so as the army of the Maine had it in its power to beleaguer them, and to cut off all communications with the south and the east. The junction of the army of the Maine and of the 2nd reserve corps would have been effectuated in a few days, and the Bavarian army and the 8th federal corps, cut off from the countries which they ought to have defended and protected, might have been forced to accept, with the northern frontier of Bavaria at their back, a battle, the loss of which would have entailed a catastrophe. The efforts made by the Bavarian minister, Von der Pforten, at Vienna and at Nikolsburg, to bring about an armistice in favour of Bavaria as quickly as possible, rendered a great service to the Bavarian army and to the 8th federal corps; for if the latter was not immediately included in the armistice brought about with Bavaria, as it was stationed in the rear of the Bavarian army it was covered from all attack.

General Manteuffel had concluded on the 1st of August an armistice with Prince Charles of Bavaria, according to the clauses of which Wurtzburg was handed over to the Prussians on the 2nd of August, whilst the

fortress of Marienberg remained in the hands of the Bavarians. Baden hastened, on its side, to give in its adhesion to the armistice, and recalled its contingent to the 8th federal corps on the 30th of August. Thus the army corps began to dissolve by degrees, attesting once more how little the troops of a confederation, good in themselves, but without any intimate tie or bond, are in a condition to render good service in the presence of a decided and skilful adversary, and how much reason Prussia had, in consequence, to labour for so many years, albeit with little success, in imparting a greater degree of cohesion to the contingents of the Germanic confederation. Now that treaties offensive and defensive bind all the fragments of the fatherland that are not still Austrian, and the King of Prussia is commander-in-chief of all German troops, success will probably be no longer wanting, and the Prussian system will be extended over all Central Europe. France has adopted one part of the system, that of no longer permitting the use of substitutes. However valuable such a system may have been to Prussia in 1866, it is impossible, however, that it can go on for ever either in France or Germany; for where every man, no matter what his pursuits or profession, must serve in the army, such a state of things is not only inconsistent with prosperity and civilisation, but is even destructive of all family ties, and must lead to national decay. It can, however, be now readily understood how the treaty of alliance between Prussia and Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Baden, so long kept secret, was brought about, when we consider that by the terms of the armistice the Prussians occupied part of all the territories of all the states of South Germany; in the grand duchy of Baden, Heidelberg and Manheim; in Wurtemburg, Mergentheim; in Bavaria, nearly a third of the country, for the 2nd reserve corps remained at Nuremberg, and the army of the Maine at Wurtzburg. Nassau and Hesse-Darmstadt were entirely occupied. Prussia had then put its hand, wholly or in part, upon the dominions of all its adversaries in the south of Germany. There was only one of its political adversaries that eluded its iron grasp, and that simply because it was too far removed to be caught: this was the principality of Lichtenstein, which, amusingly enough, did not mobilise its contingent of a hundred men until the 25th of July—that is to say, at the conclusion of the war; and even then it seems to have had so little confidence in its allies of South Germany, that it took care not to entrust them with the command of its "great" army corps, but sent them into the Tyrol to fight by the side of the Austrians, only that they arrived too late. It cannot thus be said that either by their presence or by their absence they had any decisive effect upon the results of the war.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE FOURTH.

I.

THE NEWS REACHES LONDON.

Two letters were lying on the breakfast-table at 1, Clifton-street West, when Mrs. Ashton came down-stairs on the following morning. She took them up, and saw that they were both for herself, and that one was from Robert, and one from Mr. Renshaw. She concluded that Robert had merely written to announce their safe arrival, and she opened Mr. Renshaw's letter first. The beginning startled her, and she felt in a moment that something of unusual importance had happened. A railway accident was the first suggestion that occurred to her, and she read hurriedly on till she came to the words "dreadful truth." Then she paused for a few moments, and tried, as she afterwards said, to compose herself, and to face what was coming. Her first thoughts were for herself, and regarded the manner in which the shock that was coming might possibly affect her, and she closed her eyes for an instant, and anxiously tried to prepare herself for the worst. The sudden death of the two girls was the worst that she could think of, for Robert was evidently safe. After this she read the letter steadily through to the end. The idea of Grace Ashton's death by fire shocked and horrified her, certainly, and yet there was a feeling somewhere in her mind that it would have been worse still if Grace Meadows had been taken, and all hope of her large inheritance lost to the family for ever. Still she felt, as most people do when the news of a sudden death has been just received, as if it could not be true, as if the girl whom she had seen full of life and vigour only forty-eight hours previously, *could* not at that moment be lying a blackened corpse. She checked herself, and glanced again over the letter. No, it said nothing of poor Grace's mortal remains; perhaps there were none left. What! gone altogether? No funeral? It seemed impossible, and Mrs. Ashton mentally sat down before the idea and laid siege to it, so to speak.

Presently she opened and read Robert's letter, and, in spite of her natural distress and bewilderment, she received the news of his engagement to Grace Meadows with a flutter of pleasurable surprise. And yet it was extraordinary, almost incredible, for Grace Meadows had been uniformly firm in her rejection of all idea of such an engagement, even as a distant possibility, and Robert had not appeared to be making any progress, or even to be trying to make any progress, before this journey into Derbyshire. Mrs. Ashton came to the conclusion that "the boy knew what he was about," better than she or any one else could have supposed, and that he had cleverly taken advantage of Grace Meadows' trouble, to reach her heart and secure her consent to the engagement. Perhaps he might have performed prodigies of valour in the fire;

certainly he must have done something wonderful, or Grace Meadows would not have altered her mind so quickly, and under such circumstances as these. When Mrs. Ashton had finally succeeded in realising what had happened, she felt that there were many things to be done, friends must be written to, new mourning must be bought, William Brooks must be communicated with, probably she would be wanted at Deepdale before long, but first of all she felt one paramount necessity—the necessity of talking.

There was no one at hand to talk to except the servants, so she rang the bell, and Mary made her appearance.

"You can take away the breakfast-things," Mrs. Ashton began. "I have had news that has spoilt my appetite altogether—dreadful news from Derbyshire, Mary, and you can't be thankful enough that you didn't go there yourself."

"I hope there's nothing amiss with the young ladies, ma'am," the girl replied.

"Worse than something amiss, Mary. There has been a dreadful fire, and Miss Grace—poor Miss Grace—oh dear, we shall never see her again." Mrs. Ashton was really sorry, and still more shocked than sorry.

"You don't mean to say, ma'am, that Miss Grace has been burnt to death?" asked Mary, with an accent of horror.

"But I do, Mary, for that is the awful truth. A fire broke out the very night of their arrival—the night before last, you know—and Mr. Robert saved Miss Grace Meadows, and she is going to marry him for it; but poor dear Miss Ashton is gone—gone while we were sleeping peacefully in our beds, Mary. Think of that!"

"Lord bless us and save us!" Mary sat down on one of the dining-room chairs, forgetful of the etiquette of servitude, and stared blankly at her mistress. Presently she recovered from the first shock of surprise and terror, and said, "And won't you go after them, ma'am, to see that there hasn't been no mistake in the news?"

"There has been no mistake, Mary; my information is only too clear and exact, I am sorry to say; but it is quite likely that I may have to go to Deepdale before long, and I do hope that you will be careful of fire now that you see the dreadful consequences of carelessness. I have a great deal to do at home first; there is mourning to be thought of, and Mr. Brooks to be told. Go round the house now, and draw all the blinds down. Oh dear, dear, this is a world of trouble!"

Mary obeyed orders, crying quietly all the while, for poor Grace had been a favourite with the servants, and yet anticipating some degree of not unpleasurable excitement in answering the questions of the trades-people, and talking over the calamity with her fellow-servant.

Mrs. Ashton knew that she ought to lose no time in acquainting William Brooks with the sudden and terrible death of his betrothed, but she shrank a little from the task, destitute though her character was of the finer shades of sympathy and tenderness. She decided that it would be better to write to him, and to enclose Mr. Renshaw's letter; and after a little deliberation she wrote a few lines, expressing her distress and horror at the dreadful circumstance which had occurred, and enclosing the whole in an envelope with a very deep black edge, to prepare him, as she said, for bad news of one kind or another. She sent a messenger

with the letter to Mr. Brooks' office, but it happened that an account of the fire had appeared in some of the morning papers, and when William Brooks came to the office, two of the clerks were pondering over certain meagre and unsatisfactory details, that appeared to them to be ominously suggestive of danger, perhaps of death, to Robert Ashton.

"I say," one of them called out, as William Brooks came into the office, "isn't Renshaw the name of the old party that Ashton went to see down in Derbyshire?"

"Yes," he replied; "what of that?"

"Why, Ashton has just managed to come in for a fire; took some ladies down there too, didn't he? Look here."

William Brooks stretched out his hand for the newspaper, and read the paragraph. It was as follows:

"FIRE IN DERBYSHIRE.—We have just received the intelligence of a disastrous fire that broke out yesterday morning, at about two o'clock A.M., on the premises of J. Renshaw, Esq., at Deepdale, in the south of Derbyshire. The building, which has been partially destroyed, was a large and commodious country house, situated in its own grounds, which are of considerable extent and beauty. Soon after the discovery of the fire, the engines were procured from Derby, and the devouring element was checked by the zeal and resolution of the firemen, so that a portion of the house was preserved from destruction. We understand that there has been some loss of life, and a visitor at the house, whose name has not yet transpired, is said to be missing. The origin of the fire is not at present known, but we are informed that the house is insured in the London and South Derbyshire Insurance Company. Fuller particulars will be given in our next impression."

William Brooks read this once through, and then asked, quietly:

"Have you a Bradshaw here?"

One was handed to him, and he forced his unsteady hands to turn to the page that he required. A train would leave the Euston-square station for Derby in about an hour. He took up a sheet of note-paper and began to write, but he could not form the accustomed letters, or even remember the spelling of the words. He tore the paper in two.

"Tell my father," he said, "that I am obliged to go into the country on particular business, and that he shall hear from me to-morrow. Stop that cab."

He was at the door sooner than the boy to whom he spoke; he directed the cabman to drive to the Euston-square station, and was driven off at once.

The clerks looked at each other in silence for a moment, and then one of them remarked that it was a rum start.

"Gone to look after Ashton, by Jove!" said one. "Ashton must owe him some money, that's as clear as mud."

"I wish he may get it, then," replied the other; "Ashton's entire property and expectations consist of debts."

"And, besides, what good could he possibly do now that the fire is over? If Ashton is burnt he is burnt, and *vice versâ*. I should rather think that old Renshaw has a pretty daughter, and that Will is after her, and has gone off in a flutter to see whether his charmer is baked or broiled."

"Perhaps it's Ashton's sister; he was to take her down with him."

"Well, if she's anything like Ashton, she's better lost than found any day; hang me if I don't think he'd be counted low society if he lived in the Cannibal Islands."

To these chatterers there entered now a man who managed Mrs. Ashton's garden, with the black-bordered letter in his hand.

"Is Mr. William Brooks in?" he asked.

"No, he's not, sir. Been sent for on particular business to Buckingham Palace to advise her Majesty on the affairs of the nation. The Lord Mayor left word that a hearse and pair was at the disposal of any respectable party who might wish to follow him."

"If it was a pair of asses, they wouldn't be far to fetch," the man rejoined; "however, my business with him was to give him this letter with my own hands. If you know where he is, or when he'll be in, please to tell me."

One of the young men glanced at the ominous border of the envelope, and then took up the Bradshaw that was lying on the table.

"If it's anything very particular," he remarked, "you had better take a cab and rattle on to the Euston-square station; that's where he's gone to, and you'll most likely catch him before he starts. First ask if the train for Derby is up, and if it is, look in the carriages; if not, look in the waiting-rooms and the booking-office."

The man thanked him, and departed. He reached Euston-square station a few minutes before the train for Derby was pushed into its place, and he found William Brooks almost directly. William took the letter without understanding the man's explanation; afterwards he remembered having heard something about Mrs. Ashton's desire that he should receive the letter without delay, but at the moment the words went no further than his outward ears, his mind being taken up by one all-absorbing fear for Grace.

The paragraph that he had read in the newspaper had suggested the precise nature of the calamity which threatened him, and the first words of Mrs. Ashton's note confirmed his worst fears. But it did not occur to him to turn back, and to give up his project of following the Ashtons to Deepdale as useless now; his idea was to hasten at once to the spot where the accident had happened, he did not know with what motive, perhaps with a desperate hope that the worst might not be true, more likely still with no hope at all, but only from an impulse or instinct that cannot be exactly defined. He stood there motionless upon the platform, quite unconscious of the bustling passengers who jostled against him as the train moved into its place, and at last a porter suggested to him that it was time for him to take his seat in the carriage. "Change carriages at Rugby!" were the last words that fell upon his ear just before the train began to move—"change carriages at Rugby!" He wondered what those words could mean; the syllables conveyed no more idea to his mind than if they had been spoken in an unknown tongue; every sound that he heard, even the screech of the engine, appeared to say something to him on the subject of that great fear that was clouding and absorbing the faculties of his mind. It seemed to him that the scraps of conversation that were going on around him, bore some reference to that overwhelming dread, that every one knew more than he did, that his

fellow-passengers could tell him, if they chose, whether that dreadful thing were really true or whether there were some mistake; yes, he caught at the idea, it was certain that there must be a mistake—somewhere.

Gradually his faculties became clearer; a kind of misty veil seemed to disperse before his thoughts, and he could reflect and reason clearly. He read the two letters steadily through, first Mrs. Ashton's, from which he understood that her information was derived from a letter which she enclosed to him, and from "a few brief lines of grief and horror" from Robert. He was sorry that she had not sent Robert's letter also, and he read the one before him with rapt and eager attention, as criminals read the few lines that an advocate will sometimes send to them, to tell them their chances of life or of death.

There appeared at first to be nothing in Mr. Renshaw's letter to encourage even the faintest gleam of hope; afterwards he was struck by the omission that Mrs. Ashton had remarked—nothing was said respecting the mortal remains of her who was spoken of as dead—absolutely nothing. No directions were asked for regarding the funeral, no reason was given for the belief that she had suffered little, expressed by the writer. For this remarkable omission there could be only one explanation, and he clutched at the hope that it suggested, and tried hard to persuade himself that in the confusion consequent upon the fire, Grace had been missed, and her absence had been looked upon as a proof of her death, while it might have been rightly accounted for in some other way. Might she not have escaped from the burning building, and, hurrying away to procure assistance from the neighbours, have lost her way in the unknown intricacies of Dalewood? But then, again, the thought forced itself upon his mind that a mistake of this kind must be very soon cleared up; if Grace were living, and separated by any conceivable cause from her friends, she would lose no time in acquainting them with her safety, and a message would have been sent by telegraph to contradict the news contained in Mrs. Ashton's two letters. By the time that the train reached Derby he felt that his thread of hope was slender indeed; he told himself that he did not hope at all, a kind of numbness was creeping over his mind again, and he was no longer able to weigh the possibilities on either side.

Soon he was being slowly driven, in one of the lumbering station flies, through the narrow winding lanes that Grace must have threaded so lately. Not a leaf had had time to fall from the high and straggling hedges on either side since she had seen them; even the pink and white briar-roses that lit up the wilderness of green, could scarcely have changed from buds to full-blown flowers, since Grace had passed them by, full of life and of hope for the future. And now——No, he could not believe it; he gave it the kind of dull assent that does duty for belief when the mysteries of Christianity are in question, but it was no more true and real to him than are the articles of the creed to yonder decorous churchgoer.

The flyman, on being told where he was to drive to, had replied, "The house where the fire was? Yes, sir," evincing some knowledge of the catastrophe, but William could not question him as to any of its details. He had a strange kind of feeling that it would be additionally

dreadful to hear Grace's fate alluded to in the man's broad Derbyshire patois; he dreaded to hear some chance word on the subject of his fragile hope and his terrible fear, and yet he rather wondered that people could talk about other things, and could speculate as to the prospects of the coming harvest, at that time and in that neighbourhood. There was little to break the blank monotony of his thoughts during the drive until he suddenly caught sight of Mr. Renshaw's house, with the great black gap, strange and ghastly in the summer sunlight. Instantly his great dread became more real to him, and less like a horrible dream; it seemed possible that Grace had been crushed and scorched out of existence among those charred and ruined beams. Tears came into his eyes for the first time; his loss was becoming real to him now.

There were a number of workpeople about, and a gate that led to the carriage-drive stood open. William dismissed the fly, and went through the gate and across the lawn, without seeing any one belonging to the house. A board was put up against the front entrance, with "Unsafe" painted on it in large letters, and he asked one of the workmen how he was to get into the house, and was taken to the glass-doors that opened upon the side-lawn at the east end of the building. Mr. Renshaw was writing in the dining-room, and he looked up as a shadow fell across the window, and rose to meet his unknown guest, with a painful presentiment of his identity, for in his mind the late catastrophe was naturally uppermost.

"Have you come up by train?" he asked, before William had time to speak.

"Yes. My name is Brooks. I am come to hear the whole truth for myself."

"Brooks—I feared so; then you are—you were——"

"I was engaged to Miss Ashton. Tell me, please, whether there is any possibility of a doubt as to her fate, just yes or no."

Mr. Renshaw shook his head. There was no need for further answer, and William mechanically followed him into the room and sat down.

"I think I can bear to hear about it," he said, presently; "tell me how it happened, but first tell me whether any remains have been found."

"Not any. The firemen told us truly that the destruction was too complete to admit of such a hope."

"Then how was Grace Meadows saved?" William asked next.

"I thought first of them, as soon as I knew the extent and situation of the fire, for their rooms were just over the place where it is supposed to have broken out. I made my way up the west flight of stairs, and our head-gardener followed me, and by God's mercy and goodness we each succeeded in carrying away and saving a speechless half-suffocated girl. We neither of us had the least shadow of a doubt that they were the two Miss Ashtons; as for Robert, we knew that he was safe enough, his room was a long way from theirs. It was not till a long time afterwards that I found out that one of the two girls we had saved was the under-housemaid, who had made her way to the Miss Ashtons to warn and save them; the other was Miss Meadows Ashton. In the mean time, I had been telling every one that the visitors were saved."

"So that nothing more was done," William added, hopelessly.

"Nothing more could have been done, even if we had known the truth

when we carried them away. The servant had been brave enough to go into the burning room, and to drag Grace Meadows out upon the landing; the poor dear girl who has been taken from us slept in the inside room, which could not be got at when she made her courageous attempt. By the time the gardener and I were on the spot, it would have been next to impossible to get even into the outer room."

There was a long pause, and then William asked, "Did Grace Meadows suffer any pain?"

"Not until she regained her senses; she was very ill then from having been so nearly suffocated, and also from the effects of the terrible shock; had death supervened, she would not have suffered at all, for she was tired out with her journey, and was fast asleep when the smoke penetrated into her room. And there can be no doubt at all that as it was with her, so it was with her cousin, that is why I hope confidently that she did not suffer."

William rocked himself unconsciously from side to side, as he followed Mr. Renshaw's reasoning.

"God knows!" he said, presently; "it seems that nothing could make it any better, or any worse."

Mr. Renshaw did not attempt to say anything consolatory; he knew that the wound could be only very slowly healed by the merciful hand of time.

"I was writing again to Mrs. Ashton," he said, after a pause, "to give her the latest news of Grace Meadows, not to ask her to come here, for Robert seems to think that she is better away."

William roused himself to listen.

"And what news can you give her?" he asked; "Grace Meadows is well by this time, I suppose, as far as her bodily health is concerned. I know she loved her cousin; most people did."

His voice faltered, and gave way, as he spoke.

"Yes, they appear to have been greatly attached to each other. And I am sorry to say that Grace Meadows continues in a very critical state of health; the doctor seemed anxious about her this morning, and said that he would look in again to-night."

"She has not received any permanent injury from the fire?"

"Not at all; the doctor seemed to think that the mental shock must have affected her system, and brought on a kind of low fever. She is very quiet, but disinclined to speak or move."

"Low fever, did you say? Is she at all inclined to wander, or be delirious?"

"Not in the least; I saw her last night and again this morning, and found her perfectly clear-headed, but exceedingly weak and depressed. One cannot wonder that she does not rally quickly from the effects of so terrible a shock."

"No," William answered. "I should like to see her before I go away."

"Certainly; she may be able to come down-stairs to-morrow, though that is scarcely probable, but at all events you shall see her. I wonder where Robert is?"

"I have nothing particular to say to him," William replied; "do not call him on my account. But I wish very much to see the firemen who made the examination of the ruins."

"It was the builder's men who did that, and you can speak to them this afternoon, and ask them any questions you wish before they go away for the night. But you have had a long journey, and first you must take a glass of wine."

And Mr. Renshaw rang the bell, and gave his orders to the servant, directing him at the same time to let Mrs. Renshaw know that Mr. Brooks was in the house.

II.

WILLIAM STILL DOUBTS.

Mr. Renshaw's message was whispered at the door of a large, square, old-fashioned bedroom, with deep window-seats to the two windows, that looked out, one upon the side-lawn, and the other upon the small carriage-drive at the back of the house. There was a large and solid four-post bedstead with chintz hangings, gorgeous hues scattered over a light ground, in strict compliance with the letter of the second commandment; for the form of no known object, terrestrial or celestial, was there reproduced. In after days Grace Meadows could never disassociate the remembrance of that time of weakness and suffering from the grotesque outlines and bright colours of those curtains; the leading idea, a bird chasing a butterfly, was strangely tangled and inverted, owing to a want of exactness in the joins: sometimes there appeared to be a butterfly in mad pursuit of a bird, and sometimes the dissevered head of a bird swooped down upon the hind-legs of a butterfly.

Grace Meadows was lying with closed eyes, awake, but very weak and languid, and very disinclined to talk. Good Mrs. Renshaw, who waited on her assiduously, would have felt it a relief to discuss the late calamity, to talk it over from every possible point of view, and to mingle tears of genuine distress with philosophical platitudes and verses from the Psalms. But Grace Meadows shrank from consolation, and almost, as it seemed, from sympathy. She was not unconscious of Mrs. Renshaw's unremitting kindness, but her sorrow was to her a thing with which no stranger could possibly intermeddle; it was apparent, too, to the womanly and sympathetic nature of her friend, that something apart from the grief caused by her recent loss was weighing upon her mind. Mrs. Renshaw had declared this to be the case when she was talking over the state of Grace Meadows with the doctor, with her husband, and with her son. She had each time elicited the same remark, that this was no ordinary case of sorrow and bereavement, that a great shock had been sustained, alike by the mind and by the body, and that a longer time than usual would be required before the patient could be expected to recover any portion of her natural health and spirits. It was a perfectly reasonable answer, and it satisfied Mrs. Renshaw.

The announcement that Mr. Brooks was in the house was whispered into her ear at the door of the room; but Grace Meadows, whose sensitiveness to sound had been greatly increased by her illness, opened her eyes at once, and asked what it was that had just been whispered from without. Mrs. Renshaw, as she turned round to reply, deliberated for one moment whether she should tell Grace Meadows that Mr. Brooks was down-stairs, and decided that it would be better not to do so.

"It was to say that my husband wants me in the dining-room, my love," she averred, keeping back the part of the message that might cause renewed distress and excitement to her patient.

And Grace Meadows sighed heavily, and said something about hearing it in a dream, that Mrs. Renshaw did not understand.

She softly closed the door behind her, and walked down the passage leading to the stairs, with the noiseless tread of one who is in attendance upon a nervous patient, and on the stairs she encountered Robert Ashton, then returning from a solitary walk.

"Mr. Brooks is here," she informed him.

"The devil!" This was Robert's improper and inappropriate reply. "In there?" he asked next, pointing excitedly in the direction of Grace Meadows' room.

"No; oh dear no. I did not dare even to let her know that he is here. The doctor impressed so strongly upon me the necessity of keeping her perfectly quiet, and of avoiding as much as possible anything that might renew that dreadful remembrance."

"Right; quite right. You are a real friend to her, Mrs. Renshaw."

"Anybody would be a friend to her that could, poor dear. She can easily be told that he is here, you know, if it should be thought advisable. She may be better and stronger to-morrow."

"Not well enough for that, though. It would be undoing all the good that you have done, unsettling her mind completely; it would drive her out of her senses, perhaps."

"Heaven forbid! She has shown no sign of mental derangement, though the shock has prostrated her so completely."

"No; but what we have to do now is to keep her from being bothered and upset, you know, or nobody can answer for the consequences. I wouldn't even have grandmamma here, because she would be sure to talk to her; she is not naturally quiet and silent, like you."

Good Mrs. Renshaw accepted the compliment in all sincerity, and was softened towards the young man, who had several times appeared to her so very rough and unfeeling. "He has feelings, though they lie deep," she said to herself, "and he has a great deal of discrimination of character, too." With this reflection she went on into the dining-room, whither Robert followed her. She shook hands silently with William Brooks; no civil little phrases about the pleasure of seeing him rose to her lips, but tears stood in her eyes as she remembered how short a time had elapsed since the young man before her had parted from his betrothed, then full of life and of hope for the future. The thought crossed her mind that if the sight of this sorrow-stricken man were so painful to herself, it would be doubly and trebly so to Grace Meadows, and that his presence there must on no account be made known to her.

Robert said something about the journey from town, in his usual half-sullen, half-defiant manner, and William Brooks answered him mechanically; then nothing more was said until Mr. Renshaw made some inquiry about Grace Meadows.

"She does not seem to be any worse," his wife replied, "but as yet she is certainly no better. She is young, and as time goes on there is no doubt that she will be as well and strong as ever, if we now avoid every possible source of excitement and renewed distress."

She was quoting the words of the doctor, who had seen Grace Meadows that morning.

"I will be very careful not to excite or distress her," William promised. "Mr. Renshaw has been so good as to ask me to sleep here, and perhaps it will be better for me not to see her till to-morrow."

"You cannot possibly see her either to-night or to-morrow," Mrs. Renshaw hastily interposed; "she is in a very critical state, and the shock of seeing you might kill her. I have not even let her know that you are here."

William looked surprised.

"I did not know that she was so very ill," he said, "or I should not have asked to see her."

"I think, my dear," Mr. Renshaw observed, "that it could not do her any harm to see Mr. Brooks, if she were gently prepared for his visit; on the contrary, it might do her good to see that he is endeavouring to bow to God's mysterious will. At present she is probably distressed by vague conjectures about him."

"That is your way of looking at it," his wife replied. "You must let me be guided by my own observation, and by what the doctor tells me, as well as by Mr. Ashton's wishes."

And she glanced at Robert, who was sullenly biting his nails.

William Brooks was puzzled. Robert was Grace Meadows' cousin, certainly, but considering the very small amount of cousinly regard which she evinced for him, he was scarcely justified in taking such a decision upon himself. William, as the betrothed of poor Grace, stood nearer to her in affection than Robert—at least he thought so.

"Of course I do not wish her to see me if the interview would be likely to do her any harm," he said. "There cannot be any necessity for consulting her cousin, who knows less of her character and probable wishes than I do myself."

All the party were puzzled now, except Robert, who did not choose to explain matters; he would rather have got rid of William Brooks without enlightening him as to his engagement with Grace Meadows, had Fate and Mrs. Renshaw's loquacity permitted such a course of action. But Fate and Mrs. Renshaw were against him here.

"Why, you see," she put in, apologetically, "Mr. Ashton's engagement to the poor dear gives him a right to decide upon matters that relate to her welfare and recovery; you must see that, of course, Mr. Brooks."

"Engagement!" William repeated. "You must have made some extraordinary mistake. Grace Meadows is very young, and is not at present engaged to any one."

Robert was obliged to say something now.

"Excuse me for contradicting you," he sullenly observed; "she has promised to be my wife as soon as all this bother is over, and she gets well again. I have her promise, and I suppose that's enough."

The news seemed incredible to William; he wondered whether Robert had taken advantage of Grace Meadows' illness to spread a false report of this kind, and if so, what scheme he could possibly be thus endeavouring to further. He said something about the news being quite unexpected, and that was all.

The Renshaws, meanwhile, had been once more shocked and silenced by the word "bother," which Robert had used in reference to Grace Meadows' trouble. It was his way, Mrs. Renshaw thought, but certainly a very strange way, and she soon returned to the invalid up-stairs.

"There is no one here to see me, is there?" Grace Meadows asked, when she came into the room.

"No one, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. I fancied that I heard a voice I knew just now, when the door was open. I seem to hear voices in my head sometimes."

"That is because you are weak and poorly, my love. Rest is what you want—rest from thinking, if that were possible."

In the mean time, John Renshaw had come in, and had been made acquainted with the arrival of William Brooks, and with his desire to speak to the men who had examined the ruined portion of the building. The two young men went out together, and made their way over heaps of rubbish to the west side of the house, where the bricks and the damaged woodwork were being built up into separate piles. William pointed to a great heap of charred and blackened beams lying in the open space, above which the rooms assigned to the two girls had formerly stood.

"Have these fallen from above?" he asked.

"I am almost sure that they have not, that those upper rooms were destroyed altogether, but we can ask. The man that you see yonder, arranging the uninjured bricks in rows, is a very intelligent fellow, and will be able to answer any questions you put to him."

They walked to the little space, close to the wall of the kitchen-garden, in which the man was at work, and William repeated his question.

"No, sir; those beams and doors all belonged to the first and second story."

"And were the upper rooms that stood there, and there, so entirely destroyed that no ruined fragments of them remain?"

"No, sir, that would be scarcely possible in a house built as this one is. A great deal of that crumbling brickwork belonged to the two top rooms."

"And is that all?"

"All except some iron that must have belonged to the fire-stoves, though, judging from its shape, you couldn't say now what it belonged to, and the remains of some fire-irons, that you can just make out."

The question that William was longing to ask would not form itself into words.

"Ask him," he said, turning to his companion.

John Renshaw understood him.

"You know that a life was unhappily lost in one of those rooms?" he said, interrogatively, to the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think it possible that any remains could have been passed over among the rubbish?"

"I don't believe there could have been any human remains, sir, considering the strength of the fire. Why, the fires that they burnt the martyrs to ashes in were nothing at all to this."

"That is all that we want to know. You are sure that nothing has been found, and that there was no reasonable hope of finding anything—any human remains?"

"Quite sure on both points, sir."

They turned away, and John Renshaw thought within himself that it was better so—better that the fire should have done its work completely, than that it should have left some awful wreck, scarcely to be identified as human, to be investigated by a coroner's jury, and described in the newspapers.

"If I were in your case," he said to William, "I should not wish for any trace of her to be found, because of the newspapers, you know, and all that."

William shuddered.

"Yes, I don't wonder that you say so. And yet it would be better in one way—it would be *certainty*."

John Renshaw was surprised.

"Nothing, unfortunately, could make it more certain than it is," he observed, after a moment's pause.

"No. And yet at times a tormenting doubt creeps into my mind, and I cannot get rid of it. I only knew of this some eight or nine hours ago, and I cannot realise it yet."

"No wonder. I cannot realise it myself."

"And every now and then," William continued, "it seems quite plain to me that she may be living. I am quite in my right senses," he went on, in answer to a look from his companion; "but sometimes the idea will come into my mind that she may have escaped in some way from the fire."

"It is impossible! A mere trick of the imagination," John Renshaw declared, "supposing that she was awake, and that she saw the first signs of the danger, she would not have escaped without warning her cousin; and, besides, she would be here now if she were living. Where else could she be?"

"I cannot tell," William replied. "I only know that while you speak the impression forces itself upon my mind more strongly than ever; most likely it is a delusion."

"I wish I could honestly say that I have a gleam of hope," John observed, "but unhappily there is no reasonable doubt—no unreasonable doubt even. I wish to God there were! I feel guilty myself, because, you see, I thought the Miss Ashtons had not come, and when I first saw the fire, I fully believed that their rooms were empty. They missed the train that they should have come by, or else it was delayed, and I went off to a party in Derby, understanding that they could not come until the next morning. When, on my return from my friend's house, I saw that the west wing was taking fire, I congratulated myself that those two rooms were unoccupied, unlucky devil that I was!"

Something, not in the words, but in the tone of his voice, made William look at him more intently, and then he stood still, struck by some sudden impulse.

"Promise me one thing," he said, "and give me your hand upon it. Promise me that if, in spite of every probability, my poor Grace should be still living, and should be kept away from here by circumstances that we cannot even guess at—promise me that in such a case as that, you would help me, with every means of every kind at your command, to find her out and bring her back."

"I ought to tell you first," John Renshaw answered, "that the supposition seems to me to be absolutely and entirely unreasonable. But I promise, there!"

"Thank you."

William spoke quietly and in an every-day manner, and then the two were silent.

"It strikes me," John presently observed, "that you must have some reason or other, some slight foundation, for this singular idea of yours."

"You are right, I have. The very last time that I saw my poor Grace, she was weighed down by some trouble or anxiety that she only half confided to me. There were strange complications in that innocent life of hers, and the strangest of them referred to her brother. She was greatly attached to him."

"He does not seem a very likeable fellow," John remarked; "but perhaps I have seen him at a disadvantage; he may be better than he seems."

"Not at all better, but yet she was fond of him. They were twins, and he was always the stronger of the two. I cannot exactly define, or indeed understand, the kind of influence he had over her, but there it was. I know that he wished her to do some things which were contrary to her own judgment and to the dictates of her conscience. Now suppose—only suppose—that the fire should have given her an opportunity of getting away from this persecution, and of leaving Robert to think of her as dead?"

John Renshaw considered.

"It seems to me," he observed, "that she would not have escaped without seeing that Grace Meadows was out of danger. Would she?"

"I should think not; no, certainly not, if she could have helped it."

"Because that," John went on, "would have been little short of murder, you know. We wrong her by assuming such a possibility."

While they were thus conversing, they had strolled back to the east side of the house, and Mrs. Renshaw, stepping through the glass doors upon the side-lawn, asked them to come to dinner, which was then ready. She added, that they must excuse her for not taking her place at the dinner-table, because she had dined early in Grace Meadows' room, which she had now left for a short stroll in the garden, as her patient was quietly sleeping. William was not at all inclined to go in to dinner, and he asked her to allow him to walk with her in the garden.

"It seems probable that I shall not see Grace Meadows at present," he said; "so I want to hear from you her account of what happened, as exactly as you can give it."

"She has scarcely anything to tell," Mrs. Renshaw answered. "You know that there was an accident to the train, and that the Ashtons did not arrive here till late at night?"

Yes; William had already heard of that.

"Well, when they did get here, they were naturally very tired; I got up, and so did one or two of the servants, and we had some supper, and the two dear girls begged me to go to bed again, and made haste to go up-stairs themselves. After that, when I was awoke by the alarm of fire, my husband told me to secure the chest in which we keep our principal valuables and most important papers, and he said that while I was

getting this out of the house with the assistance of some of the frightened servants, he would be making his way to the Miss Ashton's rooms. But the fire had made greater progress than any of us could have imagined, and it was not possible to get even into the outside room; Martha, our under-housemaid, had bravely entered it some minutes before, and had dragged out Grace Meadows into the passage, and there the two were found, all crouched together and insensible from the smoke, two white heaps. You have heard how my husband and the gardener carried them off, believing that they were saving the two Miss Ashtons?"

"Yes," William answered, sadly.

"Well, as soon as I heard that the two girls were safe, I hurried to the lodge, where I was told that I should find them, and there I found Grace Meadows and Martha, both coming to their senses. Martha's account showed plainly enough the mistake that had been made; the only comfort is, that her brave attempt saved one of them. If Martha had not made her way up the west staircase while it was still possible to get into the outer room, both the dear girls would have been lost; and, on the other hand, if it had not been for my husband and the gardener, they would all three have died."

"Was Grace Meadows awake or asleep when the servant got into her room?"

"She was in a state of stupor from the effect of the smoke."

"Has she no recollection, then, of what took place?"

"None whatever. She says she remembers nothing from the time that she went to sleep till she found herself in the open air, being carried into the lodge."

"You are sure that she could tell me no more than this?"

"Perfectly certain. I am sure, too, that it would be injurious to her, in her present state, to talk to you at all."

"Then of course I give up the idea of seeing her—at least, for the present; but I should like to see that servant, and to hear her account."

"There will be no difficulty about that," Mrs. Renshaw assured him, and in the course of the evening he had a full opportunity of questioning Martha on every minute detail connected with her escape, and that of Grace Meadows. He could only learn that the elder Grace had slept in the inner room, to which Martha had not been able to penetrate. John Renshaw, who had been the first to discover the fire, could have roused and saved the two girls; but then he believed those rooms to be unoccupied, and the Miss Ashtons to be still in London.

"Were there not windows to the inner room?"

"Only one, and that was a great height from the ground, for the house in that part was five stories high."

"Was there no way of reaching it from the ground?"

Martha could not say. "Yes, some way might have been thought of, two ladders might have been bound together, perhaps; but it was fully believed that the rooms were empty, and that the two Miss Ashtons were saved. Mrs. Renshaw and the gardener's wife were the first to understand the mistake that had been made, and by that time they were well aware that any attempt to get into the room by any means whatever, would have been useless. Most likely it would have been useless for some time before that, for the progress of the fire was wonderfully rapid."

This was the substance of Martha's answers.

It seemed that there was nothing more to be done, or to be asked, as evening drew on, and William, too restless to remain in the house, wandered out into the park, and tried to realise the great blow that had fallen on him. The evening was profoundly still, scarcely a leaf was moving in the long and sombre avenues that stretched before him; only now and then some of the red deer with which the park was stocked would start up from their resting-place under the spreading branches of some great tree, where they had encamped for the night, and hurry away from the intruder. William strayed towards the stream of water, long, and narrow, and wonderfully clear, that stretched up the whole length of the park, and found himself vaguely wondering whether it had been formed by nature or by art, and whether or no there was a root to that long floating tress of feathery waterweed, lying so still and darkly green against the pebbly bottom of the stream. These idle speculations that wandered through his brain, seemed to make a kind of accompaniment to the dull, unvarying voice that evermore reminded him of his sorrow, repeating constantly in his ear, "Grace is dead! Dead to you and to all outward things! The sun does not shine for her. The water does not flow for her. Grace is dead!"

The silence of the still evening time seemed to make that tormenting voice more loud and distinct, and he turned back to go into the house. The tea-table was being prepared, and William, still half dreaming and absorbed in his trouble, sat down beside it, and was ministered to by good Mrs. Renshaw. She pitied him with all her heart, and would have comforted him if she could. He spoke once, to ask after Grace Meadows, and was told that she was no worse, perhaps a little better, but still very weak and low. All that evening he seemed to be tormented by the unquiet spirit that could find no rest; he went out into the garden, and watched the black and ruined wall, more black and more ruinous-looking in the peaceful moonlight; and he would fain have questioned the blue summer sky, the green and fragrant earth, the charred and crumbling ruins, about the fate of her who had been so strangely and suddenly snatched away from him. And again the doubt rose in his mind, stronger now than before; for a moment he felt sure, quite sure, that she was still living and breathing. Then the black ruins frowned on him, and seemed to show him in some way that the thought was utterly unreasonable.

He went to bed at last; the routine of daily life goes on with its unvarying regularity, though fate has dealt us its most deadly blow, though the happy past has become a mournful memory, and the hoped-for future a despairful blank. He noticed in a dull kind of way that a small room had been hastily prepared for him, and made to look comfortable and home-like. A Bible was lying on the dressing-table, but he did not open it; he was tired alike in mind and in body, but it was long before he slept. At last, when the light of a new day was stealing in at the window, and the birds were stirring in the ivy without, he fell asleep.

III.

SLEEP-WALKING.

It was nearly eight o'clock when he awoke. He did not usually sleep after half-past six, or seven, but he had been thoroughly exhausted and wearied out the night before. And he had not slept well; it seemed to him that he had had a dream, or else that between waking and sleeping he had seen some one in his room, a white-robed figure, with hair like spun gold, and grey eyes, the eyes, and hair, and face of her he had lost! It was no wonder that he had dreamed of her, but why should she appear to him in those straight white garments, instead of in the dress that she had worn when he had seen her last? And was he really asleep when she seemed to him to walk across the room? He almost thought that he could have told exactly what he was thinking of; he remembered quite well that he had roused himself up, and opened his eyes widely, and had seen nothing except the faint grey light of early morning, and the window a little open, as he had left it the night before, and the sprays of ivy fluttering now and then in the morning air.

He got up, and began to dress, with the full consciousness of his calamity, which indeed had scarcely left him even in his sleep. But there was one difference in the aspect of his room that struck him at once, and made him stand still with a sudden shock of something that was surprise, certainly, but not incredulity. Before going to bed, he had noticed that a large Bible was lying on his dressing-table, and he was quite certain that he had not opened it, or moved it from its place. Yet there it was, wide open, and moved to one side of the table, and what was that upon the white surface of the page? A leaf? Yes, one of the ivy leaves that clustered round the window had been broken off and pressed upon the page. Pressed with some force, too, for there was a green mark against the verse on which the leaf had been laid. William stooped down, and looked at the book more closely; it was lying open at the third chapter of Daniel, and the verse upon which the leaf had been pressed ran thus:

"And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

William read the words with a kind of dull bewilderment which gradually changed into a belief that Grace herself, either in the body or out of it, had visited him, and had left this token of her presence. He was not altogether free from superstition, for his temperament inclined to the poetic and imaginative side, and he was fond of puzzling over the mysteries that surround us so closely, and are yet so impenetrable. But he preferred to think that his Grace was not altogether lost to him, that in some way she had escaped from the fire, and that she was allowing her friends to believe her dead, that she might free herself from the influence which weighed too heavily upon her life—her mental subservience to her brother.

It was not a reasonable theory, but the circumstance was so very strange that it scarcely admitted of a reasonable explanation.

For the next three or four hours he pondered over the event of the past night, but he was naturally outspoken and inclined to seek for sympathy, and in the course of the morning he found himself watching the progress of the workmen, with John Renshaw. John had inherited a kindly and sympathetic nature from both his parents, and he felt almost as if he had been guilty of poor Grace's death, because his belief that the Ashtons had not yet arrived, had prevented him from making his way to the rooms that he supposed were empty, while yet there was a chance of rousing and warning the two girls, before the suffocating smoke had time to penetrate to their rooms.

"Do you know," William began, speaking out of the fulness of his heart, "I am thinking that I may ask you to fulfil the promise you made yesterday sooner than you imagine. My doubts about my poor Grace's death have very decidedly increased since last night."

"Why? Have you any more reasonable ground for doubt?"

"I have, or I believe that I have, the evidence of my own eyes. I firmly believe that just after daybreak I was roused by the entrance of some one into my room. I am naturally a light sleeper, but I had not been long asleep, I was thoroughly tired and wearied out, and it was with an effort that I opened my eyes, and saw a woman dressed in white moving towards the door. I could not be mistaken in her face; they were the features of my poor Grace; I sat up and rubbed my eyes, but she was gone. I had awoke just a moment too late to speak to her."

"Ah! Do you really believe in such things?"

"In what things? I think you mistake me. I really believe that I saw her, alive and in the flesh; if it were anything at all, it was Grace, not an apparition."

"And I think that it was nothing at all, neither Grace nor an apparition; it was a dream; you had been excited and had sustained a great shock; it was no wonder that you should dream."

"No. But suppose I could prove to you that it was no dream, would you believe the evidence of your own senses?"

John Renshaw answered unhesitatingly, "Yes, of course I should," and William took him up to the little room in which he had slept the night before, and showed him the large Bible, then lying closed upon the dressing-table.

"Yes," said John Renshaw, "my mother keeps a Bible in every bedroom, but what of it?"

And then William showed him the crushed but living ivy-leaf, and the green mark upon the verse against which it had been pressed.

This was a new feature in the case, and John Renshaw considered it attentively.

"I think I can make it out," he said, presently.

"Can you? And what do you think?"

"I have little doubt that you did this yourself; your imagination was excited, and your mind had sustained a great shock. You rose in your sleep and found this verse, and pressed the leaf upon it; it is one of the ivy-leaves from just outside the window. Did you sleep with the window open?"

"Yes."

"I thought so, and now I can understand it perfectly. You were

over-excited, and you got up in your sleep and plucked off an ivy-leaf, and pressed it on the verse."

"But I never do walk in my sleep, and there is no tendency to somnambulism in my family," William declared.

"No matter. Some one must begin, or there would never be a tendency to it in any family; the circumstances admit of only one reasonable explanation, and there it is."

"The explanation does not satisfy me in the least," William observed.

"No, but it will later on, when you can reason calmly. Let us for a moment look at the circumstances from your point of view, and you will own it to be a delusive one; first, you assume that she whom you have lost would secure her own safety while leaving her cousin to perish."

"No," William interrupted, "I know she would not do that; I believe, or at least I think I believe, that she escaped, but I cannot at all understand how it happened."

"Well, let us suppose that in some miraculous way she was saved from the fire; your belief assumes that she is near us, and is at liberty to come and go as she pleases. Now, in the first place, she must know that you and Grace Meadows are suffering torments on her account, and that a word from her would relieve you both; yet, according to your theory, she refuses to speak that word, because it would not suit her own convenience to do so. As I said before, we will not wrong her by such a supposition. And then again, you suppose her to be able to enter the house at will; certainly there are ways of coming and going that did not exist before the fire, but you must remember that the house is watched every night and all night long; because the fire might break out again, or thieves might take advantage of our comparatively unprotected state. You would have me believe, then, that she leaves you and Grace Meadows to suffer all this distress of mind, while she is somewhere close by. And where could she be, and in what way could she procure the necessaries of life, here, in a part of the country that is quite unknown to her?"

"These are questions that I cannot answer," William replied.

"Certainly you cannot, while my explanation is a perfectly reasonable one, you must admit that."

But William would not admit it. He protested that, in the first place, he should not have known where to find the verse, so oddly appropriate to his idea, against which the leaf had been pressed.

"Oh, the verse; well, you know, you must have heard it before; every one is familiar with those chapters, and I have heard that one at church, so it occurs regularly as one of the morning lessons. And people in a state of somnambulism are more up to things—can remember things better than when they are wide awake—at least, I've heard so. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sit up to-night in the next room and smoke a cigar; if I stayed in here, you'd never go to sleep, you know, but I'll engage to listen for the sound of footsteps. Most likely you'll do it again."

"I don't feel as if I should be able to sleep," William answered; "I was worn out last night."

"Yes, and over-excited, that made you walk in your sleep."

William did not believe in the sleep-walking theory, but he was too depressed and sick at heart to argue against it any more.

There was only one post from London to Derby, and the letters were delivered in Derby at about nine in the morning, but they did not reach the neighbourhood of Deepdale until a rheumatic old postman could manage to walk the intervening miles. And so it was near mid-day when William received the following letter:

"My dear William,—Dr. Simpson was good enough to offer to write to you, to let you know that I had rather an awkward fall from my horse this afternoon, but I prefer to write myself, to show you that matters are not so bad as they might have been. I left the office early, for there was not much business doing to-day, and mounted my horse, intending to ride as far as Clapham, taking Clifton-street in my way, for I was anxious to hear from Mrs. Ashton the particulars of the terrible calamity that took you away so suddenly this morning. I saw her, and was doubly grieved and shocked by her intelligence, for till then I had hoped that your sudden departure had been caused by anxiety, and by seeing the vague report given in the morning papers. Mrs. Ashton told me that she had sent on Mr. Renshaw's letter to you, and that you had received it at the Euston-square station; it is a sad blow for you, my poor boy, may God help you to bear it! I did not stay long with Mrs. Ashton, I felt as if I were intruding upon those first hours of mental suffering, and I gave up the idea of going on to Clapham. It was in turning the corner at the lower end of Clifton-street that a man on horseback rode up against my horse, and knocked me over. He seemed to me to be riding carelessly, but it is quite likely that I was not giving sufficient heed to the management of my own horse, for I was troubled and preoccupied by the sad subject of which we had just been speaking.

"You will see by this letter that my head is clear, and my hand steady. The injury is to the patella, or knee-cap, of my right leg; the remedy consists principally in resting the limb, and I shall not get to the office again for three weeks, so Dr. Simpson tells me. You know that either you or I should be there to-morrow, and if you feel able to attend to business, though only for an hour or two, I know that you will not fail me. Grace Meadows will know already how deeply I sympathise with her grief. Once more, may God help and comfort you and her.

"Your affectionate Father,

"George Brooks."

After reading this letter, William decided that it would be right for him to return at once to London, and so John Renshaw's proposed experiment was never tried. Before taking leave, he asked after Grace Meadows, and being told that she was feverish, and scarcely so well as the day before, he did not repeat his request to see her.

It happened that at Rugby he found Mrs. Ashton, in a new crape bonnet, and with new trimmings shining in doleful splendour upon her black dress. She was waiting for the down train that was to take her to Derby, while William had only a few minutes to spare before he resumed his journey in the opposite direction.

"I had not the least idea that you were coming down to-day," William observed.

"No, I did not know it myself this morning. I had a letter from Mrs. Renshaw with rather a bad account of Grace Meadows, and that decided me to go to Deepdale to-day. You can give me the last news of the poor invalid."

"She was not quite so well this morning."

"Ah! and how is she looking?"

"I have not been allowed to see her," William replied.

Mrs. Ashton raised her eyebrows in unfeigned astonishment.

"I had no idea she was so ill as that!" she exclaimed. "She must have received some injury on that awful night."

"They say not," William answered.

He was disinclined to talk, and he wished the bell would ring, that he might have an excuse for leaving Mrs. Ashton at once. But she chattered on.

"I'm glad to see that you bear it well, and resign yourself to the will of God; it is such a happy thing when we can do that. I sent to our new curate to come and see me yesterday afternoon, and he spoke so beautifully about the mysterious ways of Providence, that I had both the servants up to listen to him. I can't tell you how dreadfully I have felt it, or what a whirl my poor head has been in since I got those dreadful letters."

She was happily silenced by the ringing of the bell, which announced the approaching departure of the up train, and William was glad to take a hasty farewell.

Mrs. Ashton knew that there would be no one to meet her at Derby, her arrival not being expected, and she went on her way, as unexpected visitors generally did, in one of the station flys. And as Robert made a point of taking a solitary walk upon the Derby road at just about that hour of the day, and of inspecting all carriages that might be coming from the station, it happened very naturally that he recognised the old lady, and stopped the fly to speak to her.

Mrs. Ashton was not at all surprised at seeing him, but was very much astonished when he told the flyman to turn his horse, and to drive back to Derby; so astonished that she did not attempt to oppose his order, but allowed him to get into the fly and seat himself beside her, in bewildered silence. She guessed that he had something very particular to say to her, and so he had.

When they got out of the fly at Derby, the old lady was very white, and was trembling all over.

"There—there's no train back again," she said, with a shiver.

"No, but there will be one to-morrow morning. You must go to a hotel for to-night." And Mrs. Ashton mutely agreed, and submitted for one night to the good accommodation offered by the Railway Hotel. When she returned to London on the following day, she said that her interview with Grace Meadows had been too much for both of them, and that for the present she thought it better to leave the invalid under the care of her kind friends.

A formal notice was sent to the various newspapers of the death of Miss Grace Ashton, daughter of the late Arthur Ashton, Esq., on the

occasion of the recent and calamitous fire at Deepdale, in Derbyshire. And one morning, when the notice was two or three days old, it attracted the attention of a short and stout individual, shining with grease and hard work, the proprietor of a sausage-shop in the far east of London.

"Ashton—*Hashton*," he repeated, meditatively, emphasising the name in his own way, by putting an aspirate before it; "the very name, I do believe. I'll take it up and show it to him."

He mounted some dark and dirty stairs, and knocked at a door that faced them. A voice desired him to come in, and the door being opened revealed a dingy little sitting-room, with a threadbare carpet, and no blind or curtain to the window, but the London dust was lying so thickly on the outer surface of the glass, that this deficiency was less perceived than it might otherwise have been. The room was poorly furnished, with a round table, on which books and writing materials were scattered, some very uneasy horsehair chairs, and a large book-stand; and a gentleman was writing at the table, which vibrated every moment to the sound of a mincing-machine, in perpetual motion down-stairs. He was young and moderately good-looking; the face had an earnest and thoughtful expression as he looked up from his work at the intruder.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you, Mr. Meadows, sir, but isn't Ashton the name of them cousins you was speaking of, and isn't this the christian name and all?"

He handed him the newspaper, with one broad and grimy finger upon the paragraph.

Mr. Meadows read it through.

"Yes, Stephens," he said then, "these are the Ashtons that I spoke of. This poor girl was not related to me, but her first cousin, Miss Grace Meadows Ashton, is my first cousin also. What an awfully sudden death!"

"Yes, indeed, sir, we all do fade as a leaf, quicker than a leaf some on us; we're gone like a—sausage!"

"I wonder whether she was prepared for such a sudden call?" Mr. Meadows mused, more to himself than to his companion.

"Hard to say, sir. It's a warning to us all to polish up our wessels, and put more oil in 'em. Brought up thoughtless, wasn't she, sir?"

"I fear so. I heard of her being seen at the theatre on one occasion, but we can set no limits to the power of converting grace."

"Lord bless you! no, sir, no more than we can to my mincing-machine. All that comes to it is chopped up; nothing can resist it, and the wery 'ardest heart that ever was is softened and broke up, when once the converting grace gets hold on it. There's many a lesson in them things to such as studies them with a *h*earnest heart."

"I think I must improve the occasion, Stephens. There will be a sermon on the subject preached at Deepdale, no doubt, and one in the church that she usually frequented—a Puseyite place, I am sorry to say. They chant the Psalms there!"

"Do they now, sir? Well, p'r'aps this here event will be a warning to them to give the people something better than empty forms to feed on, like the husks that the swine did eat, and was made into bad bacon afterwards, I'll go bail. But as you was saying, sir, it would be a pity to miss such a opportunity of aiming a blow at the sinner's heart. You

knows how to make a real stirring sermon out of such a thing; you're one as never spares the seasoning."

"The time is so short, Stephens; the doom of the impenitent is so near and so dreadful. If you had had an opportunity of warning this poor girl of her danger, you would not have tapped softly at her door, and politely advised her to give some attention to the threatened peril?"

"That I wouldn't, sir, and that's where you've just hit it. Many of our clergy are so polite that they'll hardly take the liberty of pulling a poor soul out of Satan's claws. They're not soundly converted themselves, no wonder they can't preach to others. The last curate but one that lodged here was just like that; his sermons always put me in mind of stick liquorice. They were not altogether unpleasant, sweetish-like, and might even do you a little good if there was nothing particular the matter with you, but if you had a real bad soul-complaint, there was no help in 'em at all. There's my bell!"

At which signal, the sausage-maker returned to his shop.

A DREAM OF FLOWERS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

God decks the world with flowers, to show,
While oft His frown is cast below,
His smile, in spite of crime and ill,
Shines down in love and glory still.

Herald of flowers, the snowdrop see,
  Peeping 'mid shivering frosts in fear,
White as the soul of purity,
  The infant darling of the year.
The crocus, too, amid the cold,
  More prized for Nature's floral dearth,
Throws up her jet of flaming gold,
  As if to warm the gelid earth.
But soon the primrose, in the wood,
Comes forth, and dons her yellow hood,
And whispers to the violet near,
'Tis not too soon her head to rear;
The daffodil then nods in pride
To bluebells by the forest side,
And they ring pæans sweet to see
The breezes kiss the anemone,
Its white flowers breaking, in their bliss,
To countless stars at every kiss;
And where they end, the sun's bright eye
Instantly other flowers espy—
Oxlips through grasses looking up,
The columbine with purple cup,

And speedwell with her apron blue,
  And heartsease, glossy petalled, stealing
From sunset skies rich amber hue,
  And wallflowers saffron tufts revealing,
Pied polyanthus tipped with flame,
And flowers of many an humble name;
But chiefly thee, small pimpernel,
Who warn'st us by thy scarlet bell,
Close folding, when the storm will pass,
The poor man's beauteous weather-glass:
And thee, too, much-loved English flower,
That from mild spring to autumn's hour
Dost, with the burnished cowslip, yield
A chequered carpet to each field,
Daisy, with ruff so neat and white,
  Looking from earth with meekest eyes,
Thy velvet bosom soft and bright,
Where fairies nestle each still night,
  Thou youngest flower of paradise!

But Summer comes, and crowns her hair
With flowers more gaudy, rich, and rare;
See how the bees are crowding nigh
  Yon clustering, luscious gilliflowers,
Around the hooded pinks they fly,
  And riot 'mid the fuchsia-bowers:
They hide them in the freckled bells
Of foxgloves, purpling lanes and dells;
They feast upon the yellow broom,
  And gorse that, with its fragrant fire,
Seems all the uplands to illume,
  And climb the orchis' gaudy spire.
Dear marigold, its saffron flame
  Tells of a being holy, blest,
It lay, and thus acquired its name,
  Treasured in Mary's virgin breast.*
The sunflower turns his mighty eye,
Following his god across the sky;
The frail convolvulus looks gay,
But ever dies with dying day.
The loving honeysuckle twines
Around old trunks in greenest lines,
While up the stem the elf-sprite goes,
And the flower's trumpet shrilly blows:
Oh, prized in Orient lands, the theme
Of many a poet's glowing dream,
Dear to the nightingale that sings
Above its heart with trembling wings;
Queen of the garden with red lips,
Throwing e'en Beauty's in eclipse;
Flower, that doth crown the year with bloom,
Flower, that we plant to cheer the tomb,
Yet laughing where the wine-cup flows—
Poetic, famed, delightful rose!

---

* A legend exists that the Virgin Mary wore the marigold in her bosom; hence our old poets sometimes call this flower Mary-budde.

LOVE-LOSS AND LOVELESS.

A CUE FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

By Francis Jacox.

To the Laureate in his hour of anguish and bereavement,

> This truth came borne with bier and pall,
> He felt it, when he sorrow'd most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.*

For, to apply a meditation of Wordsworth's:

> Then was the truth received into his heart,
> That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
> If under the affliction somewhere do not grow
> Honour which could not else have been, a faith,
> An elevation, and a sanctity,
> If new strength be not given, or old restored,
> The blame is ours, not Nature's.†

Tenderly, after his wont, the Archbishop of Cambray says: "Il en coûte beaucoup d'être sensible à l'amitié; mais ceux qui ont cette sensibilité *aiment mieux souffre que d'être insensibles.*"‡

After spending the third of a year at Montpelier, Miss Berry records in her Journal her leaving that place without the slightest feeling of the regret one generally experiences on quitting a spot where one has stayed four months, and which one sees, perhaps, for the last time. That is the "advantage," she infers, of not having formed friendships, and having scarcely seen any one person that she could regard with less indifference than another. "But these are advantages," she goes on to say, "of which I am hardly ambitious, and I would rather a thousand times be enduring at this moment all that depression, sadness, and regret which one suffers in parting from dear friends, than this present state of cheerless indifference and cold tranquillity."§ The love-crossed old spinster lady in Mr. Peacock's last fiction, by no means resents a heedless reminder of sorrows past: the day-dreams of youth, however fallacious, are to her as to others a composite of pain and pleasure: for the sake of the latter the former is endured, nay, even cherished in memory. "I find a charm," she declares, "in the recollection far preferable to

> The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead,

which weighs on the minds of those who have never loved, or never earnestly."‖ Justly admired as a charming passage in one of Lady Rachael Russell's letters is the following: "My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose

---

* Tennyson: In Memoriam, § lxxxiv.
† The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind, book x.
‡ Histoire de la Vie de Fénelon, par Ramsay, p. 174.
§ Miss Berry's Journal, Dec. 31, 1784.—Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry, vol. i. p. 141.
‖ Gryll Grange, ch. xxvii.

it. Mr. Waller says, 'tis (with singing) all we know they do above!"* Who would live and not love? she asks. Yet some there have been who conducted their life methodically on that system. Fontenelle avowed that he had never once loved in earnest nor wished to be loved; and with this cold constitution of his he coddled himself up to the age of one hundred years. "How I pity you," Mme. de Tencin once said to him: "that's not a heart you have inside your chest there; it's a brain, just as in the head." But men *with* a heart have professed a preference of tranquil apathy to the risk of great sorrow at a great loss. Ben Jonson's Lovel comes for his part to this conclusion, on the subject of short-lived joy:

> Better be never happy, than to feel
> A little of it, and then lose it ever.†

That is a string upon which Rousseau's Saint-Preux harps, with nervous, resonant touch: "il valait mieux ne jamais goûter la félicité, que la goûter et la perdre." And yet he deceives himself, belies his better nature, in so saying, and afterwards owns the error: "J'aime mieux . . . les regrets qui déchirent mon âme, que d'être à jamais heureux sans ma Julie."‡ But his first thought is at any rate the first thought of many a sufferer. Lessing lost his wife after a brief twelvemonth's union; and in the bitterness of bereavement he wrote to a friend: "How do I curse the hour when I sought to be happy like other men! How often do I wish I could return to my former isolated condition, and be content to be nothing, do nothing, desire nothing but what the moment commands."§ Some such thought, in the guise of a shuddering apprehension, must have been passing through, if not abiding in, Wordsworth's mind, when, in one of his best Poems founded on the Affections, he utters the deprecation,

> Ah, gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
> To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
> Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
> Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
> Such happiness as I have known to-day.‖

Who has not thought for a moment, sometimes,—Mr. Dickens asks, in describing Arthur Clennam gazing on the serene river from his open window—that it might be better to flow away monotonously, like the river, and to compound for its insensibility to happiness with its insensibility to pain?¶

Swift tells Dr. Stopford he thinks there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable.** To another correspondent, the Dean had written in nearly the same words, five days before: "I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable."†† To Pope, again, he writes in after years: "I do not only wish,

---

* Lady Russell's Letters.

† The New Inn, Act II. Sc. 2.

‡ La Nouvelle Héloïse, deuxième partie, Lettre première.

§ Lessing's Briefe an Claudius.

‖ See the very beautiful lines of Wordsworth's beginning "'Tis said, that some have died for love," written in the year 1800.

¶ Little Dorrit, ch. xvi.

** Swift's Letters, July 20, 1726.

†† To Mr. Worrall, July 15, 1726.

as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend."* Two years after which, we find Pope writing to Swift, in mournful anticipation of his mother's approaching end—"so painful is it even to enjoy the tender pleasures"—that formerly he had made strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend; but "perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on."† The Countess of Kerry, another of Swift's correspondents, informs him of her system of life as now for a good while past consisting in "a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life I so long and vainly pursued."‡ So, in effect, the complaining daughter in Shakspeare's stanzas:

> Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
> I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
> Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
> Love to myself, and to no love beside.§

Madame de Charrière was almost a child when she wrote to her brother—who died very soon afterwards—these *réflexions attristées et bien mûres:* "L'on vante souvent les avantages de l'amitié, mais quelquefois je doute s'ils sont plus grands que les inconvénients. Quand on a des amis, les uns meurent, les autres souffrent; . . . leur perte nous accable, leur infidélité nous fait un tort réel, et les bonheurs ne sont point comme les malheurs; il y en a peu d'imprévus. L'on n'y est pas si sensible. La bonne santé d'un ami ne nous réjouit point tant que ses maladies nous inquiètent. . . . Je crois qu'il serait heureux d'aimer tout le monde comme notre prochain, et de n'avoir aucun attachement particulier; mais je doute fort que cela fût possible. Dieu a mis dans notre cœur un penchant naturel à l'amitié qu'il nous serait, je crois, difficile ou même impossible de vaincre."‖ Lord Lytton makes his ideal Aram discuss with a noble lord the advantages of cultivating a passionless intellect, to the exclusion of love. Surely, he submits, the affections give us pain as well as pleasure? To himself, one knowledge alone seems sufficient to embitter all the enjoyments of love—the knowledge that the object beloved must die. "What a perpetuity of fear that knowledge creates!" Again: "If we love, we place our happiness in others. The moment we place our happiness in others, comes uncertainty; but uncertainty is the bane of happiness. Children are the source of anxiety to their parents;¶ his mistress, to the lover. Change, accident, death, all menace

---

* Swift to Pope, Feb. 13, 1729.
† Pope to Swift (postscript), March 29, 1731.
‡ Lady Kerry to Dean Swift, March 4, 1733.
§ Shakspeare's Poems, A Lover's Complaint.
‖ Madame de Charrière (Mlle. de Zuylen) à son frère, 1756.
¶ So in a fragment of Mr. Procter's:

> "Sigh not for children. Thou wilt love them much;
> And Care will follow Love, and then Despair.
> First, one will sicken; then, another leave thee
> For the base world; and he thou lovest the most—
> The light o' thy life, girl, will go out at last,
> Like fading starlight; leaving thee, alone,
> To sordid thoughts and childless misery."

BARRY CORNWALL: *Dramatic Fragments.*

us in each person whom we regard. Every new affection opens new channels by which grief can invade us; but, you will say, by which joy also can flow in:—granted. But in human life is there not more grief than joy?"* With which note of interrogation we may sum up the scholar's argument in favour of a loveless life, as happier than a life of love with love losses thereto attached. One is put in mind of two pregnant lines in Byron's Scripture-mystery:

> *Lucifer.* I pity thee who lovest what must perish.
> *Cain.* And I thee, who lovest nothing.†

When Gyda, in Professor Kingsley's historical romance, laments the loss of husband, sons, wealth, land, renown, power,—and declares it to be better to rot in the convent than writhe in the world, better never to have had, than to have had and lost,—"Amen!" says Gunhilda: "'blessed are the barren, and they that never gave suck,' saith the Lord." But Torfrida is prompt with an earnest negative to all this. "No! Not so!" cried Torfrida. "Better, Countess, to have had and lost, than never to have had at all. The glutton was right, swine as he was, when he said that not even heaven could take from him the dinners he had eaten. How much more we, if we say, not even heaven can take from us the love wherewith we have loved. Will not our souls be richer thereby, through all eternity?"‡ Southey has some stanzas on the futility of warning against setting the heart too fondly upon perishable things—a theme on which the preacher spends his art in vain, and in vain the poet sings. For,

> It is our nature's strong necessity,
> And this the soul's unerring instincts tell;
> Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
> Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.
>
> Better it is all losses to deplore
> Which dutiful affection can sustain,
> Than that the heart should, in its inmost core
> Harden without it, and have lived in vain.§

In one of his early letters Southey had said, writing in troublous times, "Though the wise man, in a period like this, would perhaps keep himself wholly without a tie, I do not wish either myself or my friend that cold wisdom. I have no idea of single blessedness: if a man goes through life without meeting one with whom he could be happy, I should think strangely ill of him, and if he has not the pumpkin-head, he must have the pippin-heart."‖ No notion had frank-hearted Robert the Rhymer of the "cold wisdom" ironically expounded for the behoof of young ladies by the author of "Vanity Fair," who bids them "Be shy of loving frankly; never tell all you feel, or (a better way still) feel very little. . . . At any rate, never have any feelings which may make you uncomfortable. . . . That is the way to get on, and be respected, and have a virtuous character in Vanity Fair."¶ The so-called Mr. Cruchley, in Madame

---

* Eugene Aram, book ii. ch. iii. † Cain, a Mystery, Act II. Sc. 2.
‡ Hereward, the Last of the English, ch. xviii.
§ Southey's Poems, Occasional Pieces, xvii.
‖ Selections from Letters of R. Southey, vol. i. p. 45.
¶ Vanity Fair, ch. xviii.

d'Arblay's memoirs,—described as a man whose evident effort it was to stifle every affection, nay, every feeling of the soul,—one day avowed his belief to Miss Fanny Burney that "those are the most happy who have most affections; even the pain of such has pleasure in it."* Gibbon thus touches, in his autobiography, on the subject of his early love for Mademoiselle Susan Curchod—afterwards Madame Necker, and the mother of Madame de Staël: "Though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment."† Charles Lamb was not dealing altogether with imaginary persons when, under the mask of Elia, he said: "Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost."‡ To apply a stanza from a poet who, for his father's sake, and his own, was to Charles Lamb most dear,

> But better 'tis to love, I ween,
> And die of cold despair,
> Than die, and never to have seen
> A maid so lovely fair.§

Or again, to adapt one by Anne Bronte:

> Yet, though I cannot see thee more,
> 'Tis still a comfort to have seen;
> And though thy transient life is o'er,
> 'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been.‖

Blessed the man, exclaims Owen Meredith, whose life, how sad soe'er, hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace, of one pure woman!

> ——With religious care
> We close the doors, with reverent feet we pace
> The vacant chambers, where, of yore, a Queen
> One night hath rested. From my Past's pale walls
> Yet gleam the unfaded fair memorials
> Of her whose beauty there, awhile, hath been.¶

"Vous, enfin," says an eminent French preacher and divine, "frères et sœurs, dont le cœur saigne d'une blessure toujours nouvelle, je ne vous dis point: retrouvez le bonheur en cessant d'aimer, ou bien en transportant votre amour sur un autre objet." For affection is not a mere flower to be culled on the wayside,—its delicious perfume to be enjoyed for the minute,—and then it, the poor faded thing, that has faded between one's fingers, to be tossed away with indifference. "Mais je vous dis: retrouvez le bonheur en aimant plus encore, d'un amour plus désintéressé, d'un amour actif et dévoué."**—When Marcello, in Lovell Beddoes' tragedy, reminds a mourner that grief is unmanly, the latter exclaims,

> ——Because 'tis godlike.
> I never felt my nature so divine
> As at this saddest hour.††

---

* Diary of Madame d'Arblay, June 26, 1781.
† Gibbon, Memoir of My Life and Writings.
‡ Essays of Elia: New Year's Eve.
§ Hartley Coleridge: To Somebody.
‖ Poems by Acton Bell: A Reminiscence.
¶ Epilogue to The Wanderer.
** Colani, La Douleur.
†† The Second Brother, Act III. Sc. 2.

Better, as Pambo tells the monk in Mr. Kingsley's Alexandrian fiction, to be anxious for others than only for one's self: better to have something to love, even something to weep for, than to become in some lonely cavern one's own world, perhaps even one's own God.*

Washington Irving, who himself had loved and lost, remarks in one of his miscellanies, that an early, innocent, and unfortunate passion—and such his own had been—however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well, he says, of sweet and bitter fancies; of refined and gentle sentiments; of elevated and ennobling thoughts; shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blights of the world, and by its casual gushings and overflowings recalling at times all the freshness, and innocence, and enthusiasm of youthful days.† If the passion have ended, as Mr. Henry Taylor says, not in a marriage but in a disappointment, the nature, if it have strength to bear the pressure, will be more ennobled and purified by that than by success. "Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love . . . Indeed the power and spiritual efficacy of love can hardly be realised to its full extent without either disappointment, or at least reverses, vicissitudes, and doubts."‡ Helvetius observes that it is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us the continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.§ So Lord Lytton makes Ernest Maltravers feel that there is in the affections themselves so much to purify and exalt, that even an erring love, conceived without a cold design, and (when its nature is fairly understood) wrestled against with a noble spirit, leaves the heart more tolerant and tender, and the mind more settled and enlarged.‖ Applicable in this sense, or to this effect, is what Coleridge says of those who stand motionless in the mazes of life, laughing at the failures of their brethren: "yet with little reason: for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does he err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it."¶ The same is the moral of a modern poet's strain:

> Far happier was the foolish one of earth,
> Who in all things, as they appear'd, believed;
> The heavenly-wise, who to the world made mirth,
> Never deceiving—ever the deceived!
> The fiftieth time he trusted, and was grieved
> By trust betray'd, and yet could trust again;
> Nor one worse thought of human nature weaved:
> His poor mistakes and clearings-up with pain
> Were worth all knowledge-stores of Worldly-Wisdom's brain.**

---

* Hypatia, ch. xi.
† See Washington Irving's Visit to Newstead Abbey.
‡ Notes from Life, by Henry Taylor, p. 76.
§ Hence, "the men of sense, those idols of the shallow, are very inferior to the men of passions."—*De l'Esprit.*
‖ Ernest Maltravers, book ii. ch. v.
¶ The Friend: Essays by S. T. Coleridge, vol. ii. ess. xii.
** Chauncy Hare Townshend: The Three Gates, p. 74.

To have been deceived, implies a trusting nature, as Mr. Pecksniff profoundly remarks; and what that gentleman adds would be admirable, had there been a grain of truth in it all: "Mine is a trusting nature. I am thankful for it. I would rather have a trusting nature, do you know, sir, than a doubting one?"* Had not Schiller's Wallenstein said much the same thing before?—

> True I did not suspect! Were it superstition
> Never by such suspicion to have affronted
> The human form, O may that time ne'er come
> In which I shame me of the infirmity.†

Wise-hearted, which may mean something more (at any rate something else) than wise-headed, old Mr. Selwyn, in Captain Marryat's story, begs Valerie not to plume herself on ceasing from henceforth to be a dupe. To be a dupe, he tells her, is to have lived; we are dupes when we are full of the hope and warmth of youth. "No, no; when we have arrived at that point when we warm before no affection, doubting its truth; when we have gained this age-bought experience, which has left our hearts as dry as the remainder biscuits after a long voyage—there is no happiness in this, Valerie. Better to be deceived and trust again. I almost wish that I could now be the dupe of a woman or a false friend, for I should then feel as if I were young again."‡ Memorable in Crabbe's tale of the serious Toyman and his nephew, is the line,

> Better to love amiss, than nothing to have loved.§

"Il faut avoir aimé une fois en sa vie, non pour le moment où l'on aime, car on n'éprouve alors que des tourmens, des regrets, de la jalousie: mais peu à peu ces tourmens-là deviennent des souvenirs, qui charment notre arrière saison: . . . . et quand vous verrez la vieillesse douce, facile, et tolérante, vous pourrez dire comme Fontenelle: L'amour a passé par là."‖ Mrs. Browning affirms that

> ——Good love, howe'er ill placed,
> Is better for a man's soul in the end,
> Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.¶

Byron avows his antagonism to the apathetic school, with their wise saws and modern instances of the vexations of friendship:

> But this is not my maxim: had it been,
> Some heart-aches had been spared me; yet I care not—
> I would not be a tortoise in his screen
> Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not.
> 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
> That which humanity may bear, or bear not.**

Clarissa Harlowe thus describes her sister to Miss Howe: "Bella has

---

* Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. lii.
† Death of Wallenstein, Act III. Sc. 9.
‡ Valerie, an Autobiography, ch. x.
§ Crabbe's Tales, The Struggles of Conscience.
‖ Scribe, La Vieille. ¶ Aurora Leigh, b. v.
** Don Juan, canto xiv.

not a feeling heart. The highest joy in this life she is not capable of: but then she saves herself many griefs by her impenetrableness.—Yet, for ten times the pain that such a sensibility is attended with, would I not part with the pleasure it brings with it."* Richard Savage, in the fictitious autobiography which is made (by Mr. Whitehead) to bear his name, dilates on the sense of vacancy in the heart which every man in love feels in the absence of his mistress; which all men who have been in love will remember; and which, he adds, "no callous old rogue, who despises the passion, and wots not of it, can be brought to understand. Let him then, cold and comfortless, go down to his dry grave in ignorance."† Sir Philip Herne, that *preux chevalier*, and *sans reproche*, in Leigh Hunt's conscientiously elaborate novel, writing to Sir Ralph Esher of all he has undergone, and essaying to write cheerfully withal, checks himself in his confessions with the quasi-apology: "I may write incoherently, but I mean, that I would rather have endured all I have, and twenty times more, sooner than not have had that sweet face to think of."‡ One is reminded of a verse in Moore's Irish Melodies:

> Love came, and brought sorrow
> Too soon in his train;
> Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
> 'Twere welcome again.§

The old Hofrath in the pretty German novelet of *Deutsche Liebe*, who has surrendered to his sovereign the woman he loves, only that he may not stand in the way of her high fortunes, thus counsels a young friend in a like strait, on the strength of his own experiences: "Lose not a day in idle sorrow. Help men where you can, love them and thank God that you have seen upon earth such a heart as hers—have known, have loved, and have lost it."‖

There is a suggestive poem of Chamisso's, in which three Sisters detail their several griefs: the first had lost her bridegroom by a violent death on the bridal day; the second loved, only to find the beloved one utterly unworthy. But the third,—what is her story of sorrow, that begins as soon as the second has ceased? She for the moment supposes the listener doubtful as to which of the two elder sisters is most to be pitied; but not for a moment can she doubt his decision which of the three, when *her* tale shall have been told:

> Thou pausest, now their sorrows thou hast heard,
> Doubtful how to decide betwixt the twain.
> Have they not lived and loved? our common doom,
> Though sorrow shroud them both in grief and gloom,
> And bid them to the dregs her chalice drain.
>
> In one brief sentence all my sorrows dwell,
> Till thou hast heard it, pause! consider well
> Ere yet the final judgment thou assign,
> And learn my better right, too clearly proved.
> Four words suffice me: I was never loved!
> The palm of grief thou wilt allow is mine.¶

---

* Clarissa Harlowe, letter xlii.
† Richard Savage, ch. xviii.
‡ Sir Ralph Esher, vol. ii. ch. vi.
§ Desmond's Song.
‖ Deutsche Liebe. Leipzig, 1857.
¶ Chamisso, The Three Sisters.

And God help those, as Holme Lee puts it, who through the livelong day see but the dull leaden arch of a loveless life! "The fiercest gust of passion that ever wrecked a soul were better than that dead torpor of the heart. Verily, to love and to suffer is better than to love not at all."* The German La Fontaine's Elizabeth declares against stoic philosophers in general, that were it in her power to become as cold and insensible as the firmest of them, she would not desire that privilege: "and although the bare idea of parting from one I love causes my heart to sink within me, yet I would not for worlds be deprived of the mournful happiness of bidding them farewell."† Treating of an elderly lady bespeaking a monument for her first love, who had been drowned in the Pacific some forty years before, Mr. Hawthorne expresses a conviction that this lifelong sorrow of hers had been one of the most fortunate circumstances of her history: it had given an ideality to her mind, and kept her purer and less earthly than she would otherwise have been, by withdrawing a portion of her sympathies apart from earth. "Amid the throng of enjoyments, and the pressure of worldly care, and all the warm materialism of this life, she had communed with a vision, and had been the better for such intercourse."‡ Had separation in life, instead of by death, been their portion, Mr. Hawthorne would probably have been fain to predicate of them what an English minstrel sings of another imaginary pair:

> And both still live, and with warm thrills
> On passion's memory fondly hang,
> And each is sure the other feels
> So to have loved was worth the pang.§

Chateaubriand's Atala, dying, assures Chactas, "mon ami, ... si j'étais à recommencer la vie, je préférerais encore le bonheur de vous avoir aimé quelques instants dans un exil infortuné, à toute une vie de repos dans ma patrie."‖ The recollection of a deep and true affection, says Dr. Holmes, is rather a divine nourishment for a life to grow strong upon than a poison to destroy it.¶ Schleiermacher, in one of his confidential letters, records a visit he has just paid to a young widower, in whom he "saw grief in a beautiful and holy form," and to whom he "knew nothing more consolatory to say, than that seeing him in his sorrow, I could not but wish that I were in a position to lose what he thus felt the loss of."** Anxiety for our loved ones, he says elsewhere—and he is writing to his wife this time—has also its noble influence on our lives, and is an element that we cannot do without, and from which we ought not to wish to be exempt.†† Frederick Perthes, who, in retracing the course of a long married life, declares himself to have had "much suffering and sorrow, much care and anxiety," but adds, "yet, unmarried, I had not been able to live,"‡‡—had to remonstrate with his wife, in the first years of their wedlock, on her views and practice as regards family life and contact with the world. Would she live apart from everything?

---

* Kathie Brande, ch. xxvi.
† Family Pictures, by Augustus La Fontaine, ch. xxi.
‡ Twice-told Tales, Second Series.
§ C. H. Townshend, The Three Gates, p. 219.
‖ Atala.
¶ Elsie Vennor, ch. xx.
** Schleiermacher's Letters, No. 244.
†† Ibid., No. 364.
‡‡ Life of Perthes, ch. xxxii.

But even were she to withdraw to some retirement where no sorrow, no disquiet, could reach her, she would only, he warns her, "become cold because you love only the Highest and no other object, and coldness is always a horrible thing. . . . . The sorrows and annoyances which may be our lot in the world where He has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity rather than endeavour to escape from them."*

What though in scaly armour dressed,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe, in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fixed by Heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from Sympathy.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
The sordid never know,
And ecstasy attends the tear,
When virtue bids it flow.†

To love, even if not beloved, says Leigh Hunt, is to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless, which nothing can take from us but our own unworthiness, "and once to have loved truly, is to know how to continue to love everything which unlovingness has not had a hand in altering—all beauties of nature and of mind, all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, skies, hopes, and good beliefs, all dear decays of person, fading towards a twofold grave, all trusts in heaven, all faiths in the capabilities of loving man."‡

Why can we not one moment pause, and cherish
Love, though love turn to tears? or for hope's sake
Bless hope, albeit the thing we hope may perish?
For happiness is not in what we take,
But what we give. What matter though the thing
We cling to most should fail us? Dust to dust!
It is the *feeling* for the thing—the trust
In beauty somewhere, to which souls should cling.§

If Mr. Thackeray is often sarcastically didactic on the hot and cold fits of gentle pairs in love—their crosses, and disappointments, and disenchantments, and all the rest of it—equally forcible are his expressions of contemptuous pity for those who escape, or try to escape, the blind archer altogether. "I should be sorry, my honest Bob," Mr. Brown writes to his nephew, "that thou didst not undergo the malady." Hit or miss, good luck or bad, "every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it

* Life of Perthes, ch. vii.

† Cowper's Lines addressed to Miss Macartney, on reading her "Prayer for Indifference."

‡ The Seer, No. xxxvi. § Owen Meredith, A Psalm of Confession.

with a manly heart."* And so ingenuous youth are assured, in "Pendennis," that they will rush on their destiny when the doomed charmer appears. Or if they don't, Heaven help them! "As the gambler said of his dice, to love and win is the best thing, to love and lose is the next best."† How reasons the lover in Mr. Coventry Patmore's long love-poem, or rather series of such:

> Ah, could I put off love! Could we
> Never have met! What calm, what ease!
> Nay, but, alas! this remedy
> Were ten times worse than the disease!
> For when, indifferent, I pursue
> The world's best pleasures for relief,
> My heart, still sickening back to you,
> Finds none like memory of its grief.‡

YACHTS AND YACHT-SAILING.

WHAT can be more attractive to vision than the cerulean hue of the sky and ocean between the main and the Isle of Wight in fine summer weather? A few light fleecy clouds set off the face of the heaven, reflected in a sea scarcely disturbed by a ripple. Both shores bathed in gorgeous sunshine, all light, and life, and love. Vessels here and there dotting the road in a tranquillity like that of the blest, or clustered in particular localities. Some their sails loose, hanging in festoons from the yards, others dressed in flags of different colours, show their "gaily gilded trim, quick glancing to the sun." Here umbered hulls sleep like southern infancy on the bosom of northern beauty, and afar, towards the sea-line, white sails, having caught the breeze, move gently forward on their destination. In truth, nothing imparts more delightful sensations to a stranger than the prospect. The Isle of Wight, with the yacht squadron off its shores, and Plymouth Sound, with its beautiful contrasts of land, wood, water, and island, the western yacht squadron there in movement over against the citadel or under Staddon Heights, have shown scenes almost unrivalled, and during a succession of years have made a distinguished feature in our maritime tendencies. Defying rivalry, as they assumed, in the security of their own superiority, our yacht owners had forgotten that nothing stands still. An American rival crossed the Atlantic, and convinced them, as all the world has been convinced in other matters, that there is no truce to be made with improvement. Man is not to rest while he lives. "Onward!" is the word. Science has overcome superstition. The world does move, the denial of priestcraft notwithstanding. To-day may be only second best to to-morrow. No justification by present excellence will be admitted to supersede future advance.

---

* Sketches and Travels in London. † Pendennis, ch. xxxix.
‡ The Angel in the House, canto vii.

The appearance of an American rival in our own waters is a tale that need not be repeated. It should have operated, in the case of the *America* a little time ago, as a spur to our diligence, a reproof for the vainglorious reliance of our sires upon an assumed superiority, that will soon set us in our place again. Englishmen love to be foremost in the race of amusement—in everything. Yachting is a manly sport, not a lubber's race after innocent hares. Fashion, amidst all its vagaries, never originated one amusement that was rational or in keeping with the national character—"yachting," to coin a word, is closely allied with an arm of the national defence, both in a naval and commercial sense, which has long been the pride of the people under the name of "boating." At least it had the merit of being within the reach of individuals of small pecuniary means, healthful, and full of wholesome excitement. For once, humanity, amusement, and reason were adopted by fashion. Yacht clubs are modern institutions. The first was formed at Cowes in 1815, and the second at Plymouth about ten years subsequently.

There is an exception in regard to Ireland. It is stated that a club of the same kind existed there in 1720, and that there are extant its rules and regulations, printed in 1765. This was called the Water Club, and was formed at Cork. It appears to have been a sort of "boat club" only, and limited to twenty-five members, of which six formed a committee for business. It had an admiral in chief and a vice-admiral. The club-house was upon Haulbouline Island. Some of the rules and regulations lead to the belief that, like the regal elections at Dalkey, in the Bay of Dublin, of which the celebrated Curran was so active a member, the meetings kept an eager eye upon the good cheer of the table in all seasons. The merry-makings of those times were not always restrained within the limits of prudence. The aquatic part of the institution found its strongest support in the conviviality of the members: perhaps was only an excuse for it. That such an idea is not uncharitable, the annals of social life in the sister kingdom in those days may be appealed to in proof. It appears that the boats *really* sailed some distance from the land. The admiral was annually elected, and received due honours, and his fleet was painted and gilded in a mode that would do honour to a lord mayor's barge, although inferior in choice edibles. There were regulations to prevent any member going ahead of the admiral if ever so good a sailor, and if "any one was very *sick* on board the fleet," the captain of the vessel might signal the admiral for leave to take the sufferer to the island—a striking proof of the tenderness with which the members and their friends were treated when young in seamanship, and a singular contrast to a modern trip to the Straits. Forfeits of half-a-crown were paid for offences, which money went to supply the fleet with powder! Those who had guns on board were to fire them as signals "when they could," and if they could not, flags were to be used instead. So much for the more striking rules at sea. On shore, the regulations were more characteristic of the surmise above expressed regarding the convivial manners of Irish yachtsmen. Admirals were not permitted to bring for good cheer more than two dishes, or two dozen of port wine to the club, as their share of a treat. No long-tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles were allowed to be worn at sea by any member. Any of the club who should venture "to talk of sailing after dinner" was to be fined a huge bumper, all busi-

ness being considered settled before sitting down, whether it was or not. Non-attendance was punished by a fine of five shillings, "to buy gunpowder for the fleet." There was a chaplain appointed to the institution, whether an Irish bishop—for they were then without number—a refinement not yet introduced at Cowes, Plymouth, or Harwich, we believe—does not appear. What a pity that spiritual corps should ever have been reduced! Members were elected by ballot. When the company did not exceed fifteen, no one was allowed for his share more than one bottle of wine, not even with benefit episcopalian, "and a peremptory."* There was one provision, somewhat Irish, or at least superfluous—"each member entertains in his turn" (it is presumed some stranger), "unless out of the kingdom," or did it mean entertain the club?

The modern Cork Yacht Club was engrafted on the above, so it is stated, perhaps to give it pre-eminence in age. The former must be of a very different character in its details from the old one. The yacht clubs of Ireland are four, of which Dublin and Cork are the principal. There are two in Scotland—one in the Clyde and the other at Leith; one in Wales; and ten in England—seventeen in all. An eighteenth was forming at Lowestoft, where "yachting" commenced with much spirit. There are said to be four hundred sail of yachts in these clubs. The club at Cowes admits no yacht under thirty tons; that at Plymouth none under ten. In the other clubs the tonnage used not to be limited. The largest measured four hundred tons, and the smallest five. These clubs have all flags of their own, and privileges conceded by the Admiralty. Thus the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes carries the white ensign of the Navy, and the Plymouth the blue. The yachts have permission to visit the ports of most of the European nations free of port charges. They may also make fast to the Admiralty and coast-guard buoys.

This brief detail will afford an idea of the extent of these institutions, their strength and importance. Our southern harbours are exceedingly well adapted for the class of vessels of which they mainly consist. Our numerous islands—from Scilly to Shetland—offer every variety of scenery to attract the yachts and their companies. A number of excellent seamen are thus employed. Many private individuals obtain in these yachts a degree of nautical knowledge they could not acquire in murdering hares and rabbits. In their sailing matches a generous emulation is exerted, which calls out the higher scientific faculties of the mind. Many yacht owners, it is true, confine their cruises to the shores of the Isle of Wight—mere fox or hare killers, and such-like small geer. On the other hand, there are others that make our island coasts familiar through a large part of their extent, and prolong their cruises to the coast of Portugal, and even up the Mediterranean. But none dared to cross the Atlantic like our American sons.

The American yacht, named the *America* some time ago by its unexpected superiority, was another proof of our contentedness with what existed in its actual state. Had we indulged our old position in manufactures and commerce in like manner, we should have been greatly behindhand in them, and been surpassed by our enterprising descendants. The

---

* We do not know what a "peremptory" may be, unless an extra bottle for the benefit of clergy.

stimulus of gain prevented this. In the architecture of our yachts we have had no rivalry to force amendment until recently. We fear Mr. Bull is but a shopkeeper after all. The builder, not the man of science, was concerned. The builder endeavoured to equal his neighbour "over the way" in work, but he was careful of innovation. "What is," was generally right with him. The sailmaker followed the old plan up to the sky-scraper. The seaman stowed his ballast as he always does, to the best advantage for the trim of his boat. What more could be done? Thus there was a pretty close equality established in the sailing qualities of our yachts, as proved by their different contests. They were true Tories—no innovations! The whole scene was changed when a stranger, an American, came with a new model among them. The owners of the yachts, principally gentlemen of fortune, but destitute of scientific knowledge, as "gentlemen" should be, relied on the best builder, and paid generously, for what will not money procure except brains? They now saw the advantage of a little more study of the subject on their own part, and of a steam voyage across the Atlantic, if they hear of some startling improvement there, to examine for themselves whether the superiority be in the hull or cut of the sails. We cannot be beaten in workmanship; we only want the best lines, the model. The sails, too, were easily copied. Our defect has ever been that we credit nothing to our own disadvantage until too late. Possessing some of the first men of science in the world, to whom we owe our greatness, we are, as a people, the most unscientific, wedded to old things, and ungratefully negligent of our debt to the gifted minds that devote themselves to what is too abstruse for the general comprehension. Numbers of Englishmen visited New York. The American yachts and pilot-boats had been there matter of conversation for years, yet none examined them for the sake of improvement, or brought home their models, though it is possible they would not have been credited had they promulgated the American superiority. The appearance of the vessel itself might alone silence incredulity. The cut of the sails would be deemed unshapely to our neat cutters; but our liability to prejudice is well known—some fault must liquidate our insufferable conceit. We remember a case in point. A friend had a very pretty cutter-built yacht at Plymouth, of about forty tons burthen. At dinner one day, a sea-going veteran did not like to hear so much boasting. "Nothing could beat that cutter—she would sail with anything at any time," said her owner. The old captain had a Dutch boat of less burthen that he declared should do as well, give him the choice of the time and wind. The race should be round the Eddystone Lighthouse. Our yacht friend was piqued. A day or two after, the wind just suited the old seaman. We started from Drake's Island, with an off-shore wind, which changed, and a tumbling sea, from the swell so considerable there, came on. The cutter was soon ahead. "Let us get out beyond the headlands," said old Captain N. "See, they are setting every bit of canvas; that is just what I want."

Now this Dutch boat was square at the bows, with good breadth of beam, apparently heavy, but did not draw much water. As usual, she had outriggers, and looked like a galliot. We never dreamed of our success. When we were clear of Penlee Point and Rame Head, we began to gain upon the cutter. This we attributed to the very uneasy sea running. The late

Mr. Collier, the father of the present Solicitor-General, was of the party. "No, no," said old N., "her lofty canvas makes her bows dip and her way slacken." It suffices that we were ahead of her at the Eddystone Rock, to the surprise of all in the cutter. She was well handled too, but nothing in yacht-sailing prevents the carrying on until all cracks, the generality of seamen are so prejudiced. It has happened even in a king's ship, that taking in sail in chase of an enemy has increased the way through the water. Now it is surprising how our yachts carry sail; nor can it be doubted that, without any alteration of their hulls, they would many of them sail much better were their sails better disposed, and they were not so fond of lofty canvas. The Yankee showed very superior judgment in this respect, without reckoning the different cut of his canvas. Two and two do not always make four in political economy, nor does the larger surface of a vessel's canvas always increase her speed through the water.

Why should we be beaten by an American? Why should our yacht club members put on long faces? Precisely because right principles were not looked to—the "leave well alone" system was adopted. The best thing said upon the subject of the *America*—which, arriving at Cowes, I should have said made all the noise—was said by a landsman, that noble veteran soldier and lover of the sea—for what did he not love that was truly English?—the Marquis of Anglesey. "If they are right, we are all wrong," looking at the *America* as she lay at anchor. We run steamers neck to neck with the Americans; in consequence of their rivalry, we have been forced to lay by our old wall-sided merchantmen; our sailing vessels are equal to theirs, and last longer. Yet, but for their rivalry, we should still trade with our old tubs. The *America* gave us a fillip to carry our yachts up to the mark then existing. There, I fear, we stopped. Like the vessels of the royal navy, we had been at the standard of thirty or forty years ago. Private yards turned out the most splendid vessels, while our navy yards had not surpassed the *Caledonia*, launched in 1810, nor the *Canopus*, a French model, taken at the battle of the Nile. Why was this? Because one acted under the rule of "leave well alone," and the other of "move onward"—the one stimulated by rivalry and the desire of gain, the other without stimulus, except as in the present case of a Yankee rival. It is now come to steam.

The American pilot-boats have long been renowned, yet we had never heard of their being imitated here. The character of the American builders, in regard to light craft, was established long ago. It is forgotten now, perhaps, that at the close of the last unhappy war, in consequence of our landing parties on the defenceless parts of the American coast, they determined to retaliate. We landed under a strong covering naval force; the Americans could not do that upon the English coast. They therefore began a number of very fast-sailing schooners, to contain a hundred men besides the crew. There were none of our vessels that could come up with them. They were to land upon different parts of our coasts, burn and destroy all they could, and in half a dozen hours be at sea again, before any force could be collected to meet them. Our little sea villages and fishing towns would thus have been at the mercy of a foe, purely from the better sailing quality of the enemy's vessels.

Science and practice must ever agree, and yet in our larger naval

architecture this was never yet the case. The first Admiralty report on steam was, that it could never be of use to his majesty or his heirs! The same rule applies to our yachts; with this difference—the experiments are not so costly. The right trim of a vessel is easily found without expense, and what depends upon this is soon remedied if defective, when its causes depend upon results apart from the lines of the hull. Our most beautiful yachts to the eye furnish no clue to their sailing qualities, just as the most symmetrical racer is not the best qualified for winning. What then shall we say of the late race of the *Henrietta* and her competitors? Our general principles of naval architecture in this branch may be sound, but we may err in carrying them out. In the case of the *America*, both the hull and sails of that yacht differed from our general ideas of the best forms. The most perfect bow is hardly yet decided upon as to its configuration in aiding velocity, yet much depends upon this point. The curves are various, but that of the least resistance is not fixed in practice. In wood there may be some difficulty of accommodating the material, but in iron there is none. The resistances offered in going through or over the water are not assigned. There is nothing like the build of the yacht for ascertaining these and similar points, such as the line of lowest resistance, and the most desirable point for the centre of gravity if it appear displaced. There was too much reason to fear that in times past construction depended generally upon the fancy of the builder in light vessels, and that the lines of beauty were fearful rivals of those which were best adapted for navigation. The overruling principle should be still to diminish resistance, for vessels of the same burthen and dimensions every way, and differing in form alone, rate their merits according to that law. The best are still what is called wedge-bottomed. Thus our yacht clubs are of considerable importance in a national sense. The American model continually improves. Some affect to undervalue that model, and declare that its speed depends upon its sails, and their stiffness under the breeze. This may enable the yacht to keep close to the wind, but it cannot be the cause of her superiority altogether. One said that the *America* sailed in a superior manner with the wind on the beam only, and another ascribed it to the mode in which the sails were connected with the spars. This is very natural, because nothing of moment is observed by the stranger so obviously as the rigging and cut of the sails. But we are much mistaken if the hull of the *America* did not possess points of comparison which had a considerable advantage over our own. It would be well to have the dimensions and lines accurately taken and compared with the best vessels of the clubs. The clubs should keep models. The exact shape of the bow of the *America* was interesting in the way of comparison, when universally made known. Length goes far sometimes in sailing qualities, keeping the way well; but this is by no means uniformly the case. What, then, did all this prove? but that a sound principle was not yet clearly laid down, and that there was a great deal to be done to fix it. It is very clear that while sharp vessels have been among the best sailers, those of a good beam and flat have been so also. The truth is, that one of these qualities alone does not fulfil the main object. It is the excellence of all combined that carries the day.

A register of the sailing qualities of the vessels of the yacht club, and models, should be kept at Cowes and other club-houses. Repeated trials

would ascertain the most excellent models and qualities. We must protest, however, against denominating a yacht the best because it is so in one mode of sailing. Nothing must rest in this way upon generals. One yacht will be the best sailer with the wind on the beam, another with the wind aft, and so on. We know that changes of model alter the sailing qualities, but we want to know how those changes operate, so that they may be applied to render the vessel more perfect. A yacht club registering the dimensions of the different vessels, the trim, the configuration of the hull, the quantity of canvas, the rate of sailing with every wind, would tend very much to the information desired. This was not done formerly, and we are strangers to the topic at present, as far as practical observation goes.

The Americans said that if we came up with the *America*, or if we possessed her, they would try to build something that should beat us still. That is the true principle of all improvement—never leave well alone. They might or might not be successful in such a case, but we trust that the annunciation will prevail not only with our yacht builders, but that our yacht owners will study the subject a little more, and in place of the club-rooms spend time in the builders' yards. Indeed, one or two had already begun to alter their vessels, and orders had gone to America for boats to be built and sent over. We never heard the result. An idle man of fortune, fond of sailing, should study the Yankee model, and, theoretically master of it, he will quickly become experienced, without taking the tools in his hand—that is, if he possess a good and clear head. He will sometimes see an importance in what the common eye passes over as of little moment, and will reap the good effects. There is nothing with which we are concerned that it does not concern us to do well. It was a remarkable trait of Napoleon Bonaparte that he observed and mastered the details of everything. Nelson, when mortally wounded, and being carried below, seeing the tiller-rope shot away, ordered a new one to be rove, though the more immediate duty of others to attend to it.

But we are told that the yacht clubs are idle things, and worse than useless; that they are mere child's play, mere cockboats, that keep the sea only in fine weather. This we flatly deny, and the Americans have nobly proved in the *Henrietta* and her consorts. Members of the clubs have made very interesting cruises in their "cockboats," as some affect to denominate them who know nothing of the matter. There is no class of vessels more seaworthy. Not only do we apply this to the larger yachts —because vessels from a hundred to four hundred tons speak for themselves—but to the smallest, that are entered. All are capable of keeping the sea. It is astonishing how securely and well, under good management, let the spirited Americans proclaim to us. Few are aware that a boat only sixteen feet and a half long, nine wide, and five and a half deep, actually came to Europe safely from Diu, in the western peninsula of India. James Botello, in a boat of the above dimensions, reached Lisbon in the reign of King John, with four companions, but no pilot or seamen. He was obliged to put to death several men because they mutinied. The boat was immediately burned by the order of the King of Portugal, lest it should be known in Europe it was possible to perform so long a voyage in so small a vessel. The ocean navigation by boats would furnish a wonderful history of perils encountered, and final

security. Take the case of the unworthy Captain Bligh. Our yacht clubs are not the less useful or amusing from their small dimensions. The only disadvantage is sustained by those who choose to encounter a sea navigation in the confined space which is alone permitted them where the dimensions are restricted—a matter of taste and adventure alone. We have ourselves encountered some rough weather in a man-of-war's jolly-boat, and never experienced any danger beyond that to which larger craft would have been amenable. Let our yachts of all dimensions, then, be multiplied. The amusement is so unimpeachable, so scientific and manly, while with prudence the cost need be very little compared with that of a stable of hunters for thick-headed squires following a yelping pack of dogs after a harmless hare. There is no exhilaration more fresh than that imparted by the sea breeze, no spirit-elevation more gladdening, none more manly and innocent. Alas! that with us the days when we in little ploughed the wave! They have passed away. The voyage to the solitary rock or green-turfed islet, and the hearty repast on the edge of the breaking surf, cannot be forgotten. Its memory is still grateful.

It may not be amiss to close these rambling remarks with a tale of our boyhood. The incident occurred when we were accustomed to pull an oar until our hands were blistered, not up a river, but on the stormy West of England coast. The impression the story made can never be obliterated. It has, no doubt, been published subsequently, though we have not met with it. The hero of the story lived near Bridport, we well remember. He was a gentleman of fortune, and kept a cutter-rigged yacht, in which he often cruised along the south-western coast.

The name of Weld is familiar in Dorsetshire, and was connected with yacht-sailing long before clubs for this purpose were established. Mr. Weld's yacht used to take its station at Weymouth whenever George III. and the royal family visited that watering-place, and one or two other yachts kept by other individuals did the same. The *Alarm* cutter, of the Royal Yacht Club, formed afterwards at Cowes, belongs to one of the same family.

He was cruising about off Weymouth, when a second yacht, cutter-rigged, began to contend with him which should first get back. The sea then rose high; Mr. Weld struck his topmast, hoisted in his boat, and made all snug. His rival, Mr. Sturt, struck his topmast also, but feared to hoist in his boat, from the high state of the sea. They were at this time about two leagues from the land. The boat still impeding the course of the yacht, and thus giving his opponent the advantage, Sturt proposed to one of his seamen, in order to get rid of the impediment, to jump into the boat and take it to Weymouth. The tar, seeing the state of the sea, wisely refused, and his master then proposed to go himself, leaving the race to his crew. He took a pocket-compass, got the mast stepped, cast off the painter, hoisted sail, and kept a good look-out to clear the Shambles, a hard sand lying off the south-east part of the Isle of Portland, distant about three miles from the Bill. From twelve to fifteen feet of water only are over this sand at low tide. The sea continued to run high, but the boat shipped no water. It was soon perceptible that the ebb tide was carrying the boat rapidly towards the danger. In order to avoid so terrible a disaster it became necessary to

shake the reef out of the sail, but in order to do this the helm must be abandoned, and the boat would inevitably broach-to. The alternative was horrible. The boat was soon borne bow on towards the fatal sands. The waves were observed ahead, white with foam, and breaking tremendously. The moment was as awful a one as could be encountered by man, and not the less so from the impossibility of doing anything with the reasonable chance of preserving existence. The clearance of the Shambles to the eastward or westward became no longer possible.

By great exertion Sturt contrived to throw out all the ballast, that the boat might not sink when it got into the surf. There he sat, with the roar of the breakers in his ears and the foam leaping and jumping up ahead. He felt at that moment his case was hopeless, and began, in his despair, to sing or roar out the song, "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!" much as boys whistle through a churchyard at night to keep up their courage. A sea now struck the boat, and he was in the very jaws of death. A second on the quarter, and the boat broached-to, overset, and the waves rolled over and over her. He recovered the boat again by swimming to it as it lay on its side, and, clinging fast, got off his coat, then his waistcoat and shirt, though with great difficulty.

He had now floated fifteen miles from the land. A hollow sea continually broke over him. He still indulged a hope of life. Despair afterwards came upon him. Thoughts of his wife and children rushed into his mind, and at one time he thought he saw them. Then a determination to struggle to the last for his preservation arose. He continued to clear the boat of the mast and sails, though continually washed off. He then got upon the gunwale, and by his weight righted the boat and got in, but the waves continually overwhelmed him, and he had to regain the boat by swimming every time, until he became nearly exhausted, while the salt spray, getting into his eyes, nearly blinded him. Still no relief appeared, his distance from the land increased, and his spirits began to flag. The love of life was still uppermost, and he continued to maintain his contest with the waves, that as often washed him off and buried him in their foam, yet conscious that he could not maintain his situation much longer, having been two hours in the water. He now recollected that fishermen caught in a gale let a spar fastened to the boat's painter go ahead to break the violence of the waves; he therefore got the painter fast to a seat of the boat, in doing which he was so repeatedly buried beneath the water that he nearly lost his breath. Sea-birds came and hovered round his head, and he even shouted to keep them off.

When a heavy sea approached, he got away from the boat to leeward, holding the painter, and found that the boat broke the violence of the wave, so that only a part came over him, and this kept up his spirits a little. Still no sail was in sight, the sea rising, and evening approaching. He had been three hours in the water, when he saw two sail about a mile to leeward—too far off to hail them. His strength continued to diminish, owing to his swimming off to avoid the seas, and then having to swim each time up to the boat again. It was four o'clock, and he had been in the water from twelve, when a brig came within half a mile. He made every exertion in his power to attract the attention of the crew, and succeeded, for he saw some of the men go into the shrouds to look. Whether they saw him or not, they continued their course, and left him

to his fate. His heart sunk; his last hope seemed gone. He had drifted farther than ever from the land, the wind was rising, and the tide carrying him on fast to Portland Race. He got his wife's watch out of his fob, tied it to the waistband of his trousers, and then fastened them to the thwart of the boat, thinking they might lead to a discovery who he was, knowing well that the wind as it stood must drive his body on shore near Bridport, not far from his own house. Living or dying now seemed to become indifferent; all the terrors of death had ceased. He fastened the painter to his body, that it might drift with the boat. Thus he continued generally a couple of feet under water, sometimes tossed about, within the boat or on her bottom, washed off at times, and sometimes losing her for several minutes together. Yet his recollection did not fail him, nor his strength to the degree that might be expected, for he could always tread water long enough to see the boat, and then swim to her.

It was about half-past four o'clock when he saw eight vessels to windward, standing towards where he was. This refreshed his spirits. About five o'clock, three or four passed without seeing him, or he being able to make them hear for the roar of the sea. Three more passed in the same way, and he was still unnoticed. What an anxious moment! Two more were coming up, being the last of the eight, and some of the crew of a brig saw him, they going aloft to make him out. The brig then tacked and bore towards him, but did not lower a boat, at which he felt an inconceivable dread come over him. She passed on, and only one vessel remained. It was getting dark, a high sea running, and Portland Race within two miles. He got on the boat's bottom and hailed the vessel, was washed off, but got on again. At last he was seen by some soldiers, and a boat lowered. At the sight, all his firmness forsook him, and he burst into tears! Retching came on from the quantity of salt water he had swallowed, but when the boat reached him he had recovered himself. He was even so full of presence of mind as to loose his trousers and throw them into the ship's boat. He then tried to get in, but his strength failed him, and he was pulled in by the legs. When once in the boat, he was able to steer her to the ship. His limbs were benumbed, he was sorely bruised, had a violent pain in the side, dizziness of the eyes, weakness, and a great inclination to sleep. He had been five hours and a half in the sea. The vessel reached Portland Roads the same evening, about eight o'clock. He soon recovered, and a day or two afterwards presented the master of the vessel with a piece of plate, and gave five guineas to each of the boatmen.

We received from the United States a copy of the log of the *Henrietta* the other day. It is only another proof of what may and can be done by a people who will not be ruled by precedent, and the notion of leaving "well" alone because "better" is a novelty. Our antecedents never instructed their offspring in this belief. As doubt is generally the parent of truth, just so it would seem that daring is the parent of success.

CYRUS REDDING.

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

XIII.

The Heiress of Stoltzberg Castle.

I.

FALKENSTEIN THURM.

The night after Father Matthäus and the Rittmeister had been at the castle, its fair mistress did not enjoy much tranquil slumber, for when sleep did close her weary eyes, she dreamed that the minstrel was one of the Counts von Falkenstein, that the red-haired Rittmeister was the Grand Inquisitor, and Father Matthäus a familiar of the Inquisition. She saw a half-dark damp dungeon, with instruments of torture here and there, and presently, through a heavy stone door partially open, was dragged in the prisoner—her dear troubadour—between the old seneschal and another person who wore a mask.

"What are you going to do with him?" she shrieked.

"Make him kiss the Holy Virgin," replied a sepulchral voice.

"Ah, no, no! he shall not! The blessed Virgin cannot wish her name to be mixed up with such sinful acts."

Clotilde, she dreamed, flew into the dungeon at that moment, and rushing on the familiar, the friar Matthäus, fastened on him with tooth and nail, and more particularly trampled so unmercifully on his corns that *he* was soon *hors de combat*. She dreamed that she herself, then seizing the Grand Inquisitor, or the pretended Major von Harling, pushed him suddenly forward towards the statue of the Virgin, and as his nose touched her stony lips the trap-door opened, and down he went into the vault or recess below, which was studded and bristling with sharp-pointed knives and spears, and terribly destructive weapons of all kinds, sticking up thickly from the very floor, on which the poor victim of this frightful punishment had to fall.

She uttered a cry of mingled joy and horror, and the cry awoke her, not to such a dreadful scene as the dream-creation had presented to her, but to a far more pleasing view.

The glad early rays of the bright sun were shining into her peaceful chamber, and the equally bright countenance of the gay and affectionate Clotilde beamed on her as she raised her head in bewilderment from her pillow.

"Clotilde, dear Clotilde, is it not all a dream? Is he safe? Tell me, is he safe?"

"Who, dear lady? About whose safety are you so anxious?"

"The minstrel's. I was dreaming that the Inquisition had laid hold of him, and that he was doomed to undergo that fearful secret torture called '*kissing the Holy Virgin.*' Ah! how many wretched victims may not have perished by that shocking mockery of religion!"

"He is quite safe, thank Heaven, dear baroness, and here is a beautiful

bouquet which he has just sent up to you by old Franz's little grandson. The boy was desired to put it into nobody's hands but mine, and to beg me to carry it myself to you."

"Oh, how sweet, how lovely the dear flowers are! and how kind of the troubadour to think of me! Clotilde, why is it that in this bright sunny world, amidst all the magnificent and beautiful creations of the Almighty, *His* name should be invoked to shelter the evil inclinations of mankind, to cloak moroseness, bad passions, and every sort of cruelty and inhumanity? I have had such a frightful dream about the Inquisition."

"What was it, lady?"

"Oh, I cannot repeat it to you; it was too dreadful. Thank Heaven, it was *only* a dream! But they say that dreams sometimes foreshadow events, don't they, Clotilde?"

"Some do, dear lady, and others say that dreams are to be read by contraries. If you dream of a funeral, there will be a wedding."

"My dream was not of a funeral; but let me try to forget it. And yet I cannot but wonder how dreams come to us. What are the influences exercised on the mind during sleep? How is it that we sometimes hear strains of charming music—sometimes behold scenes of wonderful beauty—sometimes are frightened and dismayed by what appears to us, and yet often are absorbed in matters of absolute folly? I wish some one would explain all this to me."

"*I* cannot, certainly, dear lady; but perhaps the abbot could, if you asked him."

Clotilde had been brought up in the belief that the dignitaries of the Church must know everything.

When the young heiress was dressed, and alone in her boudoir, she took up the minstrel's bouquet, which she had not let out of her sight, and examining it more minutely, she found a little billet wrapped round some of the stems of the flowers in the centre of the nosegay.

This little note told her that he had heard of her guests of the preceding evening, and thought it right to warn her against the person who was staying at the monastery, and who had been introduced to her by one of the monks. He was not a person deserving of her notice, the minstrel said, and he would take the earliest opportunity that offered to say the same to Frau von Eisenbach. He added, that the person in question was not an acquaintance the baron, her father, would approve for her, and she had better be very cautious in what she said before him, and also do her best to keep him at a distance. The note was signed, "Your faithful and devoted CARL."

In the course of the day the minstrel made his appearance at the castle, and was admitted very unwillingly by the seneschal; but as he asked for Frau von Eisenbach, and not for the baroness, the worthy Herr Conrad did not venture to send him away. He knew by experience that the colonel's widow was rather an imperious dame, and somewhat jealous of her authority, so he thought it was prudent not to irritate her.

The minstrel repeated to her his warning against the Rittmeister, and was told in return by that somewhat gossiping lady that the said Rittmeister and Father Matthäus had both denounced him as a suspicious character.

The troubadour did not seem at all disconcerted at the accusation, but smiling, said:

"I do not doubt Herr Harling's anxiety to make me appear in a bad light; I stand in the way of some designs of his, and he is not very scrupulous respecting the means he uses to gain his point. He has, of course, talked over the friar Matthäus, a weak man, who can easily be made a tool of. This Harling wishes to take advantage of the present unsettled state of Germany to push himself forward. There is no harm in that; but he should not tell falsehoods, and make use of other unfair means, to further his own ends."

"No; this is all very wrong, indeed," said the colonel's widow.

She was dying to ask him if he were one of the Counts von Falkenstein, as the Rittmeister had insinuated, but though the minstrel's manners were very gentle and courteous, they were at the same time dignified, so that it was not easy for the lady to thrust in her inquiry.

"This *Von* Harling," continued the minstrel, "as he styles himself, has two reasons for being in this neighbourhood: he wishes to marry the Baroness Helene, and wishes to get possession of an old place not very far from this to which he has no sort of claim."

"Oh, Falkenstein Thurm!" exclaimed Frau von Eisenbach, eagerly.

"Yes, Falkenstein Thurm," replied the young man. "Though quite neglected latterly, that old tower has belonged to the Falkenstein family for centuries. He is not a Falkenstein—he is only an illegitimate connexion of the family, and even that connexion is distant. I can forgive him his wish to pilfer the neglected old ruin, but I cannot forgive his daring to aspire to the hand of your charming young friend."

"But he never saw the baroness except yesterday evening," said the widow, "and I assure you he did not seem to admire her in the least, notwithstanding that she is so very pretty. He seemed much more taken up with that pert girl, Clotilde."

"Clotilde is also very pretty," replied the minstrel—"there is no denying that; in short, there is in this castle a trio of beauties who might well be compared to the three goddesses of Greek renown, to one of whom Paris had to present the apple." And the minstrel bowed gracefully to the lady. "But to return to the Rittmeister, it is not the beauty, the pleasing manners, or the virtues of the young baroness by which he is attracted; it is her fortune which he covets."

"He will covet it in vain, then," said Frau von Eisenbach. "Helene will never waste a thought upon *him*, and the good baron, her father, would never tolerate such a son-in-law. But the Counts von Falkenstein—tell me, do you know them?"

The minstrel's answer, whatever it might have been, was stopped by the entrance of the baroness and her shadow, Clotilde, and the conversation became more general.

"Herr Carl," said Helene to the minstrel, "I have just written to my father to beg that he will bring me, or send me, a guitar from Vienna. But it will be of no use to me if I cannot play it. Will you kindly give me a few lessons?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," replied the minstrel. "And as there is no time like the present, I propose that we begin at once."

Helene looked at the colonel's widow, as if to ask if she approved of this arrangement, and the lady thus mutely referred to replied:

"Oh, certainly, my love! If our friend will be so good as give you a few lessons, I do not think your dear father could possibly object to your taking them."

The Frau then sent Clotilde for her embroidery, and established herself comfortably in one of the deep recesses of the window; Clotilde also brought her own work, and thus guarded, the Baroness von Stoltzberg took her first lesson from the wandering troubadour.

The young man showed her the notes and the way of managing the strings, and, amidst merry laughter from the young lady, her teacher, and her companions, she was just striking a few chords, when a loud ringing of the bell was heard at the castle gate.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Frau Oberstin von Eisenbach, in no very dulcet tones, while Clotilde flew to one of the windows from which the entrance over the drawbridge to the castle might be seen.

The minstrel and his pupil remained with the guitar in their joint occupation, his hands placing the slender fingers on the instrument, when Clotilde cried, in a sharp, angry voice,

"It is that horrid Rittmeister! What can he want here?"

The colonel's widow and the minstrel gave a glance of intelligence to each other, while Helene exclaimed,

"What a tiresome, troublesome creature!"

But, tiresome and troublesome as he was, the unwelcome visitor made good his entrance, and was marshalled pompously into the saloon by no other than the old seneschal himself.

"Good morning, madam!" he said, walking straight up to the Frau von Eisenbach, as if he had known her ever so long. "I am happy to see you looking so well and so composed in these disastrous times."

"Good morning," replied the lady, very stiffly. "I know of nothing to discompose me. We feel no disasters here, thank Heaven!"

"Good morning, fair baroness!" he then said, turning towards Helene, but not approaching her.

In answer to this salutation she merely bowed her head, without vouchsafing a single word of greeting. Whereupon the Rittmeister marched up to Clotilde, and addressed her in a familiar tone with—

"Good day, my dear! Your lovely colour makes the roses in yonder vase look pale."

Clotilde felt exceedingly angry at his impertinent freedom of speech, and replied, sharply,

"The roses in yonder vase look pale compared to *your* brilliant locks and beard, Sir Rittmeister, which would eclipse even the glow of a tolerably red fire."

The colonel's widow bit her lips to prevent herself from laughing, Helene looked quite impassive, as if she had heard nothing, and did not know that any stranger was in the room, and the minstrel took no sort of notice of the Rittmeister; indeed, they seemed mutually to ignore each other's presence.

But Major von Harling, nothing daunted, returned to the window near which Frau von Eisenbach was sitting, and tried again to commence a conversation.

"You have heard, of course, madam, that the arch-fiend, Luther, was cited to appear before the Diet of Worms, that he and his disciples and their opinions have been condemned by that august tribunal, and that

these rebels against the sanctity of the holy Mother Church, these wretched heretics, will be hunted down as they deserve to be, and their wicked schemes frustrated."

"We hear very little of what is going on in the world," replied Frau von Eisenbach, quietly. "If the dear baron were at home, he would, of course, be well informed of the events of the day, and would impart his knowledge of them to us. I am, however, sorry to hear of these religious dissensions. Religion should propagate a spirit of peace, and not encourage discord. Yet I have been told that religious wars are always the worst."

"They are the most difficult to settle, of course, because of people's prejudices," said the Rittmeister.

"It is a sad pity!" sighed the lady—"a sad pity!"

"This fellow, Luther, who is doing so much mischief, thought fit to attack the Pope and the Church on account of the sale of indulgences, which he declares to be very wrong. *I* think this is about one of the very best doctrines of our Church. It is a comfort to know that if you knock a fellow you hate on the head, and put an end to his power of annoying you, you can buy exemption from sin, if sin it be, with a small quantity of gold. Ha, ha, ha! You are whitewashed, both in the sight of God and man, and the little transaction will not interfere with your pleasures in paradise—if there be such a place."

Major von Harling cast a half scowling, half triumphant glance at the troubadour, who, catching the glance, turned round and faced him with a look of withering scorn.

Helene became much alarmed.

"Were they going to attack each other? Would this meeting end in a duel?" she asked herself in consternation, and involuntarily she laid her hand on the minstrel's arm, as if entreating him to remain silent.

The minstrel smiled to her in return, and answered the mute appeal by whispering to her,

"There is nothing to fear, my angel."

If there was nothing to be feared from the disagreeable stranger, Helene determined not to endure his odious company any longer, and, rising, she said:

"I wish very much to know the accompaniment to one of the hymns to the Holy Virgin, which is a great favourite of mine; I wrote papa yesterday that you had promised to teach it to me, will you come now to the oratory, Sir Minstrel, and try if I am not too stupid to learn it?"

The troubadour bowed, and took up his guitar. Helene made a low curtsey to the Rittmeister, and Clotilde, gathering up her work, joined the other two without taking the least notice of the major, and all three left the saloon.

Von Harling looked very much vexed, and remained silent for a minute or two; then he asked, abruptly, "Are you aware, madam, who that young man is?"

Frau von Eisenbach did not answer the question, but asked:

"Do *you* know who he is?"

"I believe I do," replied the Rittmeister. "I am sure of this, madam, that if you allow an intimacy to spring up between that young man and

your charge, the Baroness Helene, her father, the Baron von Stoltzberg, will be much displeased when he finds it out."

Not caring for a tête-à-tête with the widow, he then made his obeisances and took himself off.

II.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

THE history of the Reformation, as Protestants call it, or secession from the true Church, as Roman Catholics deem it, is too well known to require any repetition here, but it may be permitted to say a few words respecting the early Reformers, and the progress of their doctrines.

Martin Luther, who some writers have called, as he really was, "the great Reformer of Germany," and others "the Father of the Reformation," was by no means the first who dissented from the Church of Rome, and complained of its errors. John Wickliffe, an Englishman, born early in the fourteenth century, and who has been styled "*The Morning Star of the Reformation*," and who died exactly one hundred years before the birth of Luther, had preached and written against the tyranny of the popes and the tenets of the Romish Church, and he had translated the Scriptures into English.

John Huss, the great Bohemian martyr, was born in 1376. Having seen some of Wickliffe's writings, he adopted his opinions and principles, and opposed popery with great zeal and much success. But he was brought before the Council of Constance, condemned and burned at the stake in 1415. The following year, another of the great fathers of the Reformation fell a victim to the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is probable that, in those days, the popes and the adherents to the Romish Church thought they were doing their duty by endeavouring to crush what they considered heresy by every means in their power. But they should have remembered that to enforce the observance of any system of religious rites by opposition, violence, and massacres, was not in accordance with the mild precepts of the great Lawgiver of the New Testament.

Jerome of Prague, a very learned man, embraced the doctrines of his friend John Huss, and, after having propagated with great warmth the new phase of religion—for that could not rightly be deemed a *new* religion which merely discarded certain opinions, the practice of certain ceremonies, and certain modes of church government—he was also ordered to attend the Council of Constance, and there condemned to death. Like Huss, he suffered with the utmost fortitude and serenity, so that a Florentine writer, though a Roman Catholic, said of him,

"He spoke like Socrates, and walked to the stake with as much firmness as that philosopher drank the cup of deadly hemlock."

He perished in the flames in the year 1416. But the death of those two zealous Reformers, and of many others, less prominently brought before the world, did not extirpate the Reformation or discourage its advocates.

Martin Luther was the next most remarkable leader of the Reformation, and, as everybody knows, the form of Christianity called Lutheranism, which prevails over a great part of Europe, takes its name from him. Luther was born at Eisleben, in Saxony; his parents were in a

very inferior rank of life, and all the time that he was studying at Eisenach he lived upon charity. He subsequently continued his education at Magdeburg and Erfurt, and was a distinguished scholar in philosophy at the last-named university. He determined to embrace a monastic life, and entered into a monastery of Augustines at Erfurt, where he was noted for his merit and religious zeal.

He was undoubtedly acquainted with the opinions of Wickliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, but he might not have given in his adherence to these doctrines had he not been disgusted with the scandalous sale of INDULGENCES which was sanctioned by Pope Leo X.—namely, the entire pardon for sins committed in the past, and permission to commit them in future. Leo was induced to raise money by this traffic in order to find means for building the superb cathedral of St. Peter at Rome, which had been commenced by his predecessor. But the abuse of the sale of indulgences was so glaring in Germany, where they were even publicly retailed in alehouses, that the indignation of Martin Luther was aroused, and he preached and wrote not only against indulgences, but also against other abuses, as he considered them, in the Romish Church.

Leo X., alarmed at the rapid progress of this bold innovator, summoned him to Rome to answer for his new doctrines; however, by the advice of his protector, the Elector of Saxony, Luther declined going, but agreed to appear at the Diet at Augsburg. But as he was merely ordered by the Pope's legate to recant his errors, and was not permitted to defend his opinions, he withdrew from Augsburg and returned to his own country. A bull was then issued by the Pope condemning the doctrines of Luther, ordering his books to be burned, and declaring him a heretic. Luther, still under the protection of Frederic, Elector of Saxony, returned the compliment by causing the Pope's bull to be publicly burned in the presence of all the professors and students of the university of Wittemberg, and a large concourse of other spectators, and attacked, more violently than before, the authority of the Pope, the corruptions of the Church, and the vices and excesses of the priests.

While the credit and the spiritual, as well as the temporal power of the Roman pontiff were thus seriously shaken in Germany, another Reformer appeared in Switzerland; this was Ulricus Zuinglius, who was born at Wildehausen, in 1484. His writings and public discourses made an extraordinary impression on the people, and he was even more successful than his German contemporary in the work of reformation. When war subsequently broke out between the Roman Catholic cantons and the Protestant ones, Zuinglius accompanied the men of Zurich to the field, and was killed at the battle of Cappel, in 1551.

Luther, who had become a professor at Wittemberg, and was promulgating the new faith in all directions, was cited to appear before the Diet at Worms in 1521. His friends, fearing treachery, did not wish him to go, even though the Emperor Charles V. had sent him a safe-conduct; but, according to Russell, in his "History of Modern Europe," Luther replied:

"I am lawfully called to appear in that city, and thither I will go in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as tiles on the houses were there assembled against me."

He did not, however, find a concourse of devils, but, on the contrary,

numerous admirers, who were anxious to catch a glimpse of the great Reformer, and his apartments were daily crowded with princes, and nobles, and distinguished persons of all kinds, who leaned towards his opinions. He defended his doctrines boldly before the members of the Diet, but the antagonism against him prevailed, and he and his disciples were condemned to be imprisoned, and despoiled of all that they possessed. There was a question of seizing him and committing him to the flames, like Huss and Jerome of Prague; but the Emperor's safe-conduct could not be violated, and though he might have been laid hold of when the period for which that extended had expired, he was saved by his friend the Elector of Saxony, who had him conveyed to Wartburg, where he remained in hiding for some time, and employed himself in translating the New Testament into German. Many of the Reformers were obliged to hide themselves at that time, and Divine Service was often performed in secret places, as afterwards was the case among the disciples of Calvin, in Scotland.

In 1522 he returned to Wittemberg, and resumed his hostility to the Church of Rome.

Denmark and Sweden were the first countries which fully embraced Lutheranism, and it was established in these countries in 1523, under the reigns of Frederic of Holstein in Denmark, and Gustavus Vasa in Sweden. Luther disapproved of the vows of celibacy taken by monks and nuns, and in 1525 he married a nun called Catharine Bora, and became the father of six children.

The absence of the emperor from Germany, his war with France, and his contests with the Pope, left the Reformers leisure and tranquillity, of which they availed themselves to gain adherents to their doctrines. Many of the princes and free cities adopted Luther's opinions, and not only established the form of worship he recommended in their territories, but put an end to the exercise of the rites of the Romish Church, and nearly half of the Germanic body had revolted from the Papal See.

Such was the state of religious affairs when the Emperor Charles V. returned. Though having had disputes with the Pope, he had no wish to patronise the heretics, and he appointed a Diet to be held at Spire, to inquire into the state of religious matters. The Diet, which met in 1529, confirmed the decree of the Diet at Worms against Luther, and prohibited any further innovations in religion. The German Reformers of all classes refused to be guided by the orders of the Diet, and against its decree the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Prince of Anhalt, the Duke of Luneburg, and deputies from several of the free cities, entered a solemn protest. Hence they were called "PROTESTANTS," a name which has since been given to all the various sects of every denomination which have seceded from the Church of Rome.

In the following year, 1530, another Diet assembled at Augsburg, at which Charles presided himself, and for which Melancthon, a celebrated Reformer, drew up a system of the opinions of the Protestants. This system is now known by the name of "*The Confession of Augsburg.*" It was read at the Diet, but failed, of course, to convince the Roman Catholic members of the council.

Philip Melancthon was born in 1497, at Bretten. He was appointed in 1518 professor of Greek at Wittemberg, where he became intimate with Luther. He was a man of great erudition, and much less violent

in temper than his friend Martin Luther. He died in 1560; after the Diet at Augsburg, a decree was issued condemning the tenets avowed by the Protestants, and forbidding any one to tolerate those who promulgated them.

This decree, which appeared to be the forerunner of violent persecutions, alarmed the Protestant princes, and they entered into a league for mutual defence, which is called in history "The League of Smalcalde." Charles V. might have pushed matters to an extremity in his eagerness to crush the growing heresy, but, just then, he found that Solyman was about to invade Hungary with the whole force of the Turkish empire, and not thinking it politic to exasperate so large a portion of his subjects, who might have refused to assist him against the Turks, he concluded a treaty with them at Nuremburg, granting them liberty of conscience until a general council could be called.

It was not, however, until "the Peace of Religion at Passau," in 1552, that the religious privileges of the Protestants were placed on a secure basis, and not until the Diet at Ratisbon, in 1557, in the reign of Ferdinand, the successor of Charles V., that these privileges were fully confirmed.

Luther, however, did not live to witness this important event, for he died in 1546.

III.

SCENE ON THE RAMPARTS. CLOTILDE AND THE WARDER.

THE baron's return home was delayed longer than either he or his family had anticipated. The ladies at Stoltzberg Castle, however, were enlivened during his absence by the visits of the fascinating troubadour, who was often their guest. But they were fatigued and annoyed by the too frequent intrusion of the Rittmeister, who generally brought the friar, Father Matthäus, with him, to ensure him a civil reception. This worthy seemed much more inclined to pay his devoirs to Clotilde than to the young baroness; he forced himself to speak most to the latter, but his eyes were always straying to the bower-maiden, and he seized every opportunity to make up to her.

He would pay her all manner of compliments when he caught her accidentally in the corridor or on the ramparts. One day he said,

"Ah, beautiful Clotilde! What a pity you are not the baroness, and she your attendant! You are a thousand times more charming than she is; nature has made a mistake, for the lovely village maiden should have been the lady of the castle; there would have been greater pleasure in wooing her, and probably winning her then, than now. *You* are like the beautiful fresh, free mountain bird, while *she* puts one in mind of a poor puny tame linnet shut up in a gilded cage."

"Keep your stupid compliments to yourself, Sir Rittmeister, they are wasted upon me; and you need not speak so glibly of my young lady—*you* woo her, indeed! *You* win her! I think you must have taken leave of your senses, if you ever had any."

"Come now, my beauty,' said the impudent major, going close up to Clotilde and catching hold of her, "though I would rather be scolded by you than petted by her, I can't have you frowning at me in this way. I'd rather see a smile on those pretty coral lips than this pretended pouting."

"Take your paws off of me directly, you insolent fellow, or I will box your ass's ears for you!" cried the exasperated Clotilde, stamping her foot in her anger. "I'll call the warder, and make him throw you over the ramparts if you don't take care; and you deem yourself a gentleman, forsooth!"

"What a little devil you are! But I rather admire your spirit; it makes your eyes sparkle like diamonds!" exclaimed the Rittmeister, chucking the girl familiarly under her chin. "But these airs won't go down with me, my dear," he continued. "If your mistress can let a wandering musician make love to her, you should be very well satisfied that I make love to you."

"Wretch!" cried Clotilde, who had escaped from his rude grasp, "go—go!"

And she gave him such a violent push, that, quite unprepared for any attack, he went spinning across the rampart, and, had the parapet wall been lower than it was, he would probably have met with the fate with which she had just threatened him, and been thrown over it. He fell heavily on one knee, and before he could gather himself up the damsel was gone—she had fled, he knew not whither.

Clotilde had flown not to complain to the baroness or the colonel's widow, but to tell her tale to another individual—to the warder whom she had mentioned to the Rittmeister as her champion.

The warder was a strongly built, fine-looking young man of about two or three-and-thirty. He held a responsible situation at the castle, and he was a great admirer of the pretty Clotilde.

When she told him of Major von Harling's impertinence to her, he was much exasperated, and proposed to follow him as he descended the hill, and knocking him down, to make him promise not to dare to annoy her again.

"The scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "How could he venture to accost you as you say he did? I am quite sure you could never have given him any encouragement."

"Far from it, Hugo. I disliked the man from the first moment I cast my eyes on him, and I think him a most disagreeable, hateful person. He will persist in forcing himself into the castle, though I am sure he gets cold looks enough to freeze him to an icicle."

"I will serve him out!" cried Hugo, who was working himself up into a rage.

"No, no, dear Hugo! you must let him alone. He is a guest at the monastery, and the monks would be all up in arms if any violence were shown to him. Only, when he comes up here, be on the watch; I shall avoid the fellow as much as I can, but if by chance I can't escape him, I will use this whistle"—and she drew forth a silver whistle such as were in vogue in those days—"when you will know that I need your assistance."

"I shall take care to keep my eyes and ears open," said Hugo. "But I cannot understand why such a fellow, of whom the monks can know nothing, should be so patronised at the monastery. There is a great deal said now-a-days about the monks and priests being no better than other men—some say they are worse. *I* don't take upon me to judge in the matter, but I do think Father Matthäus might be more careful whom he brings to the castle in the baron's absence."

Clotilde was not satisfied with making her complaint against the Rittmeister to her lover—Hugo, the warder—but she repeated it to Frau von Eisenbach; that lady, however, did not enter into the girl's feelings as Hugo had done, but blamed her for encouraging the Rittmeister, and being more coquettish than was decorous in a damsel who had proper self-respect and modesty.

This reproof was a hard sentence on poor Clotilde, who could not venture to say a word in her own defence, and could only cry herself to sleep on the night after she had received this reprimand.

The Rittmeister's visits were quite as disagreeable to the young baroness as to her humble friend, Clotilde, but she did not know how to get rid of them. She was afraid of offending Father Matthäus and the abbot, who harboured him, and no coldness or stiffness seemed to make any impression upon him.

The troubadour and the Rittmeister had not again met at the castle; whether this was owing to chance or design, the ladies did not know, but they were glad it so happened. Helene continued her lessons on the guitar, and the minstrel taught her to sing duets with him. She had a sweet voice and a quick ear, so that she was an apt pupil. Clotilde was delighted with these lessons in music when she was present at them, and tried very hard to teach Hugo, the warder, to sing a second to the simple airs she was fond of warbling. Many of the domestics of the castle used to steal up to listen on the outside of the door to the minstrel's charming strains, but the old seneschal always made a wry face, and muttered between his teeth some abuse of "the adventurer," as he called the minstrel. The worthy Conrad did not particularly like the ladies' other frequent visitor, the Rittmeister von Harling, but he considered him, of the two, the most entitled to respect, as he had been introduced by Father Matthäus.

Things were in this state at the castle, and the neighbourhood was in perfect peace, notwithstanding the rumours of wars and of mysterious proceedings which sometimes startled the inhabitants of the Stoltzberg domains, when two emissaries from the Pope, as they called themselves, arrived at the village. These were a Dominican friar and a lay brother.

They came accredited to sell indulgences, for which purpose they were travelling in that part of the country. They presented themselves first at the monastery; but the abbot, who belonged to the order of the Augustines—the order to which Martin Luther had belonged—did not particularly like the Dominicans, and was not at all pleased at the spirit of extortion by which the vendors of indulgences seemed to be guided. He was willing, he said, to grant indulgences in certain cases, but he thought that the dignity of the Church was lowered by making them an article of common traffic. Father Matthäus and some of the other monks would gladly have engaged in this same traffic, in the hope of pocketing some of its gains, but the abbot was inflexible, and the Dominican and his coadjutor had to take up their quarters at the hostelry, though they established their office at the Schenke, a public-house of the lowest grade.

When the Dominican monk and his assistant went to reside at the hostelry the troubadour left it, and took up his abode at the cottage of old Franz, who willingly received him as a lodger. The accommodation Franz could only offer was not so good even as that provided at the little

inn; but the small chamber allotted to him was clean and neat, and the minstrel, not being difficult to please, was glad to remove to the quiet home of the good old man.

During one of the unwelcome intrusions of the Rittmeister at the castle soon after, he said:

"Well, ladies, I suppose you have heard that your protégé, the minstrel, has decamped from the hostelry, and taken up his residence at the cottage of a miserable peasant down yonder? No doubt he was afraid that his movements and his conduct might have been scrutinised by the Dominican monk who has come to the village on business for the Holy Church."

"A miserable peasant!" repeated Helene. "We are not accustomed to speak in so slighting a manner of good old Franz. He is an excellent and venerable old man; my father has a great respect for him, and he is an especial favourite of ours."

"It is strange that when they can receive you at the monastery, two persons from a religious establishment similar to their own should not be asked or permitted to stay there," remarked Frau von Eisenbach.

The Rittmeister shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"A little professional jealousy, I presume, madam. These holy men have renounced the world and its sinful pleasures, but jealousy, and envy, and those sort of feelings, are not *pleasures*, so they may be nourished without stint."

"You are very complimentary to the poor monks, Major von Harling," said the colonel's widow. "I think you might, at least, allow better motives to the abbot than mean jealousy and envy. To sell indulgences on behalf of the pontiff in a low alehouse is not a proceeding that can be approved of, and, in fact, would induce a suspicion that this Dominican friar is—is—to speak plainly, an impostor, come to impose on the simple people hereabouts."

"Nay, madam, I can assure you he is no impostor. I have seen his license to sell indulgences; it is signed by the Pope's legate, and he is working away very successfully. Some of your own people have been down at the Schenke, as purchasers."

"Which of them?" asked the baroness.

"Well, I saw the warder down there; he is a likely enough young fellow to need indulgences for sin."

"He does not need indulgences half so much as *you* do, Sir Rittmeister," cried Clotilde, who had been sitting at work in the room, half hidden by a high screen, "and it is false that he has anything to do with the mummery carried on in the public-house. Can you say, *dare* you say, that you saw him *in* there?" she continued, as, with cheeks glowing with anger, she came a step or two forward.

"I said *down* there, not *in* there," replied the major, looking rather foolish.

"You had better stick to truth, sir," said Clotilde, scornfully. "It may be the worse for you if you don't."

And with this significant threat she bounced out of the saloon.

"If you have any curiosity to see what is going on in the village, fair baroness, I shall be most happy to escort you down the hill, and shall feel honoured by being permitted to be the companion of your walk," said the Rittmeister, who wished to get rid of the constant presence of the Frau Oberstin von Eisenbach, in order to make a declaration of his sentiments

to the heiress—sentiments which were only assumed for a purpose, to the utter folly of which his self-conceit blinded him.

"I have no desire to see what is going on in the village," said Helene, stiffly.

"But I," said the Rittmeister, in a whisper, as he went up to her under pretence of admiring her embroidery, and brought his face somewhat familiarly near to hers, "I have a great desire for a few minutes' conversation with you *alone*. How can I manage this?"

"You cannot manage it at all," replied Helene, in her usual tone of voice. "You can have nothing to say to me alone—nothing, at least, that I should choose to hear."

"Is that wandering musician to be the only one permitted to enjoy your charming society without a witness, fair lady? I do not know what claim he has to monopolise so much pleasure."

"You will be so good as keep your remarks and your queries to yourself, Herr Rittmeister," said Helene. "I am not accustomed to be catechised by strangers, and am in no way accountable to you for what I do or what I leave undone."

"Whatever you have to say to the Baroness von Stoltzberg, Major von Harling, can be said in *my* presence. Her father, the baron, trusts me, and I do not know why you should distrust me," said Frau von Eisenbach, with an offended air.

"My dearest madam, I do not mistrust you. But you, who must have had so many admirers—adorers, I should say—in the course of your life, must be aware that—that there are feelings which cannot be disclosed in the presence of witnesses."

The reference to her numerous adorers somewhat softened the asperity of Frau von Eisenbach's manners to the presumptuous major, and she said, rising:

"I will go at once, if the baroness will listen to what you have to say. I have no wish to play the part of a cross-grained duenna."

"But the baroness does not choose to listen to any communication whatsoever from the Rittmeister von Harling," said Helene, "and therefore she requests her friend to remain with her."

The Rittmeister's red face turned still redder, and his green eyes, generally so dull, glittered with anger as he rose, bowed in what he meant to be a very dignified manner to Helene, and forcing a sort of smile, held out the tips of his fingers to the widow, who slightly touched them in return, and then curtseyed low. The discomfited suitor then walked with a majestic air out of the room, but stopped at the outside of the door to hear, if he could, what the ladies said. He heard no words, however, only a peal of merry laughter from Helene, in which the Frau von Eisenbach joined; and with these agreeable sounds ringing in his ears he stalked through the corridor and out of the castle, but not until he had been still further annoyed by beholding Clotilde walking on the ramparts arm-in-arm with Hugo, the warder, apparently in eager conversation with each other.

And what was the subject of this earnest conversation?

Clotilde and her lover were talking of what was going on in the village. Hugo had assured her that the Rittmeister's assertion was, as she thought, quite false. He had not put his foot within the walls of the Schenke, he had not opened his mouth to the Dominican friar or to the

lay brother, and he did not intend to spend the smallest copper coin in purchasing any indulgence. He hoped his confessor would give him absolution for his past sins, and he did not approve of making provision for future ones.

"You see, dearest Clotilde," he said, "the abbot himself sets his face against this commerce in sins, and the abbot is a good man, and a good Catholic. I don't pretend to be at all learned, but I have some common sense, and I cannot believe that *money* can clear one either of past sins or future ones. How is it possible that the Almighty can be bribed by gold? *He* created this earth and all the gold and silver and treasures in it; they are all His. How, then, can we purchase or pay His mercies with them? It is a great pity that our holy religion should be perverted by such sinful, or at least foolish, doings. I hear tell that there is a great stir about the corruptions of our Church, and that a new Church is springing up, which takes the Bible for its guide, and won't allow any monasteries or convents, or monks and nuns, and won't admit the immense authority claimed by the Pope and the priests. *I* have nothing to say against the Pope or the priests, but I don't think it right to go about as this Dominican monk and other monks do, cheating the poor peasantry, who have nothing to spare, out of their little savings, in order to provide them with licenses for committing sins. The ill disposed among them will make use of these indulgences fast enough, and we shall have more drunkenness and more brawls in the villages than we have ever had before. If the nobility and great folks choose to spend part of their money in this way, it is all very well, for they won't be taking the bread out of their children's mouths."

"Which of our people here in the castle have gone to this new-fangled sale?" asked Clotilde.

"None that I know of, except the seneschal; and Master Conrad has looked more cross than ever since he was donkey enough to throw away his money on the priestly merchant."

IV.

AN EVENING EXCURSION INTO THE FOREST. WHAT WAS SEEN AND HEARD THERE.

As time wore on, rumours of the strange-looking figures seen, and the strange sounds heard in the depths of the adjacent forest, reached the castle in quick succession, and found their way to the ears of the baroness and the Frau von Eisenbach. They would have asked the minstrel about them, but he happened to have gone to see Falkenstein Thurm just then, and there was no one to gratify their curiosity, for Father Matthäus had taken a sullen or silent fit, since he had found out that the ladies did not like the Rittmeister von Harling, and would not encourage his visits.

The reports, fraught with so much mystery relating to the neighbouring wood, which was a sort of appendage to the Black Forest, took a great hold of Helene's imagination, and little less of Frau von Eisenbach's.

"I wonder what is going on there!" said the young baroness to her ady companion. "Clotilde talks about evil spirits; but what should evil spirits be doing in a lonely wood—I mean, evil spirits from the other world? Of course there are plenty of evil spirits in the Black Forest

among those desperate banditti, who roam about there attacking unwary travellers. But we do not hear a word of any one being robbed or ill used in the wood near us."

"By what I can gather from the housekeeper and others," replied the Frau, "the figures that are sometimes seen flitting about the forest, far from attacking any one, seem to wish to escape observation. But who and what are they?"

"That is what excites my wonder also!" Helene said; adding, "if they are not dangerous people, why should we not venture into the forest? We used often to go there formerly, and I am sure my father would have prevented our going if he had not thought it quite safe."

"Well, if you have a mind to take a stroll in the wood, Helene, I have no objection to go with you, provided we go at rather an early hour, so as not to be overtaken by darkness amidst the shades of the forest."

"Oh, I am so glad that you agree to go, my dear friend!" exclaimed Helene, running up to the colonel's widow and kissing her cheek. "Now we shall see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears, what is going on."

When Clotilde heard that the ladies proposed an excursion into the forest, she begged them not to think of venturing alone.

"Take some of the males belonging to the castle with you, dear ladies," she said. "It would be such a terrible thing if any one were to . . . . to . . . . attack you and rob you, or frighten you."

Helene laughed as she asked:

"Who would you recommend our taking with us, Clotilde? The valiant old seneschal?"

"Nay, dear lady, you might as well take one of the cats. The old dog Kaiser would be a more useful attendant; he would growl at least, and show what teeth he has left."

"Well, we will not trouble either Herr Conrad or poor old Kaiser. What do you say to the warder?"

The warder! It was just he whom Clotilde was longing to propose. She blushed deeply, but answered without hesitation:

"I think Hugo would be a good person to take. He is no coward, and he would not intrude needlessly on you."

"Well, tell Hugo that we shall be glad if he will attend us during our stroll in the wood," said Frau von Eisenbach. "You probably will not care to accompany us, for fear of the evil spirits."

"Oh, dear madam, do let me go! I shan't be at all afraid if . . . ." The girl broke off her sentence abruptly.

"If Hugo goes," cried Helene, finishing it for her. "Father Matthäus and his friend the Rittmeister would give their ears if you would put as much confidence in them."

"Nay, come, baroness," said the colonel's widow, "Clotilde is quite vain enough, without your doing your best to make her more so."

The ladies of the castle, actuated by curiosity, soon arranged their visit to the adjacent wood, They always dined in the middle of the day—a time-honoured custom, which has survived, in Germany, all the chances and changes of this mortal life, to the no small annoyance of travellers and foreigners who happen to sojourn in that country. But this uncomfortably early dinner-hour allowed a longer evening, and the ladies,

attended by Clotilde and the warder, went forth, before the sun had set, on their researches into the mysterious doings in the forest.

The baroness and the Frau Oberstin von Eisenbach walked first, and at a little distance behind them came the warder and Clotilde—though *not* arm-in-arm. The little party stopped for a few minutes at the cottage of old Franz, where they heard that the minstrel was expected back that very evening, or, at furthest, next day. They also heard that there was a great schism at the monastery, the abbot and some of the monks condemning the system of the public sale of indulgences, while the rest of the holy community applauded it.

The ladies asked Franz if he thought they might safely venture on taking a walk in the forest; and being informed by him that he did not think there was the least danger to be apprehended by doing so, they set off more reassured.

They walked without the slightest annoyance, or without meeting a living creature, except four or five peasant children, who had been gathering sticks for firewood and nuts in the forest. The little creatures all made their rustic obeisances, and, getting out of the way of the ladies, were passing on, but the Frau stopped them, and asked them if they had met anybody during their wanderings in the wood.

One sharp-looking, pretty little girl took upon herself to be spokeswoman for the young party, and replied:

"Please you, madam, we only met one old man. He had on a grey cloak, and his beard was as grey as his cloak. He seemed a very kind old man, for he gave us this money"—and she exhibited a few small copper coins—"and told us to be good children and never to forget to say our prayers."

"Very excellent advice, my child," said the colonel's widow, condescendingly; "and here is a little more money for you; but you must take it home to your mother."

"Thank you kindly, lady," cried the child, curtseying until her knees almost touched the ground.

"Well, if there be only one old man taking an evening stroll in the forest," said Helene, "we need not hesitate to go on."

And go on they did without any impediment, seeing nothing but the trees, hearing nothing but the rustling of the leaves and the warbling of the birds, who appeared to be the only living inhabitants of the place. They went on farther and farther through the quiet forest glades, and Helene felt deeply impressed by the soothing softness of the scene. The wild flowers shed a charming fragrance around, and the leafy branches of the trees, waving in the gentle breeze, seemed to be bowing a welcome to them.

"I never saw the wood looking so charming before!" exclaimed Helene. "It is a positive pleasure to walk here."

"Yes—but we must not venture too far," replied the more matter-of-fact Frau von Eisenbach. "Remember, we shall have a long way to go back."

"Look—look! What is that?" cried Helene, starting.

"Hush!" whispered the Frau von Eisenbach. "Do not attract any attention to us!"

Two figures, in long flowing cloaks of a greyish hue, were seen turn-

ing into a narrow retired path in the wood. Clotilde was just commencing a scream, when Hugo laid his broad palm on her mouth, and effectually stifled the cry.

"Be quiet, Clotilde!" he said, in a very decided tone; and Clotilde became as quiet as a mouse.

"Shall we turn back or go on, Hugo?" asked the Frau of the warder, the ladies having waited until he and his frightened-looking companion came up to them.

"As you please, madam," he replied. "*I* do not perceive anything to be alarmed at on merely seeing two wayfarers, probably, passing through the wood. But perhaps it may be more prudent to retrace our steps."

"If you think these persons are only wayfarers, Hugo, it would be folly to turn back because we saw their cloaks," said the baroness, who was not willing to give up their search after . . . they knew not what. So they proceeded a little way farther, on the tiptoe of expectation, for Hugo said that they were now near the spot described by Johann as that where he had heard the mysterious music.

The tolerably broad walk they had been traversing now diverged into two paths: one to the right, the other to the left; which were they to take? Hugo was nonplused for a time—and the ladies sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree to rest awhile, desiring Clotilde also to sit down, and inviting Hugo to do the same. But Hugo respectfully declined; then, instead of standing by them, he went prowling about to see if he could find any of the landmarks described by Johann.

"Yes, here is one!" he said to himself, joyfully. "This must be the stone which looks like a bench he told me of; this, then, is the right path, if the invisible musicians have not changed their concert-room."

On returning to the ladies, he told them that he thought he had found the right path, if they felt inclined to venture into it.

"Surely, surely," said both the baroness and her companion; "but," continued Frau von Eisenbach, "our shadows are beginning to lengthen, and the sunbeams, dancing through the surrounding foliage, look fainter than they did a little while ago. We must take care not to be benighted."

They took the path to the left, and walked on in silence a little way. Suddenly they heard a sound, as if the faint echo of voices singing.

"Hark—hark!" exclaimed Helene. And they all stood still, listening.

Clotilde's bright colour faded from her cheeks and lips, and in her terror she caught hold of Hugo's arm.

"Do not be frightened, darling!" he whispered; "I am here to protect you, but music cannot harm you."

The young baroness was the first to move on. With light quick steps she advanced along the lonely path, followed by her escort, two of whom, judging by their countenances, did not seem very happy in their minds. As they went on the music became more and more distinct, and it was evident that several voices were singing together. Were these human voices? or was the sound an echo from some other sphere?

As suddenly as the music had commenced it ceased, and then again it recommenced, but in a different and more solemn strain. It was like a

hymn being sung; sometimes the voices swelled high in chorus, then they sank to low wailing tones.

"I don't think demons would sing like that," whispered Clotilde to Hugo, to whom she kept very close.

"Demons! Why should you think them demons, Clotilde?" replied her lover.

"Do you think the sounds are in the air, Hugo?" asked Frau von Eisenbach.

"No, madam! I think they come from some spot in the wood."

"Let us go on!" cried Helene, impatiently. "The singers can't be far off."

And she moved on with her ear bent forward to catch the sounds. The colonel's widow and Clotilde both stuck to Hugo, who could not help smiling at their absurd fears.

At length Helene, who had got a good deal in advance of her party came upon a break in the trees, which formed an unencumbered space. It was enclosed by large trees mingled with smaller ones, and as she entered it a full burst of harmony fell upon her ear, and she distinctly heard the words, "Amen—amen!"

The sounds seemed, in truth, to come from beneath her feet. "By what art, short of necromancy, could this have been managed?" she asked herself. The "Amen" pealed forth again just as the warder and his two trembling companions came up to the opening. Hearing the mysterious sounds immediately under their feet, both the colonel's widow and Clotilde rushed back, and fled as fast as they could along the path which had brought them there. It was *sauve qui peut* with them, but Clotilde, fleet as a fawn, soon outstripped the stout and panting Frau von Eisenbach. Hugo remained in attendance on his mistress.

The singing had ceased, and a dead silence had ensued. Helene was just turning to go, when she perceived a figure, ascending apparently from below, prepare to issue from the large hollow trunk of a decayed tree near! The figure was enveloped in a dark-grey cloak, with something like a cowl of the same colour drawn over its head, and covering all the face except the eyes. These were sad-looking, and seemed dimmed by age, for Helene took in the whole figure at a glance; but presently her gaze was attracted from this most prominent figure to that of another, which seemed following it to the upper air. This second figure was also wrapped in a large cloak, and had a cowl covering its face; but the eyes were visible—and those eyes!—surely they belonged to one she knew well—yes, they were the eyes which had so often met hers—the eyes of the troubadour! Whether they recognised her or not, she could not tell, for at that critical moment Hugo ventured to entreat her to go, as he felt himself accountable to her father, the baron, for anything that might happen while he was attending her.

Poor Hugo's face and words betrayed so much anxiety that Helene, actuated also partly by a reluctance to pry into the minstrel's concerns, immediately left the place, and followed Frau von Eisenbach and Clotilde, whom they overtook at a considerable distance from the scene of witchery, as Clotilde deemed it, and which was also probably the opinion of the Frau von Eisenbach.

LEGENDARY LORE OF PORTUGAL.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

I SPENT several years of my youth amid the orange-groves, the vine-clad hills, and flowery vales of the sunny clime of Lusitania, and I reckoned many friends among its hospitable and kind-hearted inhabitants. The greater number have gone to their last home, and among them an excellent and worthy friar yclept Padre Manoel. I became acquainted with him in this wise: One summer's day, while residing at Oporto, I quitted that city to walk to Leça, a pretty bathing village a few miles to the north. After satisfying my curiosity in the village, I wandered out of it towards a large building which I learned was the ancient convent of the Conception. The walls were cracked in many places, the roof had in parts fallen, and there was an air of desolation and decay in every direction, now the characteristic of all the edifices once inhabited by the monastic orders in Portugal, those communities having been abolished throughout the country by Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil. As I was examining the outside of the half-ruined building, heavy drops of rain began to fall, so I was compelled to take shelter under an arch which stood conveniently near. "What has become of the once-jovial friars who formerly inhabited this noble pile?" I thought to myself. "Wanderers and outcasts, you starve where in days of yore you feasted, or exist on the charity of the poor on whose ignorance you played off your tricks. The halls which knew you know you no more; your place is empty; you are gone and vanished from the earth. Idle dogs that you were, you were part of a system over which you had no control; you are a good riddance, but as individuals you have been often hardly dealt with, and my bowels of compassion are moved towards you."

I had got thus far, when I saw projected from a neighbouring casement a venerable head, with a good-natured smiling face, and I heard a voice summoning me in courteous terms to enter the building. Following the directions of the speaker, I soon found myself ascending a broad flight of stone steps, at the top of which an old man stood ready to receive me. He apologised for not descending to welcome me to his abode, excusing himself on account of the difficulty he experienced in getting up again, his figure, as he observed, laughing and stroking his stomach, not being well suited for locomotion. At a glance I saw that he was one of the now scattered fraternity of the convent, and though, like the rest of his brethren in Portugal, he had been compelled to lay aside the frock and cowl of the monk, he still wore the black close-fitting habit of an ecclesiastic, which I cannot say particularly became him. He took my hand and pressed it cordially, as with the dignity and grace of a noble in his paternal halls he ushered me into his own little private apartment, which served him for parlour, library, and bedroom. The rain now falling in heavy torrents, I was happy to accept his hospitality.

"Rest here, my friend, till the shower is over," he said. "My house, must be confessed, is not in the best repair, but here at least we are

sheltered from the rain. Ah, ah, tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis. A few years ago I could have offered you a very different reception." I expressed my entire sympathy with his feelings. "Here you find me," he continued, with a smile partaking more of melancholy than joy, "the sole survivor of my band, monachus et monos, and when I shuffle off the stage, not a sign, in a few years, will remain to tell that once we were."

Worthy old man! He then little thought that such would be the case even before his demise. He stood by his convent as long as his convent stood by him, but at last the crumbling walls gave way, and he was compelled to quit the scene where he had passed his uneventful yet not useless life. He was, when I left the country, "in the last scene of all," dreaming out his second childhood at Amarante; but at the time of which I am speaking he was yet in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, relishing books, jokes, wine, and all the other pleasant things which embellish and abridge the dusty road of life. I am, however, anticipating my story. He at once introduced himself to me as Padre Manoel da Conceição. After a few minutes' conversation he brought out a plate of sweet cakes and a bottle of light wine, of which he insisted on my partaking; so that what with nibbling at the cakes, sipping the wine, and listening to his jokes and stories, an hour passed away rapidly and most agreeably. At the end of the time, the clouds having disappeared, leaving the air fresh and pure, I rose to take my leave, promising, at his request, to pay him shortly a second visit.

From this time I frequently rode over to see the old man. Our acquaintance commenced by chance, ripening into friendship, sincere on my part as I fully believe it was on his. Questioning him one day as to the way he spent his long solitary hours when not engaged in the exercises of religion, he, after some hesitation, confessed that he tampered at times with the Muses, and that he was also addicted to committing to paper, according to his humour, whatever fancies might be floating on his mind, or one or other of the many strange tales and legends he had heard during his long life, his memory, when taxed, seldom proving treacherous. These papers he had been in the custom of throwing into a box, turning them over now and then for his own amusement, but without the remotest view to publication. After much further persuasion, I prevailed on him to let me see the contents of his treasure-chest, which, for greater security, he kept under lock and key beneath his bed.

Notwithstanding his assumed contempt for his own literary productions, the vanity of the author crept out, particularly when, at my request, he commenced reading one of those I selected—indeed, I began to fear he would not leave off till he had reached the bottom of the box. He did at last stop for breath, when I took the opportunity of bestowing the full amount of praise I conscientiously believed his writings deserved, if I did not, in my anxiety to please him, go a little beyond the truth.

"I feel sincere pleasure at finding that you think my humble efforts worthy of commendation," he observed. "But, alas! I fear their ultimate fate will be *heu mihi!*—to wrap up pats of butter, ounces of snuff, or bundles of toothpicks."

"I trust that no such unworthy destiny is in store for them," I an-

swered. "If you will confide them to my care, perhaps I may, with your leave, enlighten the world with some of them, either in the original for the benefit of your own countrymen, or translated into my own language to give information to the English, who know very little about a subject on which many of the papers treat—I mean, the legendary lore of Portugal."

"Would you indeed!" he exclaimed, his eye brightening, and a smile irradiating his whole countenance. "I should, indeed, be truly grateful. It often grieved me to think that these labours of my life, light and pleasant though they were, should be of no use to posterity, and yet I fear that most of my productions are unfitted to the taste of those days of enlightenment and infidelity. However, if you think any of the papers will be received by the reading public with approval, there they are; make what use you think fit of them—they are at your service."

I need not mention our conversation further; the result was, that the next morning I despatched a stout galego to Leça, who returned to my residence with Padre Manoel's box of literary treasures.

I forthwith plunged among them. Some of the papers are in Latin, others in Portuguese; several not over-refined, or at all suited to the English taste; some refer to local subjects of little interest in another country. I accordingly selected for translation a collection of tales, legends, &c., which may in a degree serve to introduce to the English reader some of the popular superstitions of Portugal. The historical events of the country have had considerable influence in forming them. Many of them were clearly derived from their Moorish invaders, as the Bruxa; others, like the Lobishome (the Loup-garou), can be traced to their Gothic ancestors; and others, among which the Feiteceira, still further back, may be traced, to the days when the Romans held sway in the land, the saints and angels generally playing a conspicuous part in every piece.

Pure fairy tales, such as delight the Germans and other northern nations, are rare in Portugal at the present day, having long since been mingled with, and overwhelmed by, the veracious legends of the holy saints. I trust Padre Manoel's piety and veneration for the said personages will be duly appreciated by all true believers.

It must be understood that I am merely the translator and editor of a few of the worthy padre's literary productions. I have abundance more in case they meet with the approbation of the critics. Some of them, I have reason to suspect, are merely new versions of legends already published; but the bulk, I feel sure, have never before seen the light in print. I will say nothing in their praise; indeed, I do not think Padre Manoel's writings are at all equal to his conversation. It may be that his action and utterance added much to the charms of the latter; but, at all events, if they have no other value, they are thoroughly and completely Portuguese. I have at times taken a few liberties in translating some of them, so that if the sagacious reader discovers any historical or other errors, on my shoulders be the blame. I can allow no one to find fault with my most esteemed and excellent friend, Padre Manoel.

Peace be to his memory!

The Only Son; or, The Legend of the Saint and the Apples.

Who has not heard of that very holy and perfectly seraphic person, St. Francisco, and of the wonderful and miraculous deeds which he wrought while he yet sojourned with his fellow-creatures, to whom he was so incomparably superior on this earth of ours? It happened that at that eventful period of the world's history, made so glorious by the existence of St. Francisco, and during the early days of the Lusitanian monarchy, if I err not in my chronology, there lived a noble fidalgo of the purest of pure blood, Dom Manoel Pinto Basto da Savedra, in the fertile province of the Minho. Long had he desired a son to inherit his name, his estates, his honours, and his virtues; but though he had a wife, young, beautiful, and attractive, the son came not. He and his prudent dame, the Donna Gertrudes, paid visits to innumerable shrines, all famous for their efficacy in such cases, and offered up gifts at all the altars they could think of—gifts of a character the most calculated to bring about the desired result, and yet the looked-for "morgado" (the eldest son) did not appear.

At length it was rumoured that the seraphic father, St. Francisco, was going to preach at the celebrated Church of the Conception, at Braga. Dom Manoel and Donna Gertrudes immediately set forth towards that far-famed town, in the hopes of hearing the holy man put forth something which might solve their dilemma. Dom Manoel rode his sturdy mule on a high saddle, well supported behind and before with an abundance of rich and glittering trappings, and vast stirrups of wood covered with silver. He had foot-servants running on either side of him with long staffs in their hands, to give him instant aid should his animal stumble or grow restive. Donna Gertrudes sat in her litter, with her little maid-servant in front of her, supported by two mules, one before and one behind, the tinkling bells on whose heads conversed sweet music as they trod their way over the somewhat uneven roads. It must be confessed that neither in those days nor at present can the roads be said to be well calculated for rapid locomotion.

It has been said—and with all reverence let the tale be narrated, for who can assert that it is not true?—that once upon a time the prophet Noah, he who escaped by means of the ark from the great flood, and therefore must have been well acquainted with the state of the earth on the subsiding of the waters, long after he had slumbered in his grave, was permitted, for some reason of which I am not cognisant (and why should we inquire into matters which concern us not?), to revisit this globe of ours. He wandered about in all directions, unable to recognise any of the spots with which he had been once so familiar. All had been changed; new nations had been formed, new cities had sprung up, harbours had been dug, roads made, aqueducts constructed. He felt sad and forlorn, a stranger in a strange world, of which he had once been monarch and chief priest. At length he reached our beloved Lusitania. He gazed about him with an eye of interest. He no longer found things strange. "Ah, sweet country, this is where I will dwell!" he exclaimed. "Not a

spot that I do not remember. Nothing changed from one end of the land to the other. Everything remains the same as when I left it hundreds of years ago. This is the country for me!" It must be confessed that, as far as our roads are concerned, there could have been no great change from bad to worse, seeing that they are as bad as could well be. But this has its advantages. It keeps the minds of the people in a quiet state—it prevents them from roaming about, and picking up ideas detrimental to their religious condition. Freemasons, revolutionists, political economists, are less able to visit the country and to promulgate their noxious doctrines, so subversive of true religion and piety. Such was the state of the country at the time to which I allude. The roads were execrable, or, rather, there were no roads except those made by the Romans some centuries before, and the government was despotic; but then our holy religion was triumphant; we had holy monks and friars and religious orders of all sorts living on the fat of the land, and the Church had it all her own way, as she always will as long as she can keep the people in a happy state of ignorance, and thoroughly imbue their minds with superstition. Donna Gertrudes and her liege lord reached the Church of the Conception at Braga in due time, and while Dom Manoel strolled about, talking to the friends he met, his lady went round from shrine to shrine, saying her Ave Marias and offering the gifts she had brought, representations which it is not necessary here to describe. Arrived at the chief altar, she there made a vow that, should her wishes be granted, she would present to the church a silver cradle large enough to hold the figure of the holy Menino in the arms of the blessed Virgin which stood over where she was kneeling. The time for high mass at length arrived. It was performed with unusual splendour, and the seraphic Padre St. Francisco ascended the pulpit, from whence he poured forth such a flow of eloquence and wisdom that it is believed no Jew, Moor, heathen, or heretic would have been able to have withstood his arguments, but would forthwith have fallen down, and, confessing their sins, have united themselves to our Holy Church. Dom Manoel and Donna Gertrudes were overwhelmed with delight, for did he not aver that those who made vows and kept them, and offered up rich gifts to the Church, should assuredly gain their desires? Had they not done all these things?

Satisfied that they should not be deceived, they returned home, and certain it is that, before many months were over, Donna Gertrudes whispered to her lord that she hoped his wishes would be gratified, and at the end of nine months she had the infinite satisfaction of presenting him with the long wished-for morgado (the eldest son). Some impious and faithless persons ventured to affirm that it was the bumping over the rough roads in the litter and the change of air which produced the desired effect; others went even still further, and hinted that Donna Gertrudes had confessed to the jovial Padre Ignacio, prior of the convent of the said church, at the time of her visit to Braga.

However, it would ill become me to make any remark on the subject, except to express my disbelief in the scandal, except that it must be owned that curious stories did come out every now and then in connexion with the said Padre Ignacio, unless the chronicles of the times are to be

disbelieved. However that may be, Dom Manoel did not trouble his head about the matter, but was thankful to possess the blessing he had so long craved—a son to inherit his name, his estates, and, as he always said, with his hand on his heart, "his virtues." The little Manoel was as fine a baby as could be seen in the provinces. Donna Gertrudes faithfully fulfilled her vow, and sent the silver cradle for the holy Menino at Braga. Two nurses were selected to watch over the youthful fidalgo, and were charged never to lose sight of him. They were called Dercea and Maria. They were both excellent, faithful, and devout women, and the morgado had thus every prospect of being well brought up during the tender years of his infancy. He might occasionally have been overfed and over-stuffed with doces, but that is the fate common to young fidalgoes in our country, and he would have had little cause to complain, though it might in after years have given him a greater rotundity of figure than was exactly in accordance with the perfection of symmetry. Those to whom his fond mother granted the inestimable privilege of exhibiting him, pronounced him a lovely enchanting menino; indeed, his generally rosy cheeks and merry laugh were sufficient to win all hearts. Thus three years passed by, and again that holy man, the seraphic Padre St. Francisco, visited the province of the Minho.

The fidalgo Dom Manoel, having somehow or other an idea that it was through the saint's sermon the little Manoel had been given to him, earnestly besought him to make his humble house his home during his stay in the province. Greatly to the delight of the fidalgo and Donna Gertrudes, the invitation was accepted, and great preparation was therefore made for his reception. A banquet was prepared, at which all the delicacies of the province were to be presented. It was well known, indeed, that the seraphic padre was not indifferent to the good things of this life. Why should he have been? Are they not given to us for our use and benefit? The saint arrived at the time expected. The banquet was to take place after the sermon, as is proper on all occasions—the food for the soul first, then that for the body.

The church at which the saint preached on that memorable occasion was not far from the abode of Dom Manoel. All the family went to hear him except Dercea, who was left in charge of the house and the young morgado, who might, possibly, had he been taken, have interrupted the discourse. Dercea was also charged with preparing the feast for the holy man. Now Dercea had had an especial desire to hear the saint preach, and thought it rather hard that she alone should have been left at home. After the family had departed for mass, she said to herself, "If I can hasten on the dinner, and get the young fidalgo to go to sleep, surely I too may go to hear the sermon, and nobody will be the worse for it, and I shall be all the better. That cannot be wrong." She laboured away till the caldo was simmering nicely, and many other dishes were in an advanced condition. The young fidalgo dropped off to sleep, and promised to remain in that state for some hours. When she saw this, Dercea eagerly put on her mantilla and hurried off to the church. Whether she was much edified by the sermon she heard, the chronicler does not narrate, but while she was listening it suddenly occurred to her that the pot might boil over, or the morgado might awake, and that

some mischief might occur. Rising from her heels, on which she was sitting, the instant, therefore, the holy man ceased speaking, she hurried from the church back to the house. A fear seized her as she entered the room where she had left the morgado, next to the kitchen. He was not in bed—the sound of his merry voice saluted not her ears. She hunted about everywhere—the child was not to be seen. Near the fire she had left a large pan, or tub, of boiling water. Horror of horrors! On looking into it, there she saw the morgado parboiled at the bottom. In attempting to lift out the infant, the arm came off in her hand. What was she to do? The morgado of the ancient family, the hope, the heir, to be boiled to death! That was bad enough. And then the seraphic padre would lose his dinner, for the unhappy parents would never be able to bestow on him the rites of hospitality. That was, indeed, a dreadful thing to contemplate. At that moment her companion, Maria, arrived from the church. To her the unhappy Dercea unbosomed her grief, and exhibited the parboiled corpse of the little heir.

There was no time to be lost. Even while they were discussing what was to be done, the fidalgo and Donna Gertrudes, accompanied by the seraphic padre, were heard approaching the house. A large oak chest stood in the hall. Into it they agreed to place the body, and to lock it up, Dercea taking the key till the holy man had been fed and taken his departure. The plan was carried into immediate execution, and so occupied was Donna Gertrudes with hospitable thoughts all for the benefit of St. Francisco, that she did not, as was her custom, hurry off to see her child, nor express any wonder at not seeing him running about the house. At length, to poor Dercea's infinite relief, the guests took their places, and the feeding began. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the two sucking-pigs which garnished either end of the board, supported at the sides by a roast and a boiled turkey, with two hams and lombo do porco, and caldo, and huge pasties, and sweetmeats, and other delicacies.

The seraphic padre did full justice to the good things set before him, and when pressed to eat more, he declared his inability to do so, but expressed a strong desire to have an apple to eat. Donna Gertrudes was in despair. It was not the season for apples. Dom Manoel expressed his sorrow.

"Oh, most holy man! so anxious am I to please you, that I would give my dear little morgado could I thus procure the apples you wish for," he exclaimed.

"I feel sure of your desire to please me, most worthy fidalgo," answered the seraphic padre. "But let me assure you that even now I smell apples. There must be some, I suspect, in yonder chest."

And, to the horror of the trembling Dercea, he pointed to the very chest in which she had concealed the dead body of the morgado.

In vain she protested that she had lost the key; that the chest, when she had last looked into it, contained no apples. The seraphic padre asserted that apples would be found therein—that apples he desired, and that apples he must have. The fidalgo, anxious to oblige the saint, and nothing doubting that what he stated would be found to be the case, ordered that the chest should be broken open. While one of the moços —the men-servants—ran to bring tools to execute his master's orders,

the miserable Dercea, seeing that her crime would be discovered, and dreading the effect which the sudden exhibition of the dreadful spectacle of the parboiled morgado would have on her beloved mistress, came trembling, and, falling down on her knees, confessed what had happened. The parents were, as well they might be, overwhelmed with grief. The lady wept and shrieked, the fidalgo wrung his hands and tore his hair. In vain the saint endeavoured to pacify them. At that moment they could not listen to the consolations which even so holy a man as he offered. Dercea, seeing that there would be no use further to delay, and that the awful moment for exhibiting the remains of the poor child, and the proof of her own neglect, must come, just as the moço returned with the chisel and hammer, produced the key.

The saint and the weeping parents, and the whole company of guests, stood round the chest, while Dercea, with trembling hand, applied the key to the lock. The lid of the chest was lifted, when, lo and behold! instead of the pallid corpse all expected to see, there sat up the smiling morgado, with the bloom of health on his cheeks, and holding in each little hand a rosy apple, which, with infinite grace as he rose to his feet, he presented to the saint. For an instant amazement seized the parents, who could not believe what their eyes beheld; but their tears and cries were quickly turned into smiles of joy and delight, and with glowing words they expressed their gratitude to the saint who had performed this wonderful miracle for their benefit.

The child became daily more engaging after this adventure, and as it had had two lives, as it were, one natural and the other miraculous, the fidalgo, who was a truly pious and religious man, considered it not only belonging to himself, but to the saint; and the apples proved not the apples of discord, but productive of a closer friendship. Thus it is that our Holy Church teaches the useful doctrine that a little harm may be done that good may come of it.

Dercea's desire to hear the saint's sermon that her soul might be benefited—of course, an important object—not that her ears might be tickled, made her commit the trifling fault of leaving her infant charge to take care of the pot boiling on the fire.

Her desire to listen to the sermon was rewarded, and her fault escaped punishment by the intervention of the seraphic padre, who was naturally pleased at the respect she had paid him.

The remembrance of this prodigy is perpetuated, for the benefit of posterity, by various paintings to be seen in numerous churches even to this day.

The History of Dom Fuas Rupinho,

and of his wonderful preservation from a cruel death by the miraculous appearance of our lady of nazareth.*

What Portuguese worthy of the proud name of a Lusitanian has not heard of the heroic deeds of the first sovereign of our ancient monarchy, Alfonso Henriquez?—how, as chaff before the wind, the vile infidels of Africa fled before his conquering blade, till one-half of his kingdom was delivered from their noxious presence? Among all his gallant followers none was braver or more devoted than a noble knight, Dom Fuas Rupinho by name, who had combated by his side in many a hard-fought field, and slain almost as many Saracens as the king himself. In consequence of his valour and sagacity, the king bestowed on him the government of the newly acquired territories to the north of Lisbon—a post, though of honour, of considerable danger, subject constantly to an inroad of the Moorish foe. However, so completely were the infidels awed by the wise measures he took and by his well-known bravery, that they seldom ventured to molest him, and thus he was enabled to indulge in the recreations of the chase, a sport to which he, as became his rank, was most particularly attached. Dom Fuas possessed a wife, Donna Florinda de Prazeres by name, a lady virtuous as she was noble, and lovely as she was good, to whom he was most devotedly attached. At the time to which we more particularly refer, he resided with her at his strongly fortified castle of Porto de Mos. The land in the neighbourhood of the castle, though wild and picturesque, was far from fertile, consisting either of pine forests and underwood, or of extensive tracts of barren sand, which abound even in the present day with game. It happened that once upon a time Dom Fuas, after bidding his wife farewell, went out hunting with a gallant train of followers of high and low degree, all habited in green and gold, the livery of his house. The horns sounded, the steeds pranced and neighed, the hounds bayed and strove to break from their leashes, as the hunting-party set forth after hearing mass and enjoying their matutinal meal, without both of which ceremonies no man of religion and sense will ever think of leaving home, the one to fortify his soul, the other his body, from the perils of the day. After destroying much game, Dom Fuas became separated from the rest of the party, and galloping onward, he arrived suddenly at a cape, or lofty headland, which extends into the ocean. Being an admirer of nature, for an instant he stood on this lofty eminence gazing on the sea which rolled beneath, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a small building a little way down between the two highest cliffs. Dismounting from his steed, he proceeded to examine it. After descending a little way, he discovered a porch of

* This legend, I have reason to believe, was paraphrased by my worthy friend Padre Manoel from that learned and veracious historian of the Portuguese monarchy, the Cistercian, Forey Bernardo de Brito; or perhaps he may have heard it read at some time or other by one of his brother monks, and not knowing the source from whence it was derived, wrote it down, by the aid of a good memory, without acknowledging to whom he was indebted.—Translator.

rough stones, which formed the entrance to a small cavern beneath the cliff. On entering, what was his astonishment to perceive an altar at the farther end, and on it an image of surpassing beauty, which he at once recognised as that of the holy Virgin Mary of Nazareth. On her head was a crown of pure gold, her face lovely as the early morn, wearing an expression of perfect innocence and modesty, while in her arms she bore the holy infant, on whom she gazed with all a mother's fondness.

Dom Fuas, mindful of his religious duties, worshipped humbly before it, and then, much refreshed in soul, returned to rejoin his companions. Though when out hunting he ofttimes returned to pay his devotions at the shrine, it must be remarked that he neglected either to appoint any holy monks to attend to it, or to improve the edifice which held the sacred image.

Now it must be known, as was afterwards discovered, that this image was of the most remote antiquity, being brought to these shores by the holy monk Cyriac from the city of Nazareth to preserve it from the furious rage of those vile heretics of the East, the Iconoclasts, long before the infidel Moors invaded the Spanish kingdom. When the King Dom Roderick, the last sovereign of the Goths, defeated and humbled, fled from the habitations of men to spend a life of penance in the wilderness, accompanied by the faithful monk Romano, he bore this image in his arms, as well as the relics of the apostles St. Bartholomew and St. Braz, carefully preserved in an ivory coffer, the which, having at length reached this spot after all his toils, he here deposited and built over them the very chapel discovered by Dom Fuas. It is not necessary here to speak of how the king discovered the cross and the tomb carved out of the hard rock, how he performed the most austere penance, how the holy monk Romano departed this life in the odour of sanctity, and how the king returned to finish his days at Visen, leaving the image and the relics for the benefit of posterity.

Several months passed away, when Dom Fuas, who by this time had almost forgotten the image, was out hunting with his companions, when he again became separated from them. It was in the year of our Lord 1182, on the 14th of the month of September, being the day on which the Church celebrates the exaltation of the Cross, which is worthy of remark. Suddenly, so thick a mist arose from the sea that the country, except for a few feet on each side, could not be seen, when it happened that the dogs put up a stag close to the feet of Dom Fuas. He immediately put spurs to his steed in the hopes of at once slaying the animal, which appeared of vast size and fleetness. Away it went like the wind, the dogs and Dom Fuas following, and no one else being near. For a league or more it flew on, Dom Fuas believing it all the time to be a real stag, which, in truth, it was not, but an evil spirit allowed to tempt him to his destruction, or else for the purpose of manifesting more clearly to the world the virtue and power of the holy image. While his horse was yet at its utmost speed, to his horror he perceived before him the edge of the cliff, and the ocean rolling many hundred palmos below him. It was impossible to turn his steed aside and check its career; in another moment he would have been dashed to pieces. The demon stag, for so it was, expecting the knight to follow to his destruction, leaped over the cliff, turning back a look of derision towards him he had betrayed. He

ejaculated a prayer to the Holy Virgin for succour. Never does she neglect her votaries. Suddenly she appeared before his steed radiant in glory, a crown of brilliant jewels on her head, her face beaming with benignity, with her holy infant in her arms—that only sure safeguard from danger. Though but two inches from the very edge of the cliff, the horse stopped with outstretched legs, as if made of stone, deeply imprinting the marks of its hoofs in the hard rock, which remain unto this day as an indubitable proof of the miracle, which no one who has seen them will venture to doubt. Dom Fuas, at once acknowledging the power which had preserved him, hurried to the shrine of Our Lady, and, prostrating himself before her, besought pardon for his former neglect, promising to repair her habitation, and make all the amends in his power.

It must be known that, all this time, Dom Fuas was not aware that he had been led into this great peril by a demon in the shape of a stag, but fancied that it had been a real stag, which, in its terror, had leapt over the cliff. Now his huntsmen became alarmed at not seeing their master, till they by chance came upon the track of his steed, which they followed up, wondering whither it had gone, for no sign or mark of a stag could they discover. At last, great was their alarm when they saw his horse standing, yet trembling, at the edge of the precipice, of course expecting to find the mangled remains of their master at the bottom. They, however, soon discovered the marks of his footsteps leading down to the chapel, following which, they greatly increased his astonishment and devotion by assuring him that no mortal stag had been seen, or had the dogs given signs of finding one.

On this, all his followers, being impressed with the magnitude of the miracle, offered up their devotions at the shrine, and then returned, highly edified, to Porto de Mos. Dom Fuas was, however, not forgetful of the favour vouchsafed to him, but forthwith collecting cunning artificers, he accompanied them back to the place where Our Lady was discovered, where, under his directions, they erected an edifice, substantial and elegant to behold, to protect the divine image from the inclemency of the seasons. The miracle being noised abroad, thither flocked multitudes of the faithful to worship, among whom came the pious sovereign, Dom Alfonso Henriquez, and his son, Dom Sancho. I must not forget to mention that the workmen, when pulling down the former altar to build the new one, discovered beneath the stones composing it a small box of ivory, containing the relics of St. Braz and St. Bartholomew, and other saints, as a parchment therein contained clearly notified, giving a full account of how and when they were brought thither. Dom Fuas lived many years the terror and scourge of the infidel Moors, being ever after as noted for his piety as he had previously been for his valour. In process of time the sacred image was removed to a chapel in the far-famed convent of Alcobaça, where, for the edification of the faithful, it may still be seen; fifty days' indulgence being granted to whoever shall say an Ava Maria before it—a pious and consoling reflection, for which our Holy Church deserves the warmest gratitude of every true Christian.

THE TOWER OF HORNS.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

THE court astrologers had announced to King Shapur, son of Ardashir, that he would lose his crown, and that he would be exposed to all the sufferings of poverty and the rigours of destiny until he should reascend the throne.

Shapur having asked them by what signs he should know when the happy moment for his restoration should have arrived, "The day when you shall eat golden bread on a table of iron," was the answer vouchsafed.

Shortly afterwards it came to pass that Shapur was expelled from his hrone, and he wandered over the plains, and in the midst of mountains, t-ll chance brought him to the village of Esfadjin, which is in the pro-t nce of Hamadan.

He entered there into the service of a farmer, and passed the day in tilling the soil, and a large portion of the night in tending the little channels of irrigation and in driving away wild beasts. At the expiration of a year his master was so pleased with his conduct, with the zeal with which he worked, and the exactitude with which he executed the orders that were given to him, that he resolved upon attaching him definitely to his service by giving him his daughter in marriage.

Shapur, however, would have nothing to say to the wife who was thus imposed upon him, and at the end of a month she carried her complaints to her father, who separated her from her husband, but still kept Shapur in his service.

Another year had elapsed, when the father proposed to him that he should marry his youngest daughter, whose beauty and amiability were generally extolled. Shapur consented, but still he kept himself aloof from her for a month. At the end of that time the father interrogated his daughter as to her relations with her husband. She replied, without hesitating, that she was the happiest of women.

Shapur was so much touched by the attachment which the young woman thus showed towards him, that he ceased to look upon her as a stranger, and in due time she bore him children.

Four years had thus elapsed, and Shapur was anxiously awaiting the time when he should reascend his throne, when a marriage was celebrated in the village, to which all the principal inhabitants were invited. Shapur's wife, who took him his food every day that he was working in the fields, was among the invited, and she forgot in the amusements of the occasion to get ready her husband's repast till the day was far advanced. Aroused suddenly to a sense of her neglect, she hurried home, and searching anxiously for whatever might be ready cooked, she could only find a kind of cake made of flour and honey, and which she carried to him.

Shapur was busy opening and closing the channels of irrigation in succession, so that each portion of the land might have its proper amount of water, and as a ditch lay between himself and his wife, he stretched forward his spade so that she might place the cake upon it. Shapur breaking the cake, saw that it was as yellow as gold, and he perceived at the same time that it had been placed for his use on an iron table. He

felt convinced that the circumstances predicted by the astrologers had at length come to pass.

Impressed with this conviction, he made himself known to his wife, related to her his past history, and then bathing himself in the river and untying the fillet that bound his hair,* he declared that the period of his trials had expired. He then went home with his wife, and opening a sack in which he had hid his crown and royal vestments, he put them on. His father-in-law, seeing him thus invested with the insignia of royalty, prostrated himself before him, and saluted him with the title of king.

Shapur then made known to his former ministers the vicissitudes which he had gone through, informed them that the circumstances which were to mark their conclusion had come about, and told them where he was, appointing a time for them to join him. He then gave a coat of mail to his father-in-law, bidding him hang it at the gate of the village, after which he was to ascend the walls and keep a careful look out.

After watching for about an hour, the peasant exclaimed:

"Sire, I perceive a large body of horsemen advancing in order over the plain."

One of the horsemen who was in advance of the others soon came up, and, perceiving the coat of mail, he got off his horse and kneeled before the monarch. He was soon joined by his companions, among whom were most of the great men of the country, and they surrounded the king and filled the air with their acclamations.

A few days after the king had been restored to his throne, and whilst he was holding a public audience, one of his courtiers asked him if he had ever experienced any moments of happiness during his exile. The prince sent for the farmer and his daughter, and introducing the latter to the courtiers, he said:

"It is to this woman that I owe whatever happiness I enjoyed. It is my will that she be treated with the same respect as myself."

Upon this the ministers and great dignitaries of the kingdom hastened to pay their respects to the king's favourite, and vied with one another as to who should load her with the richest presents—garments and precious stones, and jewels of gold and silver. But the king took all these presents and gave them to the farmer; he reserved to himself to reward the faithful companion of his poverty.

Another courtier then said to him:

"Potent monarch, what at that period was your most painful task?"

"It was," replied the king, "when I had to watch by night for the approach of wild beasts that were always roving about. I dreaded them, and yet I had to drive them away. It is my will that those who wish to be agreeable to me shall hunt them without respite, until a sufficient number of horns and hoofs shall have been collected as will suffice to raise a tower which shall perpetuate the memory of my former condition."

Every one entered with zeal upon this extermination of wild animals, and as all the horns and hoofs were brought to the king, he got together in a brief space of time a great heap of these spoils.

Shapur then gave instructions that a lofty minar or tower should be constructed of stone and mortar; that it should be fifty cubits in height

---

* The kusti or fillet of the fire-worshippers, noticed by Moore in Lalla Rookh, and seen on all Sassanian sculptures and coins.

and thirty cubits in circumference, and that all the horns and hoofs should be fastened with solid nails of iron, in symmetrical order, from the bottom to the top, so that it should appear like a tower constructed of horns.

When the work was completed, the king personally inspected it, and expressed his entire satisfaction. Then, turning to the architect, he asked him:

"Could you build a more beautiful tower than this?"

The architect replied in the affirmative.

"Have you ever built," continued the monarch, "for any one but myself a tower like it?"

"No, sire."

"Well, then," added the king, "I command that you remain for the rest of your days in this tower, so that you cannot erect another after my death."

"Sire!" exclaimed the unfortunate architect, "I pray your mercy to grant me my life; but if your majesty refuses me that favour, may you at least grant one prayer."

"What do you want?" asked the king.

"Only give orders that sufficient wood be brought to me to construct a roof, so that the birds of prey shall not tear my body to pieces when I shall have ceased to live."

Shapur conceded the wish. The architect, provided with his working tools, carved the wood into so many feathers, which he placed one upon another as they lie in the wings of a bird. The environs of the tower were at that epoch uninhabited, for a village did not exist there till a long time after. One night, when the wind was blowing with great violence, the prisoner fastened the wings to his body and cast himself out of the tower. The wind collecting under the apparatus, sustained him in the air, and deposited him safely in a distant country. It was thus that he saved his life.

The "Tower of Horns" (says Ahmed ben Muhammad ben Ishak el Hamadani, who relates this story) still exists; it has preserved its celebrity, and has been often sung by the poets of Hamadan.

Lucky it is that, as far as the story itself is concerned, it is mere fiction, or the reader would justly deduce from it that the lessons of adversity had been lost upon the Persian king. The latter part of the story, indeed, altogether spoils the first. Looked upon as a fiction, which reposes, however, on the successful reprisals of Odenat, the Arabian king of Palmyra, and husband of Zenobia, when repelling the invasions of the second monarch of the Sassanian dynasty, and the sufferings to which King Shapur was in consequence subjected, the story reflects most upon the character of a people who associate wanton and cruel caprices with their received ideas of monarchical grandeur and despotism, and adopt such in their popular tales and poems, without one word of censure or reproach.

The practice which the ancient monarchs of Persia had of raising towers of horns as hunting trophies, was transmitted to their successors. Mirkhond (Hist. Seldsch., p. 107) and Ibn el Athir (v., fol. 105) tell us, for example, that the Seljukian Sultan, Malik Shah, erected a tower of horns in commemoration of a successful hunt in the deserts of Irak, or Lower Chaldea. Chardin also noticed traditions of similar towers as existing in his time near Isfahan and Khoi.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XXI.

After resting for some hours at Catanzaro I determined to visit Tiriolo, a village nine miles distant, picturesquely situated on a declivity of the Apennines, from which I could look down on the Tuscan and Ionian seas at the same time, and from which the water flows into both seas. It was the post-road to Naples from the capital of the province, and yet the path was only intended for mules. The inhabitants of Tiriolo are a race of sturdy mountaineers, and its women were particularly striking for their Amazonian figures. Their dress adds to their masculine appearance, and I confess that I felt no inclination to do anything to excite their indignation. I met several who were carrying water on their head, and I could not but admire the magnificence of their form. They had their gown tucked up so completely behind them that it could scarcely be observed, while a piece of red cloth, employed as a petticoat, was carelessly wrapped round them, and as it opened displayed a snow-white chemise reaching to their knees. They wore neither shoes nor stockings, and from the appearance of their lower extremities I imagine that they are as great a luxury as to my own countrywomen in former times. The men were clothed in a loose mantle, and wore the conical-shaped hat which is the usual protection for the head in the south of Italy.

It is curious that we should have no account of any ancient city being placed at this spot, though many coins have been discovered; and what is more strange, a bronze tablet was found in 1640, on which is inscribed a decree of the Roman senate, B.C. 186, against a society devoted to the worship of Bacchus, which had excited their alarm from the licentious and profligate character of its devotees. This decree is alluded to by Livy (xxxix. 18), and it is surprising that a copy of it should be found in this remote part of Italy. The tablet has by some means been transferred to the Royal Museum of Vienna, where I have seen it. The position of the ancient city is considerably below the present village, and at this spot the peasants are continually picking up valuable coins and cameos. I ascended to the summit of a lofty hill behind the village, from which Mount Ætna and Stromboli can easily be distinguished when the horizon is unclouded. Though my view was not so extensive, I was amply repaid for the fatigue of the ascent. I was standing on the last of that lofty range of mountains, which, shooting out from the Alps, runs down through the centre of Italy, and here sinks abruptly nearly to a level with the sea. The plains of Maida and Catanzaro lay before me, and beyond them the mountains again rose with the same abruptness, and continued their course to the extreme point of Italy. To the north my view was confined by mountains towering one above another; to the east my eye rested on a point of land which I knew to form the promontory of Capo delle Colonne, the site of an ancient temple, which I am on my

way to visit. Through the narrow isthmus which extended below me, separating the Tuscan and Ionian seas, it has been proposed to cut a canal; but in the present unsettled state of the country no work of that importance will ever be attempted. Murat cherished this idea, and might have carried it out, if his love of war had not absorbed his thoughts.

On entering the locanda I was addressed by a gentleman who had heard of my arrival, and who was kind enough to show me a manuscript history of Tiriolo, giving a minute account of all the ancient remains that had been discovered in this vicinity. It was written by the clergyman of the parish, and was a curious instance of diligence devoted to a small subject. There is scarcely a village of Italy that does not contain a topographer, and it is amusing to observe what importance the most trivial facts assume in their descriptions. We may ascribe the number of these innocent productions to the rigid censorship of the press, and to the prohibition of every kind of publication which can act practically upon human feelings or interests. Topography and local history are subjects on which the mind may be allowed full liberty to expatiate, and may be permitted, without molestation, to communicate thoughts to the world. It is needless to say that the freedom of the press is unknown in this country, and that the information communicated by the government is of the most meagre kind.

Having fully satisfied my curiosity at Tiriolo, I hastened back to Catanzaro, and had scarcely reached my inn when one of the officers of government waited on me, to express the regret of the governor that he was unable to receive me, at the same time requesting to know in what way his authority could forward my objects. He told me that there was a museum belonging to Signor Ferraro, which might be worthy of my attention, and the governor had deputed him to introduce me. I visited the collection, and found it to consist of many coins, cameos, and other curiosities, which, however, had not been arranged.

The following are the enacting clauses of the decree of the senate, to which I have alluded, respecting the Bacchanalians, and which was found at Tiriolo:

CENSVERE . HOMINES . PLOVS . V. OINVORSEI .
VIREI . ATQUE . MVLIERES . SACRA . NE .
QVISQVAM . FECISSE . VELET . NEVE . INTER .
IBEI . VIREI . PLOVS . DVOBVS . MVLIERIBVS .
PLOVS . TRIBVS . ADFVISSE . VELET .

This morning I mounted my mule long before the dawn appeared in the east, that I might make some progress before the heat of the day became overwhelming. As the sun rose I found myself in a wood with open glades here and there, in which large herds of horses were grazing, that started away into the recesses of the wood as soon as we made our appearance. The country had little signs of cultivation, and it was not without feelings of pleasure that I perceived at some distance before me a large house, which looked somewhat like an old baronial mansion in England, though on our approach it lost considerably of its dimensions. It belonged to a family called Petrizzi, who possess a large property in this quarter; but the chief members have been obliged to leave the

country for the following reason. It appears that one of them paid his addresses to a young lady of Catanzaro, who was an object of affection to another gentleman in the same city. She was believed to feel favourably inclined to the latter, and did not seem so sensible of the honour done to her by the Petrizzi as they thought due to their rank. This was an unpardonable offence, though it did not produce, as you might have expected, an open and so far honourable collision between the two rivals. The Petrizzi waylaid their opponent, and got rid of him by the dastardly stiletto. This is one of the worst peculiarities of the Italian character, and it is difficult to imagine how it should have become so deeply rooted in the whole nation. In this case the government interfered, and two of the brothers have been obliged to leave the country.

At daybreak a few muleteers passed me on their way to Catanzaro, having panniers well filled with cheese and fruit. It is in this way it is said that they introduce smuggled goods. The cherries along this coast are the largest and most delicious I have ever tasted, and on them I made my breakfast as I jogged along. In a distance of fifteen miles there was only one locanda, which was closed, as its master was engaged reaping at a considerable distance. The water which I could procure was quite warm, and I have never suffered more from heat than in my ride to-day. The grain is already nearly all cut, and to-day I witnessed what I had not before seen, the mode which they employ to separate the grain from the stalks. They use horses for the purpose of treading it out. I saw a peasant driving eight horses round in a small circle, four abreast, and under them was spread the corn.

The thrashing-floor was a raised place in the field, open on all sides to the wind. It was covered with clay, which was very hard, and had evidently been smoothed by a roller. In fact, we had here Virgil's directions (Georg. i. 178) exactly followed out at a distance of two thousand years:

> Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,
> Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci,
> Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere victa fatiscat.
>
> And let the weighty roller run the round,
> To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
> Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
> Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.

Towards evening I saw their mode of winnowing, which was done by merely throwing up the grain against the wind, which blew away the chaff, while the heavier parts fell down. The man had a wooden spade, vanga as they call it, which is the ancient pala lignea mentioned by Cato (De Re Rust, cap. xi.), or ventilabrum. I inquired if they ever made use of a basket, and the winnower said that they did so occasionally, but it depended on the strength of the wind. They could modify the quantity thrown up more easily with a spade. This basket is the vannus of the ancients, which Virgil (Georg. i. 166) calls "mystica vannus Iacchi," the mystic basket of Bacchus. It will remind you of what Matthew (iii. 12) says: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Columella (ii. 21) alludes to the use of the vannus in cleaning corn: Ubi paleis immista

sunt frumenta, vento separentur: at si compluribus diebus undique silebit aura, vannis expurgentur.

My road lay along the coast for nearly twenty miles; at last I struck into an arid and dreary plain. A ridge of bare hills of no great height stretched away towards the promontory called Capo delle Colonne, and obstructed the view towards the sea. On the opposite side, at the distance of ten miles, rose the well-wooded mountains of the Sila. The plain through which I was passing was not wholly uncultivated: a few fields of wheat and Indian corn ripe for the sickle prove that it only required the industrious hand of man to be applied to it to cause it to be as fertile as it was in former days, when it furnished subsistence for the numerous inhabitants of Croto. I have passed to-day the dry channels of several mountain torrents, which must render the road impassable in winter, and the river Tacina, the ancient Targines, in which there was a considerable body of water. At the ford I was surprised to find a large party of women, and, as I could see no village in the vicinity, I inquired whence they came, and they pointed to a village on the hills, five miles distant. They were employed in bleaching linen, and seemed to be very merry, when I approached.

This confined plain, with scarcely a breath of wind, stretched for upwards of seven miles, when I reached a nearly perpendicular ridge, at the summit of which the small village of Cutro is placed. I was obliged to take refuge in the miserable locanda, and felt so thoroughly knocked up that I resolved to give up my intention of proceeding forward to Cotrone. A pretty fair modicum of wine, however, revived my spirits, and, after resting a couple of hours, I again proceeded on my journey. The country became better cultivated as I approached the city of Cotrone, and it was with feelings of great delight that I beheld its castle as I issued from the small valley of the Æsarus. This river, which is the scene of some of the most beautiful bucolics of Theocritus, I found to be less picturesque than I was prepared to expect, but it is curious how much our feelings influence our opinions even of external objects, and it may be that my jaded spirits made me unable to appreciate the beauties of the Æsarus.

Cotrone is a walled town, and, as I entered its gates, I was prepared to be pulled up by the sentinel; however, I passed unchallenged. It was evening, and the public square was crowded. The descendants of that Milo, whose feats of strength are among the wonders of our boyish days, stood before me. It was in vain that I looked round to discover the athletic forms and brawny muscles of former times. The stare of stolid ignorance, the look of unintelligent curiosity, were the only striking features in the character of the modern inhabitants of Cotrone. Yet nature is still unchanged; the same mountain protects its harbours from the storms of the south; the soil of the surrounding country would yield as abundant crops as it ever did in former times. To support the physical powers of the human body, nature is as lavish in her gifts as she was two thousand years ago. It is the mind that is degenerated, the intellectual powers that seem to be extinct. The walls of the city once encircled a space of twelve miles, now they scarcely form a circuit of one mile, and the inhabitants have abundant room within the precincts of the ancient fortress.

As I alighted in the public square, I seemed to be an object of curiosity

to the inhabitants, who were enjoying the cool of the evening at the door of the principal coffee-house. My muleteer discovered a house where I could be furnished with a bed, and, though it was not particularly clean, I had little doubt that I should sleep soundly. As I had no letter to any of the inhabitants of Cotrone, my first object was to secure myself against the annoyance of the police, who are far more troublesome in my eyes than the brigands, and I thought it my wisest plan, though much tired, to present myself before the chief magistrate of the city. This person, I found, was called Baron Brancaccio, and from his rank I imagined that I should find gentlemanlike behaviour. The entrance to his house did not prepossess me in favour of its interior. The weighty cares of office seemed so entirely to have absorbed the attention of his excellency, that his external senses were not alive to the nauseous odours that arose from his court-yard. Having found a servant at the entrance, whose face and hands might well have vied with any sweep in London, busily employed in preparing supper, I requested that my passport might be presented to the magistrate. After waiting some time in a ruined ante-chamber, I was somewhat amused to see a little consequential fellow, dressed in a very puppyish manner, protrude his head from an inner chamber, and say, "Cosa volete?" meaning, in our language, "What the devil do you want?" This unceremonious address and insolent tone, of course, excited in me an unwillingness to show any more deference to him than was required by a regard to my own self-respect. I stated briefly that, being a stranger, I had imagined that it was necessary for me to show my passport to the chief magistrate of the village (not caring to dignify Cotrone as a town) where I passed the night, and I had, therefore, waited on him. Besides, I had reason to believe that the country was not always quite safe for travellers, and I had always found the magistrates in every part of Italy ready to throw the shield of their protection over me, and to point out in what direction I could best avoid dangers. He told me that he had nothing to do with my passport, and addressed me in a most discourteous tone. As I neither cared for nor feared him, I concluded the interview by saying that I had expected that he would have treated me, as an unprotected stranger from a distant land, with at least common civility, and that he was the first magistrate, in the station which he held, from whom I had not received assistance and kindness. His master, the royal governor of the province, had deputed one of his officers to wait on me to inquire in what way he could forward my views, and I had, consequently, little expected this treatment from the sotto intendente of Cotrone. The little fellow seemed bursting with indignation, but as I kept my temper, and said nothing that was not strictly true, I was safe from the exertion of his authority. I have no doubt that he was more annoyed from the circumstance of our interview taking place in presence of his servant, whom I observed to be grinning in the corner. It was scarcely worth taking notice of this adventure, except to show the various annoyances to which a traveller is subject in this remote part of Italy.

On returning to my hostess, I found that I must forage for myself, and proceeded to the Giglio d'Oro. The shades of evening had already set in when I entered the eating-house, a low-roofed chamber, the gloom of which was only heightened by a few glimmering lamps. I stopped an instant on the threshold, and threw a hurried glance over the inmates of

the apartment. It was furnished with several long benches of the rudest construction, and the tables consisted of a single plank supported by four pieces of wood, from which the bark had not been stripped. In one corner sat a sailor supping on a dish of salad, not apparently of the most inviting sort, and throwing many a wistful eye on a flask of wine which he had just emptied. In another part of the chamber lay a peasant of the lowest class, who rose as I entered, and paid his bill with four grani, or twopence English. The landlady offered me maccaroni and treglia, a kind of fish plentiful on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and if she and her cooking utensils had been a little more cleanly, I should have found little fault with her supper. The wine was detestable, and yet what could be expected, as my whole expenses only amounted to eightpence.

Cotrone is the site of the ancient Croto, one of the most celebrated of the republics of Magna Græcia, founded as early as B.C. 710, and flourishing for five hundred years. It was the residence of Pythagoras and of many of his most distinguished disciples, being indebted to the principles and doctrines inculcated by them for much of the eminence to which it rose. Its youth was remarkable for that robustness of frame which is requisite to ensure success in athletic exercises, and it was a common saying that the least able of the wrestlers of Croto was superior to the first of the other Greeks. The conquest of Sybaris was a brilliant epoch in its history, but from this period the inhabitants became enervated by luxury and love of pleasure. The city extended on both sides of the river Æsarus, of which not a vestige can now be seen in that direction. Time has obliterated every trace, and I found vineyards and corn-fields where lofty buildings once stood. It is said the harbour which now exists was formed of the stones of old buildings, and this is by no means improbable, though the stones are small and have no appearance of having been used for any other purpose. The old harbour is supposed to have been at the mouth of the Æsarus, and the present town is thought to have been the ancient fortress of Croto. About six miles from Croto, on the promontory of Lacinium, stood a temple of Juno, which was scarcely inferior in celebrity to the city for the magnificence of its decorations, and the veneration with which it was regarded.

At daybreak I issued from the gate of Cotrone to visit the ruins of this temple, situated on the promontory, now called Capo delle Colonne, from the pillars that once adorned it, but which have all disappeared except one. It is mentioned by many of the Greek and Latin poets:

> Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti
> Cernitur. Attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
> Caulonisque arces, et navifragum Scylaceum.
>
> VIRG. *Æn.* iii. 551.

> From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
> For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true,
> Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
> Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands
> For shipwrecks fear'd.

I passed along a barren, uninhabited coast, and as I approached the point the hills gradually became less high, till they at last entirely disappeared, and a level plain of about a mile in extent lay before me. A single column rose in the distance, a monument of distant ages, the connecting

link between the past and the present. The grove of pines and the gloomy forest, which gave solemnity to the imposing ceremonies of a false religion, and filled with awe the minds of a superstitious people, had yielded to the effects of time. A few stunted cedars and some low brushwood were all that now remained in the immediate vicinity of the promontory. There was nothing but this solitary column to remind me that I was approaching a spot rich in historical recollections. One or two ill-constructed houses, the summer residence of some of the more opulent inhabitants of Cotrone, and a ruined watch-tower, were the only indications of human existence. There was also a small chapel, dedicated to the worship of the Madonna del Capo, who now occupies the place of the pagan goddess. The painting of the Madonna was exhibited to me with much reverence by an old man, to whom the care of the chapel is entrusted. I thought of the famous Helen painted by Zeuxis which had once adorned the temple of Juno, and sighed to think that the Virgin Mary was represented by such a daub.

The painter was allowed to select as his models five of the most beautiful virgins of Croton. To this circumstance Ariosto (xi. 71) refers :

E, se fosse costei stata a Crotone,
Quando Zeusi l'immagine far volse,
Che por dovea nel Tempio di Giunone,
E tante belle nude insieme accolse ;
E che per una farne in perfezione,
Da chi una parte, e da chi un' altra tolse,
Non avea da torre altra che costei ;
Che tutte le bellezze erano in lei.

Or in Crotona dwelt, where the divine
Zeuxis in days of old his work projected,
To be the ornament of Juno's shrine,
And hence so many naked dames collected ;
And in one form perfection to combine,
Some separate charm from this or that selected,
He from no other model need have wrought,
Since joined in her were all the charms he sought.

I was only a few days too late to witness the celebration of the festival of the Madonna, which is observed with great ceremony by the inhabitants of Cotrone, and at which a fair is held on the plain. This is a custom handed down from time immemorial, as we know that Juno was honoured in the same way, though with still greater magnificence, as the inhabitants of all the great cities on the coast assembled for this purpose.

I did not hear that the Madonna had continued the miracle of her predecessor, Juno, which is mentioned by Livy (xxiv. 3) : Fama est, aram esse in vestibulo templi, cujus cinerem nullus unquam moveat ventus. "There is a report that there is an altar in the porch of the temple, the ashes of which can be blown away by no wind." The temple stood on the extreme point of a narrow tongue of land, where the view must have been confined to the clear blue sky above, and to the darkly rolling ocean beneath. The castellated towers of Croto and the lofty mountains of the Sila were objects of interest, but their beauty was lost in the distance.

Far off, near Cape Rizzuto, a rocky islet was visible to the south, which is believed to represent Ogygia, the island of Calypso, so beautifully described by Homer. I could have wished to visit it; there was no boat, however, at my command. A few yards below the lofty column the waves dashed lazily against the rock, which for ages had withstood their ceaseless roar, and now was cut into a thousand fantastic shapes. The founders of this temple seem to have built for eternity, so massive are the stones of its foundation. On one side, which is most perfect, five rows of stones, ten feet in length, had supported this magnificent edifice. Above this a thick wall of brick, no doubt of a later date, had been raised, the unbroken masses of which lie in various directions. Towards the sea a portion continues still entire, and reaches a height of nearly thirty feet. The column, which seems to be about thirty feet in height, and which gives name to the cape, is of the Doric order, being fluted and broader at the base than at the capital. It is supported on a pediment of four rows of stones, placed on each other without mortar. The length of the temple on the western side, which is most perfect, is upwards of four hundred feet. Scarcely any attempt has been made to clear away the earth, so that the true dimensions cannot exactly be made out. It was impossible to wander amidst its ruins and reflect on its ancient grandeur without recalling to recollection the names of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. Polybius (iii. 33, 56) tells us that the most interesting monument the temple possessed was an altar, on which the Carthaginian general had inscribed, in Punic characters, a brief account of his various exploits. At no great distance I looked on three capes, Japygum tria promontoria, now known by the names, Capo delle Castelle, Capo Rizzuto, and Capo della Nau.

On my return to Cotrone I visited the harbour, which contained only a few boats and feluccas; nor could any vessel of a large size enter from the accumulation of sand at its mouth. I then strolled through the streets, and found the houses small and dirty. I attempted to enter the castle, within which there is said to be several ancient inscriptions. This, however, was a vain attempt, as the sentinel stepped forward and said that I could not advance without the permission of his commanding officer. As he was confined by sickness, I was unable to satisfy my curiosity, and retired to my lodgings, where I meant to remain for the rest of the day to recover from my fatigue. Here, however, an enemy attacked me in a way that made me speedily evacuate Cotrone. I found my room possessed by legions of flies, brought out by the mid-day sun, and I could invent no method by which I could obtain a moment's rest. I found that it was one of the peculiar plagues of Cotrone at this period of the year, and to me they were far more annoying than the mosquito—no very agreeable companion, I can assure you. This attack determined me at once to leave Cotrone, and proceed forward to Strongoli, which was at least twelve miles distant. I was on the point of mounting a mule, when the head police-officer presented himself, warned no doubt by some of his myrmidons that I was on the point of taking my departure. His civility contrasted strongly with the insolence of his superior, and I had no difficulty in satisfying him that my passport was correct. I was glad to learn from him that I ran no danger in proceeding to Strongoli, and, mounting without further delay, I issued from the walls of Cotrone.

I passed several bands of reapers, who attacked my muleteer with

volleys of clownish raillery, the wit of which I am sorry I was unable to understand. It was answered with great good humour, and a quick succession of sarcastic repartee passed between them as long as we continued in sight. This is the same custom to which Horace (Sat. i. 7, 28) refers to as prevailing among the vine-dressers of Italy in these early times:

> Tum Prænestinus salso multoque fluenti
> Expressa arbusto regerit convicia, durus
> Vindemiator, et invictus; cui sæpe viator
> Cessisset, magnâ compellans voce cucullum.
>
> A vine-dresser he was, of rustic tone,
> Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own
> Invincible; with clamorous voice opprest,
> When Cuckow, cuckow, was the standing jest.

The language of these reapers sounded strange to me; and, indeed, in this part of Italy it is curious to observe the varieties of dialect and even distinct languages that are spoken. The fisherman implores the aid of San Niccolo, and addresses his favourite Madonna in language little understood by the bold brigand, who swears by Santo Diavolo, and demands your purse in the jargon of his lawless companions. To-day you stumble upon an Albanian peasant, and again a few hours' ride places you among a colony of modern Greeks. The cause of all this variety of dialect and language may in a great measure be attributed to the difficulty of communication, and the little intercourse that exists between villages only a few miles distant. Unless urgent business draw them from their native valley, they live and die without seeming to dream that the world is larger than the little space bounded by their own horizon. The regulations of the police throw difficulties in the way of locomotion, as it is necessary to receive permission from the magistrate, and also from the police, to sleep a single night away from their village. Only imagine the annoyance, if you could not visit your country residence for a night without applying to the superintendent of police in Liverpool, and yet this is exactly what the inhabitants here must do. They are, of course, obliged to pay for this permission, and as they are not rich, they will not move from their house without a sufficient cause. They are frightened also by the dangers they imagine they must encounter. Their fears are proportioned to their ignorance. Before they depart, prayers are offered up in their village church, and the Madonna is always sure of a votive offering to ensure their safe return.

The coast along which I passed exhibited the same uncultivated appearance as yesterday, having large salt-pools here and there; and, after having struck into the interior for five or six miles, I reached the largest river I had yet seen, called Neto, the ancient Neæthus. It was navigable in the time of Strabo for several miles, but its mouth has long been barred by sand-banks. I crossed it without much difficulty, with my muleteer behind me, though in winter it would require a boat to pass it in safety. In the interior the hills rose to some height, and this was the Mons Clibanus of Pliny, where Siberena was situated, now S. Severina. Here, too, was Mons Physeus, spoken of by Theocritus in conjunction with the Neæthus. I inquired about the wines of this quarter, as Pliny (xiv. 8, 9) alludes to them under the name of Sebe-

riniana; what I tasted, however, could not be commended. Strongoli now began to appear at some distance on the summit of a hill, and I rejoiced to think that my day's labour was drawing to an end, though I was ignorant as to my night's lodgings. The day was fast coming to a close as I ascended the steep hill on which Strongoli is situated, clinging with difficulty to the uncomfortable saddle of my mule. I entered a half-ruined village, and proceeded at once to the house of the judge to procure me shelter for the night. His daughters invited me to enter, while they despatched a messenger for their father. I was shown into a small but neat apartment, where I found three handsome girls, assisting each other at their toilette, who seemed not in the least disconcerted by my intrusion. Their manners were simple and pleasing; their father requested me to accept a bed in his house, and when I hesitated, from an unwillingness to intrude upon him, the young ladies joined with such evident good will in urging the request, that I could not refuse. They have spent the greater part of their life in Naples, and they consider their residence here to be a kind of exile. How strongly contrasted is my reception here to what met me last night in Cotrone!

As I found that there were some remains of antiquity in the vicinity of the village, I proceeded at once to visit them. The village itself presents nothing remarkable, having never recovered from the severe treatment it had received from the Turks. It is supposed to be the site of Petilia, dating its origin from the time of the Trojan war, if geographers can be believed, but it is chiefly remarkable for the long and obstinate resistance it made to Hannibal in the second Punic war. Philoctetes is said to have been its founder, and, as a proof of this, the inhabitants of Strongoli point out the ruins of an ancient edifice, and call it the Temple of Philoctetes. Here they are constantly discovering coins, bronze figures, and terra-cotta lamps. Near their cathedral, which is large and handsome, lie several fragments of pillars of cipollino marble, with some sepulchral inscriptions, that have been already copied; one of them is curious, as it records the will of a citizen, who leaves to the Augustal college of Petilia a sum of money and a vineyard. In this will we have the candelabra of the Romish Church anticipated, for the sum of money is directed to be laid out in the purchase of certain candelabra holding two lights, which are to be used at a particular public festival, at the celebration of which the wine produced by the said vineyard, called Cædicium, is to be drunk.

One of the respectable inhabitants is in the possession of a considerable collection of valuable coins; there was one beautiful medallion that arrested my attention more particularly, but it looked so new, that I suspected it to be of modern date. On one side is a warrior in the act of offering incense on an altar, with an ancient galley in the distance. The inscription is in well-formed letters:

EXSOLVVNT GRATES CAESAR ET IMPERIVM.

On the reverse is a warrior seated on the banks of a stream, with some buildings in the distance, and the inscription,

HAC TANDEM MARS AD THERMAS ABLVISSEM.

I was now invited to join a party who had assembled at their usual

rendezvous in the public square, at the door of the principal and only shop of the village. Here they discuss the various transactions of the day, and the appearance of a stranger among them was of course an event of no common occurrence. Many years had passed since any one had visited their village, and the objects of my journey did not appear in their eyes of sufficient importance to justify my having exposed myself to the dangers I must have encountered. This is a very general feeling among them, and is always likely to exist among a people who are chained to the spot where they are born. I inquired if their immediate neighbourhood was infested by robbers, and if they were afraid of riding unarmed to visit their property; but they allowed that all was quiet around them.

The evening was now far advanced, and I proposed to my host that we should return to our fair friends. I found an excellent supper prepared, and a few of the inhabitants invited to meet me. The sparkling eyes, however, of the younger sister proved the most attractive object of the company, and induced me to prolong our social meeting to the "wee hours ahint the twal'." They gave me a pressing invitation to spend at least part of the following day with them; there are many reasons, however, why I must press forward.

"A WIFE AND NOT A WIFE."*

THE object which Mr. Cyrus Redding has had in view in this novel is to expose the evils, and by so doing denounce the atrocity, of a law passed in the time of George II. (19 Geo. II. c. 13), and still in vogue, or at all events not repealed, in Ireland, by which it is enacted that if a Catholic couple are married by their priest, and the man within one year declare himself a Protestant, the marriage shall be void; or a Protestant may, by assuming to be a Catholic, obtain a woman for his wife whom it is in his power to throw off within a year's time, and abandon to the worst of miseries.

The parties whom Mr. Cyrus Redding has selected for rogue and victim move in good society. Captain Fitzwalter was quartered in Ireland at the period of the rebellion of '98. He had with him a wife and daughter, the latter a lovely girl of nineteen, who was provided for, at her mother's decease, by some thousands in the funds. An unprincipled roué in the garrison, one Captain O'Brien, woos and wins the fair maiden for his own selfish purposes. The mother, with the penetration peculiar to women, at once dreads and dislikes the man, but he makes himself boon companion with the father, and imbibes in his company that

---

* A Wife and not a Wife. A Novel. By Cyrus Redding. Three Volumes. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

brandied mixture which is Mr. Redding's particular aversion (and Mr. Redding has, as is well known, treated learnedly and at length upon the subject of wines), and which is known as port. The captain, further, neglected no art that a man who knew both the female heart and the world alike would leave unperformed to attach Mary Fitzwalter to himself. The girl, young and unsuspicious, was flattered by the attentions of one of the handsomest men of the garrison, and the first attachment of a warm-hearted girl is not likely to be inanimate. The father also looked upon O'Brien as a good match for his daughter, and thus the mother's tearful apprehensions were disregarded, and the parties were duly married. The captain, who was a ruined man when he married Mary Fitzwalter, and who married her, in fact, to meet his numerous liabilities, was disappointed in the smallness of her fortune, and he was not long in upbraiding her with the circumstance, and letting her know that it was not from affection that he had married her, but from the expectation of a fortune. The shock was severe, and, to increase its effect, it was evident that the young and loving wife was enceinte. She had no course left open to her but to lay her case before her friends, but the censure of the profligacy and barbarity of the captain by Mary's parents only enraged him the more. He soon scarcely spoke to his wife at all, occupied a separate room, and behaved more like a bear, his natural character, than a man. Not satisfied with this, he set to work to discover some means by which he could free himself from the marriage obligation, in order that he might contract a new bond more advantageous in a pecuniary sense, and thus cast his wife a desolate and ruined woman upon the world. To do this he had nothing but to declare himself to be of a different faith, and the marriage ceremony became null and void. Mary Fitzwalter became thus at the onset of life "a wife and not a wife." She had but one brother, and she went over to him at Tunbridge, and removed thence at her own request to London, having, as was very natural under the circumstances, a strong desire that her accouchement should be concealed.

Mr. Cyrus Redding is far too experienced, too accomplished, and too veteran a novelist to treat the subject as we have done. The story opens with the birth of Constance, the true heroine of the novel, and we learn the particulars of the mystery that veils her appearance in this world of trials only some time afterwards. The scene is laid at the home of a London general practitioner, a man wrapt up in his profession, and yet with an intellect ready for any emergency, and a heart open to the most humane and generous impulses. The description of the home and habits of such a man is true to life, and could have only been sketched from practical experience. Mrs. Aliquot, who is always complaining that she leads a miserable life, never goes anywhere, has so dull a time of it, and that the busy doctor will by his neglect be the death of her, is, we fear, a not uncommon specimen of the middle-aged wife in certain circles. Jonas, the assistant, a worthy young man, diligent and persevering in his business, with much professional acuteness, but who, apart from his profession, is one of the most simple-hearted beings in existence, with the smallest possible knowledge of the multitudinous world and its ways, is another well-depicted character. Jonas was evidently designed to be

the dupe and the victim of some more designing man, and such is his unfortunate fate.

The Fitzwalters settle after their Irish mischance in a rural neighbourhood not far from London. They move in good but mixed society, such as is inevitable in the neighbourhood of London; and the shifts and struggles of the rich but vulgar tradespeople to keep up their position with the aristocracy of the place, snubbing at the same time their poor but educated superiors, are admirably sketched. It is not for us to follow out the fortunes of Constance, as therein lies the gist of the story; suffice it that she lives to be what our author terms "a solitary of her sex," and to exhibit an unforeseen success over a piece of abominable and flagitious legislation. It is in the life-like portraits with which the work teems that this novel really excels, and which also constitute its chief claims to popularity. They extend to all spheres, from the aristocratic Levertons to the vulgar parvenus Sir Watty and Lady Spangle; from the desperate fortunes of a Wilkins to the low career of a Mrs. Rivers and her son. The ordinary life of London and its suburbs is depicted by one intimate with its various phases. There may be nothing of what is now-a-days termed "sensational" in such a work—prone, indeed, sometimes to rather dry philosophical disquisitions—but there are what is much better—sketches true to life and true to nature. Many schools of novel-writing have had their day, and so also have they passed away. The incidents and the ordinary dialogues of the modern sensational school are by no means always true to life, yet in fiction, as in other branches of art, skill and genius may combine many natural beauties, and display them to the greatest perfection, but they never can surpass nature. Such a school will have its day, like others that have gone before it. If an artist were to persevere in depicting exaggerated representations of shapes that never occur in fact, whatever might be his genius his success would be evanescent; so it must be with the novelist, with whom truth and verisimilitude are everything. A temporary reputation may be gained at their expense, and all kinds of extraordinary and unnatural scenes and events may be conjured up to win a moment's popularity. But such will never be lasting; truth to nature cannot be sacrificed with impunity. People will always return to the "Castalian fount," and it is these qualities which constitute "A Wife and not a Wife" one of those novels which we venture to predict will last beyond the hour.

THE WREATH OF VICTORY.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

It was late in the evening as an aged knight slowly descended the steep side of a high mountain in the Hartz. His name was Leuthold, and he had formerly held possession of all the surrounding country, but a powerful noble had seized his land, and now occupied the ancient stronghold of his ancestors, to gaze on which the venerable Leuthold every evening ascended this woody height, and, until sunset, his eyes were fixed on its lofty towers. Then he would return to the valley, where he was permitted to live unmolested; the count considered him powerless and inoffensive, for his only son, an impetuous and light-hearted soldier, had fallen in defence of the home of his fathers.

On his way, the old baron always passed a chapel which he had erected in better times, and which now contained the tomb of the brave knight who had been slain in the flower of his youth, and the father would kneel before the door of the lowly building, and offer up a prayer for the soul's rest of his beloved Sigebald. This he now did, according to his wont. When he arose, he cast a longing look through the window, but he could not see the tomb, for that was placed in a recess behind the altar, and the key of the chapel had been cast by the bereaved parent, in the wildness of grief at the conclusion of the funeral rites, into the angry and flooded waters of the Bude.

Many a time did he now repent of this, for he was too poor to cause such a key to be made as would open the lock, which was of rare and skilful workmanship, and therefore he, and his faithful wife and his niece Diotwina, who had been betrothed to Sigebald, were shut out from the dear remains of him who had been their pride and joy. Never had he so ardently longed to visit the tomb as on this evening. In deep sadness he stood gazing at the door; he almost besought it to yield, and half fancied he should see it give way; but it remained firm and immovable—he could hardly even move the rusty latch.

The old man lingered long by the burial-place of his son; then his eyes filled with tears, and shaking his head at his own folly, he sadly took the path which led to his cottage.

His wife awaited him at their frugal evening meal.

"Where is Diotwina?" he inquired.

"In her chamber," replied Hildegarda. "This is the anniversary of her betrothal with Sigebald, and that day, you know, she has vowed ever to pass in fasting and solitude."

Leuthold sighed deeply, and for a time was silent; then he began again. "How much money have we now?"

"Nearly a crown, but not quite," answered his wife.

"And the locksmith asked for the key?"

"Three crowns."

"The old man sighed again, and looked wistfully round the room.

"No," said Hildegarda, "there is nothing left for us to sell now, except that; the smith said he would readily give two crowns for it."

"You mean that up there?" said her husband, glancing towards his trusty sword.

"I do."

But he arose in anger, exclaiming, "Heaven forbid! I shall indeed use the old weapon little more in this world, but honourably shall it be laid on my coffin. My sainted son himself would scarce forgive me were I to part with the ancient blade!"

The mother began to weep in silence, for she remembered how often her slain son, as a lovely joyous boy, had played with that sword, and lisped of future victories. And both became still and silent. They extinguished their light, and retired to rest.

About midnight the old baron heard a strange shouting and tumult sound through the glen, and, from a mountain height, a glow, like that of a brilliant flame, shone in at the window of their little chamber. He would have arisen to look, but Hildegarda said,

"Remain still, husband! I have heard that for some time, and have been praying silently; it is, doubtless, some great march of the phantom host."

"Here," said Leuthold, "in the forest, I have often heard the wild huntsman careering madly through the midnight air above me, but this is very different."

"It must then be some other work of enchantment," said his wife; "who can tell what may be doing up there on the Brocken? I beseech you keep quiet, and do not let rash thoughts enter your mind."

He yielded, and softly repeated a prayer.

After a while, however, he said: "Wife, some one passed the window on horseback just now, exactly as our Sigebald used to ride."

She trembled, and besought him in a whisper to be silent. But, by-and-by, he went on: "Do you not hear as if some one shouted from the mountains, 'Charge! down with the traitors!' The night-wind carried away the sound; but that was Sigebald's cry just before he fell."

"Unless you wish to kill me, or drive me mad with fear and anguish," said Hildegarda, "do not continue to speak so."

The old man was silent, and suppressed the strange thoughts that crowded into his mind. The marvellous tumult had ceased, or rather passed away into other valleys, and towards morning the two old people fell asleep.

When the clear light of dawn rose over the mountains, Hildegarda sat already at her wheel; the old baron was going forth to his little garden with axe and spade, when he turned and said:

"After all, it is very strange! When once the mysteries and phantoms of the night have possessed themselves of a man's brain, it never rests again. Now have I been dreaming till daybreak of the harvest-feasts as they were wont to be in better days at home."

"Strange indeed!" interrupted his wife. "I have dreamt of the very same! The peasants were crowding into the castle court carrying their scythes, their wives and daughters with rakes all adorned with gay ribbons. The harvest-wreath glanced in the light of the clear summer day; and, ah! there was my dear, dear child as in the days of his boyhood, and he was all entwined with wreaths of the blue corn-flower, a garland like a bridegroom's on his head, and a large red flower at his breast; and well I knew what that red flower meant!"

She bent her head sorrowfully, and Leuthold, to lead her thoughts from the death-wound of her only son, said:

"The singing was the strangest part of it. I heard the hymn the people used to sing then, even when I awoke, and at this moment I could fancy I heard it sounding over the woody heights and drawing nearer. Yes, as I now open the door, I certainly seem to hear it more distinctly."

The wife observed it too, and arose in silent astonishment, that with her husband she might go out to listen to the unusual sound, feeling bold under the influence of the bright morning sun, in which the leaves of the dewy grass were now glistening—bolder still as the holy character of the song became more and more distinct. It was accompanied by the notes of tabor and pipe.

As the aged pair stepped out before the door, a number of country-people were seen approaching through the beech-trees, green garlands on their brows, and scythes in their hands. Some, however, carried drawn swords and spears.

"Ah me!" said Hildegarde, "this is not harvest-time. And where can they be going in such triumph? Look how the red light gleams on their scythes!"

"Hum! they have been about no common reaping," muttered the baron, for he knew the red tint on the naked blades too well to mistake it, as his wife did, for that of the dawn.

Meantime, the peasants had formed a half-circle round the venerable old people, and as they concluded the hymn, Diotwina advanced from the midst of their elevated weapons, and, with a beaming look, approached the wondering pair, saying:

"'They who go early to prayer meet with a blessing!' These brave men met me on the outskirts of the forest, and desire that from my lips you should hear that they have fought for and recovered your castle. The land is free, the oppressor slain!"

The old man gazed around as though the dreams of the night had returned on his waking senses. Then the eldest among the armed peasants, grey-haired, like his lord, drew near, and gently taking the axe and spade from his hand, he presented to him an ancient silver staff, inlaid with gold, which for generations untold had been borne by Leuthold's ancestors, and which, with all the sacred rights of the family, had now been regained. With shouts the men repeated in chorus Diotwina's words: "The land is free, the oppressor slain!" and clashed their weapons cheerily together.

"It is all true," said the old countryman. "Your nephew, Rudolph, has returned home from the crusade, my noble lord, and he has worked all these wonders since yesterday evening. He must have known well how earnestly we sighed for the restoration of our ancient rulers, for he commanded us to arm ourselves in your cause as though we had long been engaged and eager to do so, and so even the most irresolute believed it impossible to act otherwise. Then the alarm-bells were rung, the beacon-fires blazed on the mountains, and hastily assembling, we were marshalled by the young hero, and, animated by his words, we rushed through the valleys, putting the vassals of the count to flight in every direction. At last we stormed the castle, and the usurper, in despair, fell by his own sword. Our victorious young leader conducted us to within

a short distance of this place, and then galloped back to the castle, in order, no doubt, to prepare for your reception there. If you will now permit us to escort you thither, we have brought three well-trained and gentle steeds from your own stables to bear you and the noble Lady Hildegarda and the fair Lady Diotwina to your ancestral home."

With outspread arms the old baron blessed his brave and loyal people; the horses were led up and mounted, and the procession moved in triumph along the way to the ancient stronghold. The aged peasant kept close to the baron's side, and recounted the events of the night, and especially the wonderful deeds achieved by Rudolph. Leuthold listened with increasing joy and admiration to these details, which proved the magnanimity, the military skill, and the heroic courage of his nephew, till his noble heart so overflowed with grateful enthusiasm, that he exclaimed aloud, in the hearing of the people:

"I swear by my knightly honour that I will bestow on our gallant deliverer what I hold dearest on earth, and that is my charming niece, Diotwina. Let her be betrothed to him in the sight of God and man."

He lifted his right hand to heaven in attestation of his oath. The procession paused to gaze on the excited countenance of the old nobleman, but Hildegarda grew deadly pale, and at last she stammered:

"Husband—husband! what have you done? Look round and see where we stand. There is the chapel, within which sleeps our only son, and well you know that, when he fell, Diotwina solemnly vowed that as the affianced bride of our Sigebald she would live and die. Which oath must now be broken—hers or yours?"

The baron's hand sank sadly down, and he sighed.

"Thus it is! Heaven bestows the choicest blessings, and man in his wilful and unbridled exultation turns them to his ruin."

The people looked in alarm and sorrow on their troubled lord. With an angel's smile, Diotwina opened her lovely lips, and said:

"Father and mother, do not grieve. I believe our vows are not so contrary to one another as you fear." And, turning to the old countryman, she continued: "How do you know that your leader last night was none other than Rudolph?"

"Who else could it have been, noble lady?" he replied. "He wore the badges of my lord's house, his crest, and shield, and scarf! His bearing and speech, and manner of riding, were all those of the family, and as his steed plunged through the ranks of the enemy, he shouted with the fierce and glorious voice of a warrior the battle-cry of your race. Yes, and he repeatedly told us we fought under the command of a scion of the ancient stem. Who else could that be but young Sir Rudolph? His face, indeed, was seen by none, for he wore his vizor down."

"Then let me relate what happened to me last night," said Diotwina, with elevated voice and earnest solemnity in her manner, "and hear me attentively, for I speak the words of simple truth as beseems a maiden to speak. I stood at my chamber window by a fair blooming myrtle-tree, and I watered it with pure spring water mingled with my falling tears, for I had reared that myrtle-tree in happy days gone by, and its blossoms were to have been my bridal wreath. It was now in full beauty, but the joy it was intended to enhance had withered away for ever. A noise at the door of my chamber roused me from thoughts like these. I could

plainly hear that a light but armed tread ascended the stairs, and knowing that my father and mother had long been asleep, also that the night was far advanced, a thrill of fear passed over me. The door half opened, and a mailed hand held towards me the scarf I once embroidered for my bridegroom, and which was laid in his coffin, and then Sigebald's voice said:

"'It is I. May I enter without causing thee deadly terror?'

"'In God's name!' cried I, trembling with fear and ardent tenderness.

"Slowly and solemnly the pale warrior entered. His vizor was open, and well I knew the beloved features, though I lacked courage to gaze upon them, and therefore I cannot tell whether his eyes were fixed and hollow, like those of death, or mildly beaming as of yore.

"'Wilt thou yet wear that myrtle on thy bridal day?' asked he, gently.

"I shook my head.

"'Wilt thou, indeed, never wear it?'

"Again I shook my head.

"'Ah!' whispered he, in the tender, winning tone of entreaty I remembered so well—'ah! twine me, then, a wreath of victory, sweet bride; for see, I am permitted to fulfil the work of vengeance and deliverance in this pale form of clay, and when it lies down again in the tomb the wreath of victory will be there.'

"I twined and twined, and soon wove a fair garland of the myrtle. My bridegroom stood in silence at the door. When I had completed it, he bent his knee; I placed the wreath on his helmet, and, as he departed, he said:

"'Do not tremble, sweet lady, even when the din of war sweeps through the valleys. God has given the victory into my hand.'

"And he took leave with such gentle grace that all my uneasiness vanished, and I smiled on him as formerly when he left me for some gay tournament. Only as I saw him dart away through the darkness on his white horse with such strange aërial swiftness a shudder came over me again.

"Now, dear parents and faithful friends, you know who has been your deliverer; and if you will, as I entreat you, open the chapel and the tomb, I doubt not that the myrtle-wreath on my bridegroom's helm will convince you of the truth of my words."

In silence and doubt they looked one on another. To many, indeed, the thought occurred that the mind of the gentle Diotwina had been disordered by the strange events of the night, added to some frightful dream; but this idea could not be maintained when it was recollected with what an air of composure and peace she had advanced from the cottage to meet them.

And, in fact, the peasants called to mind that, after they were all assembled, their leader had left them for a short time, and wore, when he returned, a beautiful wreath on his helmet.

And so, according to Diotwina's request, the chapel door was burst open, and Hildegarda's unwillingness thus rudely to bring to light the loved remains of her son was overcome by the promise of the people to keep watch over the place until the door and lock should be skilfully re-

placed. But now, when the tomb itself powerfully resisted their efforts, the weight of stern reality seemed to crush in every heart the belief in the apparition. Diotwina alone awaited in smiling confidence the confirmation of her story.

The stone covering moved away, and there lay the youthful hero in complete armour; his vizor was open, a smile rested on his pale features, the crown of victory woven from the myrtle-wreath of his affianced bride encircled his helmet. Then all the people fell on their knees, thanking and praising God.

And the vows of Diotwina and her uncle were both fulfilled. She remained the faithful bride of Sigebald until her death, dwelling in a little cell near his chapel; and when Sir Rudolph, after many years, did really return from Palestine, and entered upon the inheritance bequeathed to him by the old baron, he built there a noble convent, under the protection of which Sigebald's chapel was regarded with trembling veneration, and long continued to be the resort of many pilgrims.

KEEP OUR MEMORIES GREEN, O TIME!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Keep our memories green, O Time!
  Fadeless, unimpair'd, and pure,
Whether joyous be their chime,
  Or grave thoughts the heart allure.
Better that a dream should move us,
  Mingled with regret or woe,
Than forget the friends who love us,
  O'er the lot we shared below.

Keep our memories green, O Time!
  Soften'd as thy touch is hoar;
Sweeter, lovelier, in their prime
  Than in pleasant days of yore.
Age with faltering step may greet us,
  Ties be frail on which we lean;
Still, O Time! whatever meets us,
  Keep, O keep our memories green!

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XVI.

How dreary the house looked when the lonely girl re-entered it! How strange it was that so much of life and animation should appear to have fled with a cross old woman! Yet, nevertheless, such was the case to the young, beautiful, gifted creature who remained behind. Those acute perceptions, derived from her sensibility and refinement of nature, and the hard teaching she had received in the school of adversity, rendered her anticipations from persons and events combined not only just, but prophetic, and the less she could account for the position in which she found herself actually placed, the more gloomy became her forebodings of the future. That there was some powerful motive in action to induce her relatives to carry off into the interior of their domestic life an old woman so penetrating and sarcastic as Mrs. M'Naughton, there could be no doubt, and, whatever that motive might be, she was sure it would ultimately prove inimical to herself. She felt that she was *hated* by them all—there was no other word to be used; it spoke equally in the bitter smile of the treacherous Mrs. Douglas, in the ludicrous haughtiness of her senseless and heartless husband, and in the white and stealthy glance of their sinister son-in-law. The great battle of life was about to commence for Christine; the ignorant, innocent girl of seventeen *felt* that it was so; that she must brace herself up to meet it with firmness and power, and, actuated by this conviction, on returning to her room she threw herself on her knees and earnestly prayed for aid and energy.

Strengthened by her devotional exercise, she rose grave and collected, and taking the money consigned to her care by her aunt, descended to the kitchen and offices, where at that hour the farm-servants were collected, paid all their wages, and received receipts. She then mounted Cobby, and rode to the village from which they procured their household supplies, and having discharged all the bills due there, returned homewards.

The morning, though gloomy, had hitherto been fair, but now the wind began to rise, bringing the cold drops of an October rain drifting against her face; there was something singularly analogous to her state of feeling in the weather.

On reaching her room she removed her bonnet and grey plaiding dress, and taking from her drawer the pocket-book presented by Mrs. M'Naughton, counted over the notes. There were, indeed, one hundred pounds.

"What could her kind aunt mean in giving her so large a sum?"

It seemed so large to poor Christine! She had nothing to pay, and no need to buy anything; for, from the day that she had been fifteen, the old lady, in ceasing to pay her little allowance of a shilling a

week and to provide her simple wearing apparel, had given her regularly five pounds a quarter with which to supply herself with what she required, besides presenting her with a guinea on her birthday, and another at the new year. Out of this allowance Christine had never failed to send at Christmas five pounds to Nanny, besides making little presents to Peggy, the dairymaid, and Peter, who took charge of Cobby. She had considered herself very independent indeed since her aunt had made the considerate arrangement, and even at this time she had nearly seven pounds lying untouched in her drawer.

"But how rich she was now with this immense sum of money! It was almost incredible that it was her own; but this present meant something." And she leaned her head on her arms to consider the subject maturely.

A slight noise roused her from her preoccupation, and on raising her head she beheld Peggy standing in the middle of the room, with her eyes fixed on the bank-notes which lay upon the table. Christine felt that she had been guilty of blamable carelessness in having examined her treasure without bolting the door; but she had the good sense not to appear startled, and merely asked what she wanted. The woman replied that she had come to say that dinner was served, and then went out, still casting glances at the precious bunch of paper. Christine gathered the notes hastily up, and restoring them to the pocket-book, put it into her drawer, locked it, and descended the stairs. In the hall she found Peter, who told her that he had come to ask permission to go to see his mother, who he had just heard was very ill, and since "the leddy was gone to Edinburgh, perhaps miss would let him stay all night with her, and he would feed and litter the horses before he went away?" Christine, ever ready to yield to the warm impulses of her heart, not only gave her consent, but told him to take Cobby with him, as his mother's house was at a considerable distance. She then entered the dining-room, and sat down to table, but it was in vain she tried to eat; the unoccupied seat opposite to her, the empty easy-chair at the side of the fire, seemed like the ghosts of departed friendship and security. And when by the dim light of closing day she saw Peter riding quickly away, her heart fluttered and beat with an alarming sense of her own loneliness, in remembering that he was the only one of the farm-servants who remained in the house at night. She could stand it no longer; she got up, rang the bell, and on Peggy's appearing, told her that for the future she would take her meals in her own little chamber above until her aunt returned, and desired her to carry up candles and mend the fire.

Peggy looked sulky, and muttered something about its being "better for her to tak' her tea down here for this nicht, at least;" but upon Christine repeating her orders, she left the room grumbling. There was something unusual in the woman's manner that struck the already nervous girl. Her having come up-stairs to announce dinner, instead of calling her down from the hall, as she generally did, might have merely been the effect of vulgar curiosity in order to see what she was about in her aunt's absence, but her evident unwillingness

to carry the little tea-tray up a low flight of steps had an odd and unaccountable appearance; and musing over this in a disturbed and uncomfortable state of mind, Christine returned to her apartment. She found the fire burning brightly, however, and, after having closed the window-shutters and drawn her chair close to the chimney, she sat down to work at her footstool, being anxious to finish it, and replace the old black one, before her aunt came back—"if she *ever* came back." This doubt struck a chill to her heart, and filled her large clear eyes with tears. The wind roared tempestuously round the house, and in tumultuous harmony with it flowed the agitated current of Christine's thoughts. All that was painful in her young life—alas! how little had been otherwise!—mixed up with those raving, fitful gusts. The recollection of her mother's death-scene seemed to revive and blend in the low moaning murmur that preceded the louder burst of the storm—so like her sharp agonies of feeling on her separation from Broombank; then there was a death-like lull, resembling the moral palsy that had sunk down on her infant mind during her first residence at Ainslie Place; afterwards came varied cadences of stormy and tearing winds, which seemed to embody all the bitter and fearful changes of intervening years; at last everything was hushed in the ominous silence of a minute, as if Æolus were pausing to take breath for the tremendous explosion that succeeded, shaking every door and window with a loud rattle, and the very house itself to its foundations. But what was still more startling than the loud cannonading of the tempest without, part of the blast, having penetrated into the chamber, swept over the strings of the guitar, which lay near the window, producing a brilliant musical sound, in singular contrast to the elemental war that roared around. Christine threw aside her work, sprang up, seized her instrument, lightly passing her fingers across the chords; the notes rang high and clear, and next moment the full flow of her rich powerful voice blended itself with those brilliant tones, pouring and swelling on until the very wind without seemed to pause and listen to the melody. A musical mind is a great blessing to the possessor! In the full tide of song, Christine forgot her sorrows and her fears, nor even heeded the interruption of Peggy bringing in the tea, until at last, exhausted with the exertion of throwing her soul into her varied strains, she laid aside the instrument, stirred the fire, and closing the door—which Peggy, by some caprice, had left open—she sat down to refresh herself with her favourite beverage without the gloomy associations which had spoiled her dinner. At last, having finished her evening repast, more than usually prolonged, she rang to have the tea-things taken away. On the reappearance of her attendant, Christine perceived that she was no longer in a sulky, but rather in a gay humour, and was scarcely surprised when, after having removed the tray, she returned and told her that there were two men down-stairs who wished to show her some fine cambric and other smuggled articles that they had got, in case she might wish to purchase something. Christine looked at her with astonishment.

"This is a late hour for pedlars to come to a lady's house!" she

observed, pointing to her mother's watch, which stood in a little stand on the chimney-piece. "Why, it is past nine o'clock!" Her musical fit had thrown her much beyond her usual hour. "Send them away," she resumed. "I want nothing at all; neither cambric nor anything else."

"Oh, Miss Christy, there's some beautifu' French ribbons and gloves, an' it wadna be ceevil to Mistress Gordon no' to look at them whan she took the trouble to send the folk a' the way down here."

"Did Mrs. Gordon send them?" asked Christine.

"Oh ay, they said it was the minister's wife that tellt them to step doun here an' show their bonny things to the young leddy."

"If that is the case," replied the unsuspicious girl, "I must go and look at them, if I should only buy a ribbon or a pair of gloves;" and telling the woman to take the lights to the dining-room, she followed her down-stairs.

On entering the room she desired Peggy to show the men in, as in passing she observed them standing in a corner of the hall. They immediately made their appearance, and one of them taking a box from the shoulders of the other, who seemed to be the porter, proceeded to display his goods on the table. The man who carried the things, being tired apparently, seated himself without ceremony on a chair near the door, while Peggy, holding a candle, stood beside the table, regarding with eagerness the various articles the pedlar produced. Christine inspected the goods more from civility than anything else, and after purchasing some gloves and ribbon, begged him to take no further trouble, as she wanted nothing else. The pedlar then proceeded to fold up his goods and deposit them in the box in a slow and careful manner, and she availed herself of the moment he was thus occupied to regard him more attentively.

He was a yellow-haired, quiet-looking personage, with a rather sly expression of physiognomy, quite in contrast to the other, who—as far as she could note him in the dusky corner where he sat—was much older, dark-complexioned, with flashing black eyes, and a long beard; but one thing she could not help remarking, that when she was engaged in talking to and paying his companion, this man's penetrating glance was constantly fixed upon her, though he took no part in the exhibition of the articles for sale. At last the box was repacked, and when the porter rose to receive it on his shoulders, she perceived that he was a tall man—considerably taller than his companion. They at length took their departure, and Christine watched their exit by the front door, which she locked herself, retaining the key, as well as that of the door at the back of the house. She likewise inspected all the windows—to satisfy herself that they were well barred—much to the offence of Peggy and the dairymaid. In spite of their ill humour, Christine quietly persisted, observing that, as Peter was from home, and they had no watch-dog, they could not be too cautious, as she did not like the appearance of the two men just gone. She then returned to her room, but, once alone, all her fears revived; she felt nervous and frightened, and did not attempt to dis-

guise to herself how completely helpless she was, if—as might be possible—the servants had any connexion with those strange-looking men. The sum of money received from Mrs. M'Naughton she considered a large one, and it was probable that the glance Peggy had had of it might make her conceive it still larger than it really was; she opened her drawer, and, taking out the pocket-book, deposited it in her work-bag along with her purse, the old lady's keys, the keys of the house, and her mother's watch; then, taking her candle, she retired to her bed in her aunt's room. When fairly there, she not only bolted the door, but contrived to shove a chest of drawers against it, and, half undressing, threw herself on her bed, after having deposited the bag with its various contents under the pillow. The candlestick —with the candle still burning—she had, before lying down, put in a basin, and, without a thought of sleeping, continued listening to every noise. Several times she imagined she heard doors below stairs open and shut, and at one moment she felt almost certain that steps came stealing along a corridor, and paused at the entrance of the chamber; then she started from her pillow, coughed, and moved the chair beside the bed; no other noise, however, came upon her ear, but the now subsiding blasts of wind waving the branches of a large tree that grew near the window. Some hours of extreme anxiety and fear rolled on, only varied by her getting up from time to time to snuff the candle, and at last, worn out with bodily fatigue, nature asserted her rights, and she sank into sleep. Her shaken nerves, however, did not permit her to partake of tranquillity in her slumbers, for her dreams were full of terror and agitation; carriages, horses, Douglas, pedlars, and servants whirled rapidly through her brain in wild confusion, until at last she imagined herself wandering amid tombstones in a desolate country churchyard, enclosed with a high stone wall, and shut in by a strong iron gate. Suddenly she thought she perceived through the bars a dim-looking and tumultuous throng of people coming towards it, bearing a coffin. They at last crowded round the gate, and beat upon it for admission; those loud knocks—as heard in her sleep—seemed to electrify Christine's frame, and she imagined that, with indescribable feelings of horror, she shrank behind a tombstone. Louder and louder grew the knocks, and more continuous the din of unearthly voices summoning to open, until every grave in the churchyard seemed to yield up the spirit of its dead, and countless undefined-looking beings appeared to start from the ground all around, and rush towards the gate to admit those without. Open it flung with a loud jarring sound, and in rushed the multitude bearing the coffin; on they came, until they reached a new-made grave beside the tombstone where she was concealed. There were well-known faces in that tumultuous mob: Mr. Douglas gaunt and pale, his features convulsed with excitement and hurry; his wife haggard and worn—like the personification of wickedness; Frederick ghastly and death-like—how different from the picture by which she recognised him! Rachel, Caroline, George, Lucy, all were there; and Guy standing on an eminence behind, looking at them all with his well-remembered mocking smile. Now the coffin is lowered by the shadowy crowd into the

deep dark grave, the lid falls off, and the face of her aunt is before her, pale, stern, and rigid, but not quite death-like, and the grave-digger stands with his spade ready to throw in the earth.

"Fill up—fill up!" growls out the sinister voice of Mr. Douglas, echoed by the hissing whisper of his wife. "Edward, fill it up, we have waited too long."

Ay, it is himself, with his eyes glaring white malice, as he shovels in the damp soil on the still living victim. The earth rattles on the coffin and strikes the face, the worn figure rises in the grave and calls aloud, "Christina San Isedora, where are you?"

"*I am here!*" she appeared irresistibly to exclaim, emerging in the sickly moonbeams from her ghastly hiding-place.

With a wild shriek the goblin throng seemed to vanish from her presence, the corpse sank back, and the coffin closed with a loud and crushing noise, as she started and awoke. But what a waking! the bed shook under her, the cold perspiration poured down her brow, an iron power seemed to bind her on her bed, and all was darkness and horror around. How long she lay in this state Christine could not calculate, for she even feared to breathe; no moment of mysterious terror like this had ever before visited her. She dreaded again to unclose her eyes, in case she might see glimmering through the black shades of night the fiendish light of that scowl of hatred. She lay like the image of living death that she had dreamt of, and still she thought she heard the loud knocks on the churchyard gate, with the buzz of the spectral multitude. From moment to moment the bed seemed living and convulsed, as it shook with the agitation of her nerves, until at last all feelings of horror melted away as if before a magical influence; but in truth it was but a simple one that brought such instantaneous relief—nothing more than the song of a little bird. No lark mounting to the sky to sing his matin hymn at break of day, no nightingale pouring his melodious strains on the rapt ear of the stilly night, no linnet trilling its soft warbled lay in the green umbrageous forest, ever sounded half so beautiful, was ever half so welcome, as the clear, shrill, wintry note of that little robin perched on the outside of the window-sill.

The spell of terror burst in a moment. Christine unclosed her fear-sealed eyelids, and discerned the first bright streak of the early morning penetrating through the shutter, and falling on the floor. She started from her bed, searched for her bag, and found it safe under her pillow, looked at the candle, and perceived that it had burnt out; then, ashamed of the imaginary horrors through which she had been suffering, she advanced towards the door, and shoved the chest of drawers back to its place. She then quite undressed herself, and returning to bed, soon sank into the refreshing sleep of innocence and youth, while the beams of the fully risen sun, stealing in by the window chinks, kissed the fair brow and thickly fringed eyelids of the now peaceful slumberer.

XVII.

So violent had been the nervous excitement Christine had undergone, that she felt sick and ill when she arose at her usual hour; there seemed to be a leaden weight pressing her down to the ground; she felt, and truly felt, that another such night would unhinge her altogether; and although seeing Peter return at breakfast-time somewhat restored her courage, yet she determined no longer to retain money that might be dangerous in a house so ill protected. As soon, therefore, as she had finished her morning meal she put on her bonnet, and taking the pocket-book with her newly-acquired treasure, set off across the fields towards the Manse. The day was piercingly cold, and the path damp, yet nevertheless she exerted herself to overcome the lassitude that oppressed her, and quickly gained the quiet abode where she knew she was ever welcome. She found Mrs. Gordon at work in her sitting-room, but the moment she beheld her young favourite she exclaimed, in a tone of alarm:

"What is the matter, Christine? You are as pale as death. Has anything happened to the old lady?"

The poor girl shuddered at words so appropriate to her dream, but, forcing a smile, she said:

"I hope not, dearest Elizabeth; but I have had a dreadful night. I was frightened out of my wits by the men you sent to me."

"Men!" repeated Mrs. Gordon, looking at her with amazement, "what men? I sent no one."

Much astonished at hearing this, Christine then proceeded to tell her kind friend of the pedlar's visit, and her consequent terror, and then pulling out her pocket-book, said she came to request that Mr. Gordon would have the kindness to take charge of it for her until her aunt returned. His wife readily assented to the wisdom of this idea, and taking it from her at the moment, locked it up, advising her at the same time to mention to the servants, when she returned home, that she had left all her money in the hands of Mr. Gordon, in consequence of finding that the singular visitors of the preceding night had obtained admission to the house under a false pretext. "And put Peter on his guard," urged her friend, "and make him keep his gun loaded beside him; for he is a worthy, honest man, who will do his duty. I cannot say I much trust the women, who are at the best but giddy and thoughtless, and with whom any man with bad intentions, who feigned himself a lover, might make his way. But would it not be better, Christine, for you to come and sleep here during Mrs. M'Naughton's absence, and my husband will go over every evening to fetch you?"

"Oh no," replied the girl, gravely; "whatever I may fear, or suffer, I must remain beside my trust. My aunt's will and other papers are all deposited in the secretary in her room, and as she gave me particular charge over them, I must be there."

She started as she said those words, so little dissimilar to those of her dream. Mrs. Gordon ceased to urge the subject, and after having

sat a short time, poor Christine, with a heavy heart and weary step, took her leave.

On returning to the house she summoned the servants to the dining-room, and mentioned that, owing to the men of the previous night not having been at the Manse, the Gordons were quite of her opinion that it was a very suspicious circumstance their having come to Seafield at so late an hour. Peter confessed himself much startled by the visit, and was the more struck by the circumstance that, on reaching his mother's house the previous evening, he had found that the alarming message which he had received by a little boy had not been sent by her, as she was no worse than usual, and therefore readily promised to keep a strict watch throughout the night with his loaded gun. Christine's quick eye detected a certain consciousness in Peggy's countenance when she proceeded to say that, in consequence of this apparently unaccountable occurrence, she had taken all the money left by Mrs. M'Naughton over to the Manse, and consigned it to the care of Mr. Gordon. She then repeated that it was her positive order that during her aunt's absence no such people should, even in the daytime, be permitted to come about the place, and in some sort reassured by the precautions she had taken, she mounted languidly to her chamber.

Having finished her humble dinner, she opened the window of her room and looked out into the dreary landscape; the withered leaves, moist and heavy, drifted slowly along the ground; the branches of the Scotch firs near the Sanghy Pool were waving mysteriously in the evening breeze, and appeared as if motioning her to fly for ever from scenes so ungenial to the warm tide of youthful blood. She sighed, closed her eyes, and tried to figure to herself some far-off scene in the sunny southern land of her father, where vines cluster over the elegant portico, and glad images come dancing on the bright moonbeams and warm breeze; where the clear blue heavens seem stooping to meet the upward-soaring spirit, and music floating round soothes that spirit in preparation for its kindred sphere.

"There, there," she murmured, "I should at least repose in fellowship with nature; but here all for *me* is gloomy, undefined, warped, sorrowful, and insecure. O God of the unprotected and suffering! hear my prayer, and grant me some gleam of comfort and hope to guide me on my onward and bewildered way!"

After a while she closed the window and took up her guitar, but her mind was completely unstrung; nothing but wailing and mournful tones came from her voice and instrument. She leaned her head against the mantelpiece as she sat beside the fire, and, with her mind full of sombre images, remained for some time plunged in a profound reverie.

From this painful state she was at last roused by her kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Much struck by the account his wife had given him of the strange visit Christine had received the preceding night, and her consequent terror, the worthy and considerate clergyman had immediately suggested the propriety of their going down to Seafield and spending some hours with the desolate girl. This judicious

visit proved an immense relief to the object of their solicitude, who, occupied in preparing and dispensing tea, in chatting, working, and playing the guitar, soon forgot her melancholy mood, and before the end of the evening had regained her habitual state of cheerfulness. Her kind friends stayed as late with her as their sober habits permitted, and before going away Mr. Gordon went all over the house with Peter to see that every door and window was properly fastened. At last they took their departure, leaving Christine in a secure and tranquil state of mind, which enabled her to enjoy the rest so necessary to restore tone to her shaken nerves.

Several days passed without any recurrence of alarm, and she at length began to habituate herself to her solitary and joyless state of existence, dividing her time between her duties, studies, and the Manse in the morning, and spending the evenings in music, work, and reading, as she used to do when her aunt was at home. The tenth day, however, brought a letter addressed in the well-known, clear, old-fashioned hand of Mrs. M'Naughton to "Miss Christina San Isedora," and, trembling with impatience and pleasure, she hastened to open it. The first few words filled her with joy, but as she went on a strange surprise and extreme depression seized on her mind, and quite obliterated all the pleasant emotions that the first part had created. It ran thus:

"My dear Christine,—God willing, I shall be back on Saturday. I am tired of this place, and want to be beside you again; so have the little carriage ready by the time I arrive, that we may go to Whinnystone-hill, where you must place my easy-chair on the thyme bank near the wild roses, that I may hear the bees humming among the flowers."

"What can my aunt mean?" thought the bewildered girl; "for there are no flowers or bees in this cold wintry season. And her chair—how does she think it possible that I can transport her easy-chair to Whinnystone-hill?"

She continued to read on:

"I am tired of towns, for all those I love are in the country—in their graves. But I drive out every day with this sailor man. I don't like him. I wish Guy were come back. Always love Guy, Christine, for good hearts are scarce. I shall tell you what I mean on Saturday, when I hear you singing so sweetly with your guitar.

"Ever your affectionate,

"Margaret M'Naughton."

"Gracious Heaven!" thought the heart-stricken girl, "my aunt's mind has completely given way, otherwise she would not mention Guy in this manner, disliking him as she does. She has been sinking gradually for some time, and now this change from all her usual habits has quite unhinged her; but when she comes back, my care and tenderness may again restore her, or, at all events, they will soothe her."

And poor weeping Christine began to build up her simple day-dream of love and duty.

She busied herself during the three intervening days with preparations for the expected return, having everything nicely cleaned and placed in the order she knew the old lady liked, and on Saturday morning she sat herself down with her work at the dining-room window, awaiting the moment which was to bring the wanderer back. Often she looked at the fire to satisfy herself that it was burning as her aunt liked to see it, and as frequently glanced at the new footstool to ascertain if it were placed in a right position before the favourite easy-chair; then she would rise and go up-stairs to the old lady's bedroom, to be certain that all was as she was accustomed to have it; but the hours wore on, and no aunt appeared. None but those whose sad experience of life has destined them to pass similar moments of vain and anxious expectation, alone and unsympathised with, can imagine the gloom that sank down on the spirits of the youthful, friendless, and solitary girl; and when the dinner-hour at length arrived, and the old lady came not, her depression rose to such a height, that she threw herself into the easy-chair and wept convulsively. More bitter thoughts and feelings filled Christine's mind at this moment than in her life she had ever before allowed to take possession of it, but they came with the weight of truth, and could not, therefore, be dispelled; and thus they ran: "Had anything occurred to prevent her old protectress returning at the time appointed, why had she received no intimation of it? Seafield was only seven miles distant from the town, and the Douglases had plenty of horses, carriages, and servants to send; but no! it was only Christine who had to wait and weep; let her wait and weep, what cared they for *her* tears, hopes, fears, and anxieties?"

During the long evening she could do nothing but walk through the house—up-stairs, down-stairs, from one room to another; and when at length, from complete exhaustion, she betook herself to bed, it was only to turn and toss, and try to figure to herself what could be the matter.

The following morning, although it brought neither letter nor message, yet brought her friends, the Gordons, who came in the expectation of finding the old lady sitting in her favourite chair by the dining-room fire; their quiet good sense, however, a little tranquillised poor Christine, as they endeavoured to reassure her by the supposition that some casualty had occurred to prevent Mrs. M'Naughton's return, when it had been too late to send out a message, and that she would soon appear in person. After their departure the anxious girl again took her station at the window, waiting patiently for the arrival; but again it was in vain, no aunt appeared, and no message came to explain her absence.

Another similar day of suspense and misery passed by; but, on the morning of the fourth, Christine felt both the propriety and necessity of writing to the old lady, to tell her how she had expected her, and how anxious she was to know the cause of her non-appearance. After having seen Peter fairly off on Cobby with the letter to Ainslie Place,

she resumed her melancholy station at the window, and, as generally happens when one has taken any decided step on a subject on which one is anxious, she had hardly placed herself there, when she became aware that the mystery was about to be explained, by perceiving Mr. Douglas's groom riding up to the house, and her own messenger returning more slowly in the distance. She flew to the hall and opened the front door before he had dismounted.

"Mrs. M'Naughton," she said, "when is she coming?"

"She is dead, ma'am," coolly replied the man. "She died at twelve last night, and my master desired me to inform you that, on Saturday next—the day after the funeral—he will be here with his men of business at one o'clock, and, from the weather being so cold, that there must be a good fire in the room, as Mrs. Douglas is to accompany him."

Having delivered his message and adjusted the girths of his saddle, the fine man-servant remounted his horse and rode off before the stunned girl could command words to ask any particulars of the awful and unexpected event.

"Dead!" she murmured to herself. "My kind aunt is dead, and I shall never see her again!"

She crept back into the dining-room shivering from head to foot, and sank upon the nearest seat; then, as her eyes rested on the easy-chair standing empty beside the fire, a flood of tears came to her relief. After a burst of uncontrollable grief there arose consolatory thoughts, in the feeling of how completely she had done her duty; and when she remembered the letter she had received, in which the only two luxuries the self-denying old lady had latterly enjoyed were so particularly mentioned in conjunction with herself, a sentiment of inexpressible thankfulness filled her mind that God had so ordered it, that the apparently last pleasing recollections of her partial friend had been associated with her simple endeavours to promote her comfort.

A few minutes after came Mr. and Mrs. Gordon; they had already heard the news. Mr. Gordon, having been obliged to go to Edinburgh on business the previous evening, had called early in the morning at Ainslie Place, in order to ascertain, for Christine's sake, what had detained her aunt, and had been told of the old lady's death. He had likewise been informed that the night before her intended return home she had been struck by palsy, and had never spoken again during the three days she continued to live. He and his wife both tried all they could to console the weeping girl, and to proffer any assistance they could afford or she require; all that she would accept being comprised in Mrs. Gordon's undertaking to order suitable mourning for her and the servants. They were just preparing to take leave, when Christine suddenly said:

"Mr. Gordon, you told me when my poor aunt went away that, when I required it, I should ever find a welcome in your house. Now I shall avail myself of your considerate and great kindness, and on Saturday, after I have given up my charge, I shall come to the Manse, if convenient to you, until I have time to consider what I am to do."

"My dear young lady, you are well aware that nothing in the world could give my wife and me more pleasure; but would such a step be prudent at the present moment, when your brother's house is the proper and natural place to receive you?"

"My brother's house—my brother's house!" answered Christine, nervously. "Oh! Mr. Gordon, nothing in the world could ever again induce me to cross my brother's threshold; therefore, for the moment at least, permit me to take refuge with you."

The worthy clergyman pressed with emotion the hand he held in his, and his wife wept with sympathy. They saw that there were deeper feelings at work than they could fathom; so, with repeated assurances of their hearty welcome and sincere friendship, they took their leave.

The first sacred duty that Christine set herself to perform was to write to Mr. Munro, acquainting him with what had happened, and of her aunt's wish that he should be present at the opening of her will; and with a stern kind of energy she began to think of the preparations that would be necessary for the last important day. She conveyed to the old lady's room all the bills and acquittances in her possession, and laid them on her table; she put her drawers and closets in order, leaving only uninspected the secretary, where her papers were deposited, and sometimes wondering why her brother had not sent to seal them up. Then she restored all books to the library, carefully dusting the shelves as she did so, and putting everything else in its place; counting the different articles of silver plate, and locking all up with the inventories; and on the last morning she packed her boxes, and had everything that belonged to her brought down to the hall, to be ready for Peter and Cobby to take to the Manse when the opening of the repositories was over. She then dressed herself in her sable attire, took her station in the bedroom, with the papers and keys beside her on the table, and calmly awaited the arrival of the eager and expectant heirs.